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Central Catholic High School
The Echo



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THE ECHO

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FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, DECEMBER, 1921

NO. 1

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"In the year of the creation of the world, five thousand one hundred and ninety-nine; from the universal flood, two thousand nine hundred and fifteen; from Moses and the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, one thousand five hundred and ten; from the royal anointing of David, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-sixth week of Daniel's prophecy; the seventy-fourth Olympiad; in the year of the foundation of Rome, seven hundred and fifty-two; in the forty-second year of the empire of Augustus, all the universe enjoying a profound peace, in the sixth age of the world JESUS CHRIST, eternal God, and Son of the eternal Father, wishing to sanctify the world by His holy advent, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months being elapsed since His conception, is born at Bethlehem, a town of Juda, of the Glorious Virgin Mary—THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, ACCORDING TO THE FLESH."

—The Roman Martyrology.

Christmas Eve

It was a cold, dark day. Snow flakes fell slowly about. The crowd rushed along, arms filled with packages, and exchanging joyful greetings. During the rush, a little boy stood looking into a window. His feet were almost bare, and his clothes were torn and ragged. His dark blue eyes were gazing upon the toys in the window. At his feet sat a dog, looking into the boy's face in a dejected manner.

"Gee! ain't that a peach of a gun, Snowball?" said the boy to his dog.

Snowball answered with a wag of his tail.

"Gosh," he continued, "if I had a hundred thousand dollars, I'd buy this place, and you and me, Snowball, wouldn't have to sleep in barns anymore for sure."

The boy stood looking into the window for a moment, and then started to sing a Christmas hymn. He did not notice the crowd of people that gathered around him. He sang the piece over and over again, not looking backward or he would have seen a man with a hat containing jingling coins. He did not turn until the man said, "Here, my little man, is a gift for you."

The boy turned quickly around and saw the money.

"What, is that for me?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the man. "You just sang a song about Holy Mother and that reminded us of ours, and we shall make her happy. Have a merry Christmas, my lad." And handing the money to the astonished boy, he passed away into the crowd.

The boy stood still, too surprised to move. Finally, he counted the money, and found that he had three dollars and thirty-three cents. "Golly, Snow-

ball!" he exclaimed, "won't we have a peach of a time with this?"

Snowball answered with a joyful bark, and started to lick his young master's hand.

Just then a middle-aged man stepped up to the boy and said, "What is your name, my lad?"

"Patrick O'Brien, sir."

"Where do you live?" inquired the man.

The boy paused a moment, and then replied, "Anywhere, sir; I haven't a home. I sleep in barns and boxes, and live anyplace in the day."

"Well," spoke the man, "I was standing back there and heard you sing, and I find you have a wonderful voice."

The lad did not speak, so the man continued, "You have no certain place to go, did you say?"

"No, sir," returned the boy.

"Well, my name is Carton, Thomas Carton. Would you like to come to my house for dinner?"

"Dinner!" cried the boy. "I'd like to very much, but I'm afraid I can't."

"You can't?" said the man, showing surprise in his turn. "I thought you had no place to go?"

"I haven't," Patrick answered, "but my clothes are not fit to go anyplace."

"Let me be the judge of that," said Mr. Carton.

"All right," replied Patrick, and they marched away together, followed by the dog.

"My home is just around the corner a ways," spoke Mr. Carton. But at that moment Patrick was thinking what a nice man Mr. Carton was, and did not speak. "You know," continued Mr. Carton, "that tomorrow is Christmas, and we should remember

the Christ Child along with our merry-making."

"I have thought of that, too," replied Patrick. "It seems funny how much He does for us and how little we do for Him."

"Yes, that's so. But here is the place."

Patrick saw a large stone house with many windows, and fancy trimmings on it. "Gosh!" said Patrick to himself; "Mr. Carton must have a lot of money."

The door was opened by a maid, who took their coats and hats, while they went into the sitting room.

"Where is Helen?" he asked the maid.

"She is upstairs, sir. Not feeling well, sir."

"Well, do not call her yet," said Mr. Carton. "Come here, my little man," he said to Patrick. "I wish to tell you something."

He paused a moment, and Patrick caught the glimpse of a tear. He went on: "Seven months ago my little son died. He was about your age, and ever since my wife has not been the same. And today she is worse, because the day before Christmas our little boy would be so excited and happy." Mr. Carton stopped to wipe away a tear. He continued: "I want you to do me a favor if it is not too much to ask."

"I'll be glad to do it," answered Patrick, "no matter how big it is."

"Well," said Mr. Carton, "it is this: my little boy would sing Christmas hymns around this time, and I would like it very much if you would sing a few songs."

The boy started to sing "Silent Night," and before he had finished, Mrs. Carton came rushing down

stairs. "Thomas," she cried, "Thomas, what does this mean?"

"Only this, my dear," smiled Mr. Carton, "this boy is taking Edward's place tonight to sing a few songs for us."

"Good!" cried Mrs. Carton. "I shall be delighted."

Patrick sang a few songs before dinner. After dinner Mr. Carton called him into the library and said, "You did not tell me anything about yourself or your family."

"Oh," said Patrick, "I haven't much of a history. I can't remember my mother or father, and I had no brothers or sisters. I made my home with an old lady named Miggs, but one day she got heart failure and died. So I came here trying to earn something."

"Rather a sad story," commented Mr. Carton. "But I was speaking to my wife and she wants me to persuade you to make this your home, and take the place of our boy."

"Gee!" cried Patrick, "I'd love to if I was able to a-er—"

"Able to do what, my boy?"

"Able to keep my dog," said Patrick.

"Oh, of course, of course," laughed Mr. Carton.

—Wayne Bushman, '24.

To The Echo

Yes, all things fade away, but leave behind
Some echo, howe'er faint it be, that tells
Us naught is lost. The tiny flow'ret bells
Vibrating to the music of the wind
May in the farthest world their echoes find.
The fall of each brown leaf in autumn dells
An echo sends, that onward swells.
Who knows but God has work for it designed?

So send we forth this "Echo" of our life
That breathes and dies within the ancient walls
Of our old school. Perhaps in some young heart
Where Right and Wrong contend in ceaseless strife,
Its voice, as gentle as the sound when 't falls
The dying leaf, may courage fresh impart.

A Scare

I had spent the day in Rome City, and when I returned home in the evening I was somewhat tired. It was one of those days in late summer when the heat holds sway until night-fall, waiting to be absorbed into those refreshing breezes so welcome after the long oppressiveness.

As I have said, I was rather tired, so shortly after supper I bade the folks good night and went up stairs. It was a little too early to retire so after saying my prayers I stood for some time near the window watching the last crimson shadows of the August twilight fade into the approaching darkness. After about a quarter of an hour I could see the great harvest moon, like an immense copper disk, steal slowly over the distant treetops.

I began to grow sleepy, and knowing that a big day's work was waiting for me on the morrow, I went to bed. It seemed to me that I had not been asleep very long when I awoke with a start. I thought I heard someone talking. I listened for a moment to ascertain whether the folks down stairs had yet retired, but could hear nothing. I got up, went over to the window but could see no one. It was quite bright in the room though the moon was hidden behind a bank of thick clouds. I looked at my watch and it was exactly a quarter past twelve.

Everything was quiet. "Guess I've been dreaming," I said to myself, and started back to bed. Just then I heard a noise down stairs, and thought I had better go to investigate. I was a little timid for there was a death-like silence about the place. The stairs creaked beneath my feet, and I could hear nothing but the tick-

ing of the clock in the midnight stillness.

I reached the bottom of the stairs, but drew back suddenly. "What is that?" Before me stood a tall, thin being in a long white garment. I shuddered from head to foot. The cold sweat began to stand out in large beads upon my forehead. I moved forward and the phantom seemed to move toward me. Surely my time had come. Finally I resolved to meet the enemy. I advanced a step and was about to strike when I fell against the mirror which had been moved from its original place the day before.

—Robert Litot, '23.

A Blind

On one of the darkest residential streets of the city, two men could have been seen slouching along the street at a slow gait. They seemed to be headed for a house, for they turned in and made a short cut across the grass which extended before it. At last they reached the side of the building, and immediately made for a window, and began operations which finally resulted in the window opening. They climbed in, and with the aid of a search light, made their way to a big picture hanging over the small wall-safe; this they removed in order to make working at the small wall safe more convenient. The other man without hesitation opened the safe, showing thereby that he must have done a lot of spying around to get all the information he had.

When the safe flew open, the men pocketed the contents, locked the safe, and were about to depart when they thought they heard someone coming in. They hurried out of the house,

and made a bee line for the more lighted part of the city. They finally reached a big downtown building which seemed to be an hotel. They stepped in, went up stairs to a front room, turned on the light and locked the door.

"Well, Jim," said the elder, "this is one time we did not have to postpone our hunting trip; by going through the window, we can go as per schedule instead of having to wait to get into my house with the key which Mammie has taken to Gladstone with her."

—*Paul McEvoy, '23.*

Fooled

The house was dark when they arrived,
They groped to find a seat.
He was tall and dark and swell,
And she, small and petite.
There was just one place in the row
That was ahead of me,
So with a pause he sat him down
And took her on his knee.

He put his arms around her waist,
She snuggled close to him,
And sat there through the Pathe reel
In pictures grave and grim,
While Paramount-Mack Sennet fun
Seem to fill her heart with glee,
As all unconsciously she sat
There upon the fellow's knee.

At sight of movie lovers' joys
And their sweet ecstatic bliss,
She put her arms around his neck
And gave him a furtive kiss.
And when the vamp in anger stabbed
Her lover, rich and florid,
She snuggled closer still and said:
"Oh, Daddy, ain't she horrid!"

—*Julian Koehl, '22.*

Going Home

"What is that book you are reading so attentively of late?"

"Father, it is a catechism of Christian Doctrine. I am waiting for George to come to take me to Father Downs for instructions."

"Is George Schaub a Catholic?"

"Surely, father; didn't you know that?"

"I knew it, if not in so many words; at least I felt it, and this makes me hate him the more. I have hinted to him that I did not want him to come around here so often, and when he comes tonight, I'll refuse him entrance. I suppose that is he now."

So saying Mr. Eckle went to the door and opened it.

"Good evening, Mr. Eckle. Is Ethel at home?"

"She is, sir, but not to see you. I'll have no Papist in my house. I forbid you to keep company with my daughter any more."

"Don't argue with him, George; I'll see you later."

"If you leave this house tonight, Miss Ethel, to go with that lad, you may stay out."

"I can do that, also."

Mr. Eckle slammed the door in George's face and stood eyeing his daughter who for the first time had spoken to him in this way.

"Remember, Ethel, I forbid you to go with George any more unless you want to live elsewhere."

"Father, I'll go with him to instructions, and if you will not let me in when I return, all well and good. I can earn a living for myself. Be it understood that I am going to become a Catholic like George."

After a few minutes Ethel appeared in the reception room all ready to go. She had packed up a

few things in a suitcase and told her mother what had happened, saying that she knew she could make her father change his mind within a few days. The mother was not to let her husband know where Ethel was, until she could see that he was really worried.

"Remember, I'm not joking," Mr. Eckle said as Ethel left the house.

"Oh, yes you are," was her reply.

It was about ten o'clock that night when Ethel returned home. She had not seen anything of George, but had taken a girl friend along with her. She was now alone. The house was still lit up, and she could see her father sitting near the fire. It was very cold and snowing heavily, but this would not hinder her from carrying out her plan should she be refused entrance. As soon as the father heard footsteps on the porch he arose and went to the door.

"Is that you, Miss?" he shouted.

"Yes, father, it is. May I enter?"

"Well, you'll have to go elsewhere."

"Let her in, John," demanded the mother.

"Never. I'll have no Catholics in my house."

Ethel did not wait for the outcome of the argument, but going to the side of the house took her suitcase and started in haste through the blinding December snow to her aunt's house, nearly a mile distant. Ethel could scarcely see her way along. She was crossing a road when of a sudden she was run into and thrown down by an automobile.

"We've killed her. Hurry out and see what has happened."

"It's a poor young girl. We must hurry her to the hospital as soon as possible, as she is unconscious and may be badly hurt."

Ethel was placed into the auto and taken to the hospital. As the Sisters were getting her ready for bed one of them noticed the Catechism in her pocket.

"She's a Catholic, Sister Adelaide; I must call Father Downs at once."

After a short time the priest arrived with the Most Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils.

"The poor creature is hurt very badly and we cannot bring her to, Father. The doctor is worried about her, and we do not know who she is or where she lives."

"It is Ethel Eckle! She came to my house this evening with a girl friend of hers for instructions."

"She is a Catholic, then."

"No, she is not yet baptized, but bring me some water immediately."

Within a few minutes Ethel was a Catholic. Father Downs baptized and anointed her.

"Call her parents on the phone, will you, Father? They will be worried about her."

At these words Ethel opened her eyes, but she could not recognize anyone. After some time she opened them again, and this time noticed she was in a strange place. She gazed around blankly. Within an hour she could distinguish those around her. When she recognized Father Downs she exclaimed, "Father, what has happened?"

"Do not worry, my child, you will be all right soon. Shall I call your father and have him come to you?"

"No, don't call him, Father,—please—don't."

The next morning the doctor again examined his patient and found that she was seriously injured, but still had hopes of her recovery. After it was time for Ethel's father to be at

work, the priest called and explained matters to Mrs. Eckle. She could hardly believe him, but hastened to the hospital where she found her daughter still in a critical condition. During this time George had been informed of the accident and was at the bedside. That night Mrs. Eckle could hardly control herself in her husband's presence, but as the doctor thought Ethel would recover, the mother did not tell her husband.

After a few days went by, Mr. Eckle could no longer hold his peace concerning Ethel.

"Have you heard anything from her?" he asked his wife.

Now Mrs. Eckle broke down. Tears came to her eyes and she sobbed, "Yes, she's—nearly dead. The—doctor does-n'n-s know whether—she'll live or not,—and it's all—it's all your fault!"

"What's this? Nearly dead! Ethel? Ethel nearly dead?"

"Yes, she's at *Hotel Dieu*."

Without saying another word Eckle put on his hat and coat and hurried to the hospital.

"Is Ethel Eckle here?" he asked the Sister."

"Yes, sir, but no one can see her; she is very low."

"Can't her father see her? Oh please, let me in. I must see my darling child."

At last the Sister consented. Opening the door for him, she said: "Ethel will not recognize you, but the young man there will be able to explain things to you."

"George, oh dear George, what has happened? What is the matter, George?"

"I—I'm afraid Ethel will not see the dawn of Christmas morn. Ethel's going home!"—*Adolph Scheffle*, '23.

The Shears

The snows are deep around the house,
The shutters bang about;
And dozing in an easy chair,
I watch the old year out.
A French clock—with gilded face—
Upon the mantel stands,
And drowsily my gaze is fixed
Upon its slender hands.

Behold they are the famous shears
The fates so long have plied
To terminate the life of man
And all his pomp and pride.
The blades with slow precision meet
At twelve and cut the thread
Of time, and all the bells announce
Another year is dead.

—*Paul Tierney*, '25.

Recollections

Outside the snow was falling thick,
and fast,
As joyfully they talked of days now
past.
They spoke of happy days when they
were small,
And I could almost hear the school
bell's call
As vividly the white-haired man
brought back
The pictures of that simple, lowly
shack,
Where Master Perry taught each girl
and boy
To read and write. But now those
days of joy
Were but an empty dream. Long
years had passed
Since they as happy children gathered
last
Within its walls; and each of them
tonight
Forgot his age 'mid recollections
bright.

—*Joe Kinstle*, '22.

A Strange Disappearance

The gang was gathered in the old cleared spot in the woods, talking over the plans for the next year's trip to the lake. It had just turned dark. (We always held our meetings in the dark; it looked more secret.). We counted noses. All were present except Joe Winters. It seemed to me that he was with us when we started out. Red thought so too.

"He was with us when we started," exclaimed Red. "I'll bet he's reading that yellow covered book he got last week and wouldn't let anyone see the name of it. He's got a spot light and reads by flashes."

"Is that so?" came the protest from Joe. "I've been right behind you all the time. Let's race to the big oak and back."

He started running with the gang after him, and turning off toward the oak, was lost to view. We came to the turn, but Joe was not to be found. We searched the place and called his name, but received no answer.

Suddenly a deep groan was heard below the oak, and then a feeble "Help!" "Help!" in Joe's voice coming forth from the ground.

Then suddenly a yellow covered book, which proved to be "How to be a Ventriloquist in Three Lessons," hit Red on his flaming top, as Joe hurriedly slid down the tree.

—William Foohey, '22.

Catholic Education

Is it really necessary that we maintain our Catholic schools, high schools, colleges and universities? Without the slightest hesitation, we answer emphatically—Yes. Education is faulty, nay even injurious, unless it be thorough, unless it develops

the whole man, his body and soul, with its faculties of intellect and will. In our state and sectarian schools education is weak because it ignores the training of the will. This, in the Catholic school, holds first place.

This world, with its pleasures and enjoyments, is not the destiny of man. He came from God and to God he must return. Is it not of paramount importance, then, that he learn the things necessary to attain his destiny? Should he not concern himself particularly with the task of learning his duties to God, to his neighbor and to himself? To impart this knowledge, to imbue the young mind with the true understanding of man's moral obligations, is the primary object of the Catholic school.

The result of irreligious education is manifest in our country and throughout the world. Divorce, race-suicide, crimes of all kinds and degrees—these are but the consequences that spring from wills which lack sound moral principles. We can adduce no stronger argument in defense of our insistence on Catholic education.

As Catholics we take pride in our schools and their wonderful achievements. We regard it as our bounden duty to support and maintain them, because they stand for true education. It is hoped that the Catholic people of Fort Wayne will never forget the purpose of their schools, and that not the least among those schools is the Central Catholic High School.

—J. E. D.

"All systems of education must be judged according as they tend to form character or leave it out of account."—Mandell Creighton.

My School

Of the schools I have seen
 'Neath this far-reaching sky,
 There's not one that I love
 Like my own Central High.

I love every room,
 Every window and door;
 I love every desk
 On its old oaken floor.

For long have I labored
 Within its dear walls,
 And oft have I wandered
 Along its wide halls.

Oh, my faults may be many
 And my virtues too few,
 But to old Central High
 I will always be true.

—J. F. K., '22.

Knights of Columbus Evening Vocational School

Specially Written for *The Echo* by Principal Robert M. Connelly, A. B., C. E.

It is now three years since the Great War was brought to a happy conclusion, and one frequently hears the expression that the people are glad that the dreadful war, and its very bad effects upon humanity, are now a memory. During this terrible conflict, many institutions solicited tremendous sums of money, by contributions, for the purpose of rendering assistance and comforts to the men, who were offering their "Everything" to the United States. Among these institutions was the Knights of Columbus, and, although the amounts received by this order of men were far below those received by other institutions, nevertheless, their work was unsurpassed and their name has never been tainted by the slightest criticism even from the most bigoted circles.

At the conclusion of the war, the various societies necessarily had much of their funds still on hand and the Knights of Columbus decided that, as this money was intended primarily for the use and comfort of the men in the service, it would be advisable to continue offering the men a helping hand, and it was considered that the best way this could possibly be done was by Continuation Courses, or Evening School Classes. Therefore, Evening Schools were founded in most of the large cities of the United States, and in February of 1920, a school was started in the City of Fort Wayne.

The initial registration of students was four hundred and fifteen men, and this has increased with a pleasing regularity ever since that time. At present, the Fort Wayne School has offices at No. 311 People's Trust Building, academic work is conducted at the Fort Wayne Public High School Building, the Acetylene Welding Courses are conducted at No. 615 Lafayette street, and the Auto Mechanics Classes are held in a special building at No. 534 Ewing street.

The class of students in our Evening School is very interesting and quite varied. The men come from all walks of life, their education has the widest variation. Some of our students are graduate practicing lawyers in the City of Fort Wayne; on the other hand, some of the boys have only been able to get the meager education offered in a few winters at a country school. Although we have some classes in literature and science, nevertheless, it has been found that the vocational work has been most attractive. The value and the worth of our courses might be realized when people know that we have a great

number of non-ex-service men, who pay a fee for attending our school, when they can attend other institutions in the city for nothing, or for a tuition somewhat less than our own. As an illustration I might mention, that after registering seventy-three students in our beginners' Auto Mechanics Class we have found it necessary to reject fifty-two applicants for that course since the school has opened this semester.

The Architectural and Mechanical Drafting Classes have proved quite popular and the men have turned out some excellent work. Last year, several of the plates done in the Fort Wayne School were on exhibition at the San Francisco Convention of the Knights of Columbus. They brought favorable comment from all those who saw them, and the Supreme Secretary of the Knights of Columbus wrote us a letter commending the work.

One of the interesting features of the school occurred last semester in our General Education Course which takes up Penmanship, English, Arithmetic, Spelling, etcetera. In this class there were several youngsters about the age of fifteen and there were several men past fifty-five. This course has proved quite popular as it gives many men a chance to review their early education or it is a good opportunity for the ones with a meager education to learn these essential details for the first time.

Our class of people, namely, Catholics, have a tendency to be too self-satisfied with the activities and publicity of the work of the men and orders of our faith. It is a well-understood fact that many people do a penny's worth of good and a dollar's worth of advertising. Our people

are too willing to expend their every effort in the work of doing good and let the advertising take care of itself. To be more specific I might state, that in spite of the fact that in the recent World's Conflict, the Knights of Columbus received only a small amount of the money, comparatively speaking, nevertheless, their work has not been surpassed and even at this date, the order is carrying on a tremendous amount of good work caring for the healthy and sound ex-service men and women in our Evening Schools, and for the infirm and weak ex-service men and women in the Government hospitals.

I feel that the work of this great order, their honesty and integrity has been such that the country, yes, even the world, should rise and shout their praises for such noble efforts. I also feel that the good now being done for our 60,000 men still confined to Government Hospitals and our 300,000 ex-service men now taking courses in our Free Evening Schools should demand the respect of all men and women of the country and the undying gratitude of those who offered their A-L-L on the Altar of Democracy in the recent World War.

Never Say Die

When you're feelin' weak and blue,
The harness seems to rub,
And you don't know what to do,
Well, just get down and grub.

It's easy to stop and rest,
To let others do your part;
But the man the world loves best
Is the one with the fighting heart.

Never say "quit", and stop—
The least you can do is try.
The man who reaches the top
Is he that never says "die."

—J. Haley, '22.

First Christmas In America

In the year 1492, the first celebration of Christmas on the Western Hemisphere occurred. Christopher Columbus and his crew were about to land on the shores of Haiti when one of the ships, the Santa Maria, ran upon a rock and was wrecked. The sailors would certainly have perished had it not been for the kindness of the natives of the island. They sent out rude boats to rescue Columbus and his men, and were successful in bringing all of them safely to land.

Columbus and his companions sank on their knees and thanked the Sacrificial Victim of the Holy Cross of Calvary, while the natives danced and sang the praises of the unknown spirit, adored by the pale-faced strangers.

This happened on Christmas Eve, 1492.

The Indians pitied the unfortunate Spaniards, and lodged them in their huts for the night. Not satisfied with these kindnesses toward the great discoverer and his followers, the Indian chief caused a great banquet to be held on Christmas Day and to it he cordially invited the famous navigator and his brave sailors. To honor the guests still more, the great chief made his principal warriors act as servants on the occasion.

—*Edward Kallmyer, '23.*

In the Mountains

Nothing is more pleasant on a hot summer afternoon than a trip through the mountains, especially at that altitude where the balmy air of an evening is always present. I was strolling from our camp in the Rockies to take an afternoon to myself. This is quite a foolish thing for one to do who is not used to the

passes. I proceeded nicely until turning too sharply in response to a call, I lost my balance and fell some feet into a crevasse. After gaining my foothold I surveyed the surroundings. To the right the wall of the cavern was higher than I, but on the left I could see the neighboring hills and beautiful waterfalls. I could observe at ease the great limestone formations, the stalagmites and stalactites that had formed in the opening. Looking above I discovered that I was about a hundred yards from the snow-line. From the strata and the smoothness of the stones I could tell that the cave was comparatively new as the agencies of erosion and denudation had done little work upon them.

Below I saw a few cottages, with no one around them. For the moment I felt like Maximilian I, of Germany, as he stood on the narrow ledge, far removed from the followers of the chase, and no one near to help. I soon found a way out of my dilemma, however, and once more gained a pass which I thought would lead me back to the tavern where I had been staying. The sun was just wheeling its course homeward and flooded the entire valley in a sapphire haze. The red and blue of the sky above seemed to blend into the purple mist below. There seemed to be a union of the clouds and the earth. The deepening shadows soon enclosed the valley in a dark pall, and reluctantly I hurried home, leaving the soundless mountains to await the coming morning.

—*Robert Suelzer, '23.*

Prediction: There will be fewer windows broken this year. An old pane cost fifteen cents, while the new ones cost six dollars. Ask Mills about the truth of this statement.

Trifles (An Essay)

There are many writers who lay stress on the fact that great events often follow from trifling causes, that what to most people are seemingly trivial and paltry things are in reality seeds from which great consequences spring. Other writers, however, take an opposite stand and declare that such a view is ridiculous. For my part I am rather inclined to join the ranks of those who place emphasis on the importance of trifles.

Webster has somewhere said, "Great events happen seldom and affect few; trifles happen every moment to everybody." We have but to stop and reflect a few moments to realize the truth of these words. Do not little things often happen to us, things that seem of no consequence? Yet they have an effect on us, either for good or for evil. Things that the world considers great rarely happen, and when they do occur they are generally the result of insignificant causes. History bears testimony that such is often the case. We are all familiar with the story that tells how a great battle was lost for the want of a horseshoe nail. No nails could be had to shoe the horses; consequently the unshod horses could not enter the conflict, and the battle was lost, and "all for the want of a horseshoe nail." We remember that Rome was saved by the cackling of geese, and that a lantern flashed to Paul Revere the news that the British were advancing on Concord. These were trifling things, yet they caused incidents that have furnished material for history, and they show "what great events from little causes spring."

How many poets and painters there

are who have given to the world productions in literature and art that were begun by inspirations caused by seemingly small things. We are told that Walpole's "The Castle of Otranto" had its origin in a dream, and we remember the story of the disgusted artist who threw his paint-smearred sponge at an unsatisfactory painting of a mad dog and produced the result that months of labor and thought would not express. Science is also indebted to small matters for many of its discoveries. Did not Newton hit upon the law of gravitation by seeing an apple fall to the ground? There is no trifle too small to be of service.

Those who pay no heed to little things and who are prone to ridicule the importance of trifles, forget that it is the drops that make the ocean, and that the grains of sand form the mountains. An acorn is apparently a useless thing, yet from it may spring forests of giant oaks; a second is a trifle, still a certain writer has said that the seconds make eternity. It is the petals that give form and beauty to the rose; every leaf on the tree plays its silent part in nature as means for producing shade; each blade of grass has its place in the system of created things; each single star that studs the sky gives its light, feeble though it be, and adds beauty to the heavens. There things in themselves are trifles, but upon them hinge important measures. Take the petals from the rose, strip the trees of their leaves, root up the grass and you make spring and summer a time of perpetual dreariness; snatch the stars from the sky, and you rob night of its attractive beauty.

If in nature everything, no matter how small it may be, has its allotted

place, so also in our lives every affair, however trifling it may seem, plays its part and leaves some effect upon us. We have often been told that it is the little things that count. Let us never despise small matters for they are of the greatest consequence and "make up the happiness or misery of human life."
—*Edwin O'Neill, '23.*

A Good Listener

Wherever we go or in whatever position we find ourselves, we are always expected to act as gentlemen. In other words we must be polite. And no matter how stiff or how boring the rules of etiquette may seem, we can always derive some good from their observance. This is particularly true in our social relations either with our fellow-students or in public gatherings.

A respectful reticence while others are speaking, and a visible interest in what they have to say, should be prominent in our behavior under the circumstances just mentioned. When we are engaged in a conversation we should remember that even if the subject does not interest us personally, it does interest those who are discussing it; and out of regard for them it is uncharitable as well as unmannerly to make them conscious that their conversation is uninteresting to us.

What I have said about private conversation applies to public speech as well. Let us bear in mind that no matter how "dry" the subject is, the speaker is doing his best to tell us in a pleasing way something that he believes will interest us. Moreover, there are those in his audience who are trying to get all that he has to say, and who will be distracted by our lack of interest.

What then is the rule which will make us good listeners? Merely place yourself in the speaker's position, and then follow the Gospel maxim: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Psychologists tell us that to tear a piece of paper into shreds, and then throw them on the lawn, and then to pick them up is a good exercise for developing will-power. To my mind, to sit patiently through an uninteresting speech, or to listen to a conversation to which we would rather not listen, is a much more profitable means of attaining the same end; for no matter how dry the subject may be, we can usually learn something from the talk, and if we carry away nothing else than a stronger will and the resolution not to be equally uninteresting when we ourselves are the speakers, we shall not have spent our time in vain.

—*Julian Koehl, '22.*

Christmas

"On this day hearts will know no bounds, oceans will melt into nothingness and space will be annihilated, and around the Christmas tree of our youth we shall gather and around the crib of our boyhood. Young hearts will beat the faster as they are gathered back to the bosom of the family; those in the midst of life will hasten home with joy and yearning, and even the old feeble will totter back with silver locks and dim eyes to be children again for a day. And those far away in sorrow and mourning will lay aside their grief as they kneel by the crib of Bethlehem, and will breathe a fervent prayer which the angels of God will carry back to the old home and mothers."

—*Selected.*

Evolution

When Grandpa started off to school,
 Each morning long ago,
 He tramped along a country road
 With younger folks in tow.
 Whistling in his simple glee
 He walked a mile and maybe three.

And Daddy not so long ago,
 —When he was a little tike—
 With Aunty on the handle bars,
 Rode schoolward on a bike.
 Spinning down the village street
 As gay a sight as you could meet.

When I am started off to school,
 Although it isn't far,
 I am very carefully wrapped
 And sent in my motor car.
 Now the Grandson of my Grandpa; I
 Think of my Grandpa's days and sigh.

I see the past and I can see
 The future just as plain,
 When in his turn my boy
 Shall sail to school by aeroplane.
 Be it a-foot, a-wheel, a-wing,
 To go to school is just the thing.
 —William Ryan, '23.

Jack's Return

It was a cold night in the middle of December, and the snow was falling from the clouds in a great white fleece. In a lonely house, on a dark street of a mining town in Pennsylvania sat poor Mary. She was a tall, frail creature who had lived alone for several years since the disappearance of her brother, Jack.

All the time Jack Robinson was away, Mary had spent her time sewing and helping those about her, and on this very night she was making Christmas presents for some poor children who lived nearby.

From time to time as she plied her needle, her thoughts shifted to poor Jack, and she prayed for his return.

Every night she would pray to the Christ Child for the return of her dear brother if he was alive, and for the repose of his precious soul had he departed this life.

On the day before Christmas while she was distributing a basket of Christmas gifts, she had dropped a package from her basket. She felt very sorry about losing it, and on her way home she looked and inquired for it, but to no avail. She did not mind the loss of the package, but she felt downcast because Little Georgie Flack would have to be disappointed.

* * * *

All the time Jack was in the army he had been thinking of his good sister, Mary, but had not had a word from her in three years. It so happened that Jack was detailed to guard the coal strike district. Little did he dream he would find anyone he knew in the town. As he was making his way down the street he found a package lying in the snow bank along the path. He picked it up, examined it, and found that it bore the name Mary Robinson, 504 N. Salsbury Street.

Could this belong to his own dear sister? It did not look like her handwriting. He inquired the direction to Salsbury street after his watch was over, and went directly to the house.

When Mary opened the door she exclaimed with ecstatic joy, "The Christ Child has heard my prayer."

—J. Raymund Murphy, '23.

Family Prayer

We hear much about labor unions, social unions, all sorts of unions. Employers have organized; laborers have organized; wherever you turn you find an organization. Why? Because men realize that as units they

have no power to attain their purpose, whatever it may be.

The only kind of union that seems to have no attraction is one of prayer. How many have ever reflected seriously on those words of Christ, "For where there are two or three gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them"? From all appearances the number is very insignificant. Yet those words are fraught with a lesson worthy the serious consideration of all, especially of parents. Upon father and mother, to a great extent, depends the future welfare of their children. Theirs is the duty of instilling into virgin minds the knowledge of God and the obligations toward Him. And surely no lesson should be taught more thoroughly or more perfectly than that of prayer. Fortunately most parents appreciate this fact, but how few there are who illustrate their teaching by practical example.

It is not an uncommon sight to see the entire family going to the movies or to some place of amusement and recreation. But where can you find a mother who practices the beautiful old custom of calling her little ones about her for evening prayer? Enter a home with such a mother and you will find a family upon whom the blessings of God have fallen. Their prayers have not been in vain, because Christ was with them.

Place a single log upon the fire and it will give forth light and heat. Heap more and more logs upon the same fire and in a short time the light becomes brighter, the heat more intense. So it is with prayer. The devotion of one increases the fervor of those about, and the prayer that is offered leaps like a flame to the very throne of God. May the beautiful

Christmas-tide inspire fathers and mothers to inaugurate the holy custom of family prayer.

—J. E. D.

Honored Guests

Shortly after the noon hour on Wednesday, December 7th, we assembled to welcome, to entertain, and to be entertained by the Right Reverend Monsignor Noll, LL.D., of Huntington, and the Reverend Thomas Conroy, pastor of the Cathedral.

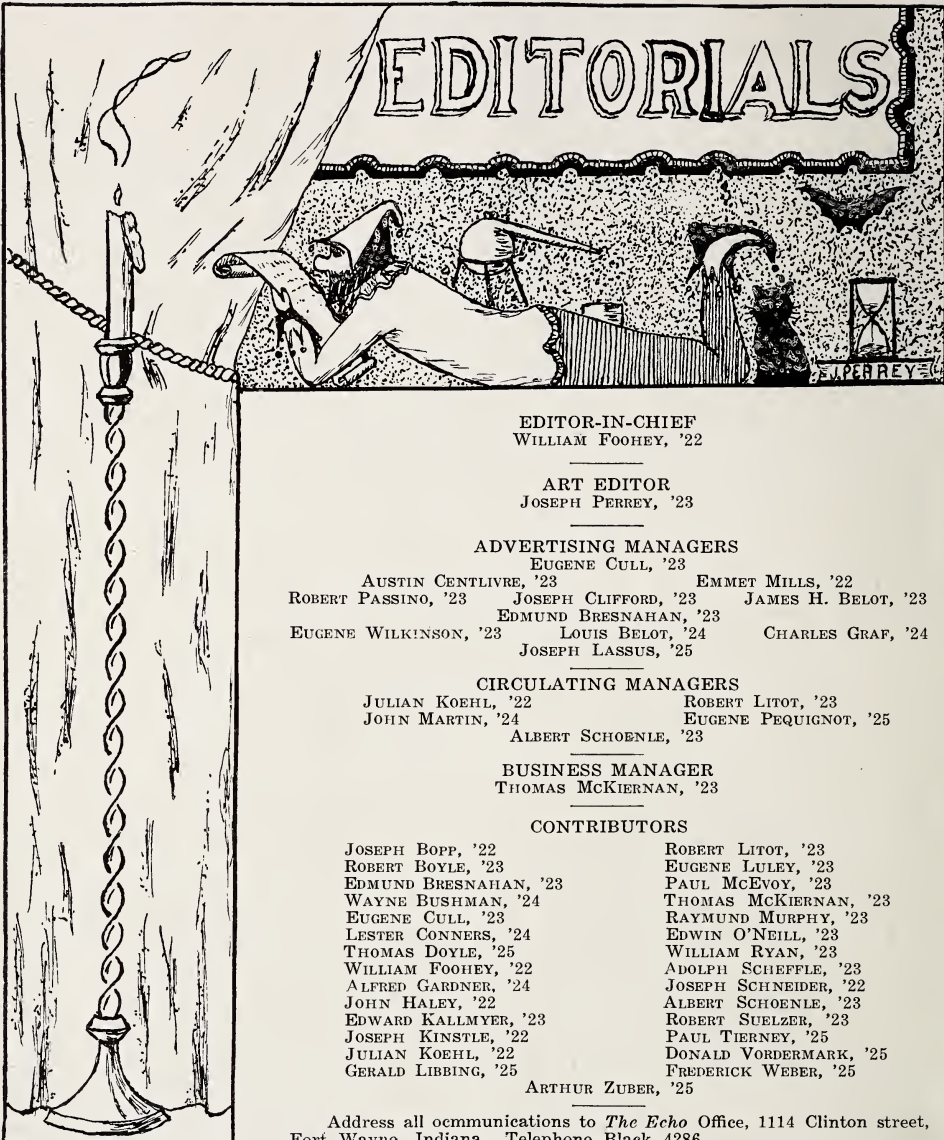
Monsignor Noll was very recently honored by Pope Benedict XV. with the title of domestic prelate in recognition of his nation-wide influence and popularity as editor of "*Our Sunday Visitor*."

Father Conroy, pastor of the Cathedral, has spared no effort to make the Library Hall as near modern as possible before turning it over to the bishop to be used for purely high school purposes. Father Conroy has endeared himself to all of us, and is extremely popular with our boys due to his holding the essay contest and again by offering a gold medal as a prize for the winner of an elocution contest.

We, as Brothers' boys, were glad to have this opportunity of showing our appreciation of these good priests—both products of the Old Brothers' School—and we thank them for their keen interest in our welfare and above all for their most beautiful words of encouragement and advice.

—Albert Schoenle, '23.

The reporter who wrote up the Indianapolis game said, "C. C. H. S. could not withstand the assault of Al Feeney's charges." It should have read "assault and battery."



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Address all communications to *The Echo* Office, 1114 Clinton street, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Telephone Black 4286.

GREETINGS TO YOU

With this issue of the ECHO before the holidays, we wish you, dear reader—student, alumnus, or friend of Central High—a merry Christmas and a most happy New Year. May the priceless Peace of His Holy Mother be yours in the fullest measure during this blessed time and always. —THE EDITORS.

Our Appreciation

After all the money that has been spent in sham-rocking, painting, glazing, relighting, repairing, and remodeling, in and about our school, it is up to us to show those who have worked so untiringly in our interests, that we really appreciate what has been done for us. One of the best ways we can show that appreciation we should have, is for us to protect the school property and keep our

desks, rooms, school and surroundings in good order and repair: Let us be 100% students, and above all 100% Catholics. Let our lives and our conduct be such that anybody may point with pride to any one of us and say, "There is a Catholic boy; there is a student of the Central Catholic High School."

—J. C., '23.

A Retreat

A city-wide retreat for men, given under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, was entirely a new venture in the City of Fort Wayne. The generous response of the members of all the parishes who thronged the ancient Cathedral was a source of great edification. We were happy to see so many of our older students faithfully attending the morning and evening exercises. The retreatants were indeed fortunate in securing Rt. Rev. Msgr. John F. Noll, LL.D., of Huntington, who was recently honored by Pope Benedict XV with the title of domestic prelate—and who has done untold good throughout the land as editor of "*Our Sunday Visitor*," to conduct the exercises. May this retreat become an annual affair.

—Alfred Gardner, '24.

Halt

Now that the first issue of *The Echo* is off the press, it is high time for you to do your part towards making your school paper a success. We are not asking you to do very much, but we would like to have you do the little we are asking you. What we expect is that every student of the Central Catholic High School be personally on the lookout and visit a few of his friends to get them to subscribe to *The Echo*. This is not a very

hard proposition, for any friend of yours who is too tight to come across with fifty cents for a year's subscription, must indeed be a very close-fisted individual. All that is necessary on your part is that you take the trouble to ask them to subscribe.

The time has now arrived when the co-operation of EVERY student is absolutely necessary. If you want *The Echo* to be a real live publication, representative of our school, do your little part towards making it a success. GET SOME SUBSCRIBERS AND GET THEM NOW. —A. S., '23.

"I Saw Your Ad In The Echo"

Would that we could impress upon the minds of the C. C. H. S. students and all the readers of *The Echo*, the necessity of not only patronizing our advertisers, but of mentioning *The Echo* when doing so.

Like all other papers, *The Echo* is dependent upon its advertisers for support. If we had no advertising we would have to charge several times our present subscription rate. Now the professional men, the merchants and the business men—both local and national—who advertise in *The Echo*, expect a return for their money. Advertising is an investment which pays dividends in the form of increased business, and it is up to the students and their friends to support our advertisers.

All other things being equal, why not do your business with *Echo* advertisers? When you visit such men, be sure you mention *The Echo*. No matter how much business you give our advertisers, it will do us no good if the professional and business man in question does not know that it was his ad in *The Echo* which brought him your trade. —J. F. K., '22.

About Exchanges:

We intend to have an exchange column in our next issue, so we are sending out some sample copies of this number. We are anxious to exchange with those schools to which we are sending them. So far eight publications have reached us asking for exchange. We appreciate these publications and have quoted freely from their humor sections.

"The Secret of Happiness"

Brother Florentius, C. S. C., assistant general in the Congregation of Holy Cross, was heard in a lecture at 10 o'clock, October 3, by the students of the high school and the boys of the seventh and eighth grades of the Cathedral parochial school. His lecture, "The Secret of Happiness," was illustrated by one hundred and twenty well-chosen slides.

"The Secret of Happiness" pertains to vocations in life, the speaker treating of the married state, the priesthood, and finally the life of the brother in various religious communities, but particularly in the Congregation of Holy Cross. The need of Catholic high schools for boys was emphasized, Brother Florentius indicating that if this work is to be carried on successfully an increased number of teachers is essential, and therefore encouraged vocations to the brotherhood.

The students seemed most interested in two groups of slides; the first group centered around the Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wisconsin, the training school for boys who enter as postulants for the Brothers of Holy Cross. It is of this institution that Brother Owen, our principal of last year, is now director. The second group of slides that attracted

a great deal of attention were the numerous scenes of mission work conducted by the priests and brothers of Holy Cross in the far-off fields of Bengal, India. Bengal is interesting to us as the foreign mission where one of the C. C. H. S. former teachers, Brother Gabriel, gave up his life in 1914. Bengal is also the special object of our mission unit.

Brother Florentius is not an utter stranger in Fort Wayne, although he had not been here since he taught our fathers twenty-five or thirty years ago. Brother Florentius was stationed here from 1891 to 1896.

While here, Brother Florentius delivered two lectures to the students of St. Augustine's Academy. One of the lectures was his famous "Ben Hur," a most interesting lecture illustrated by 150 slides.

We are looking forward to Brother's next visit. We hope to be able to book him for a reading of "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Evangeline," or "The Sign of the Cross," before the winter is over.

—*Thomas McKiernan, '23.*

Scotty Griffin's Feats

On September 22 Sailor Scotty Griffin performed before the students and faculty. His demonstration was most unusual. The unlimited power over the muscles of his body, and the various feats he performed seemed most impossible.

Nothing of the kind was ever seen in our school before, and the student body thoroughly enjoyed the demonstration.

The valuable assistance rendered by John Hediken of the senior class added much to the humor of the demonstration. "Ain't it so, Red?"

—*Robert Litot, '23.*

Father Dolan's Talk

On the morning of October 10 the Reverend Patrick Dolan, C. S. C., a member of the Holy Cross mission band, gave us a very interesting talk in which he urged us to continue and to make the most of our high school course, and if possible to follow it up with college and university training. He pointed out the great necessity of diligent application to our secular studies, but stressed most emphatically the absolute necessity of our making the most of the study of our religion as offered to us under the ideal conditions we have here, in possessing such a well-equipped Central Catholic High School.

Father Dolan had just finished preaching the Devotion of the Forty Hours, at St. Patrick's Church, and he congratulated the sixty-some boys from St. Patrick's on the splendid way in which they made the devotion. He said he was highly edified by the piety of the boys in general, and was more than pleased to see so many of the high school boys serving in the sanctuary.

Father Dolan, who is himself an able athlete of Herculean proportions, encouraged us to keep up our fighting spirit in athletics and clean sports, and expressed the hope that we would go through the season with our colors flying as proudly as they did the previous Saturday.

We thank Father Dolan for his kind visit and talk. We hope that he will "call again."

—Robert Boyle, '23.

Armistice Day

Memorial exercises on Armistice Day were held in the assembly room of the school. The program consisted of patriotic selections by the school

orchestra, a spirited recital of "In Flanders' Fields" by Harry Jenny, and an explanation of the significance of the day by Mr. Robert M. Connelly, Dean of the Knights of Columbus Evening School, who was appointed by the Red Cross to address the C. C. H. S. student body. The program closed with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

In his talk Mr. Connelly briefly pointed out the causes of the war. He recounted how hard-pressed the Allies were at the time that our country entered the conflict, and the very vital part that the American army had taken in terminating it successfully. He emphasized especially the work of Catholics not only in the army and navy of our country from the time of Commodore Barry, "The Father of the American Navy," down to our time, but also of those in the service of other countries, and who were foremost in bringing the war to a successful issue. In conclusion, he explained the significance of the day, and expressed the hope that the disarmament conference would effect completely what the world war had done in part. —Eugene Luley, '23.

Rev. Wm. P. Lennartz Heard

On November 22 the Rev. William P. Lennartz gave a very interesting talk to the members of the Freshmen class. The missionary-elect emphasized in a particular manner the work the Holy Cross priests and brothers are doing in the mission field of Dacca, Eastern Bengal, India. The activities in this country in furtherance of their efforts were also considered.

Father Lennartz pointed out that "the diocese of Dacca, whose workers are all members of the Congregation

of Holy Cross, is as extensive as the state of Illinois, and its population is three times as great—59,000 square miles and 20,000,000 people. Located, as these missions are, in the cholera-breeding delta of the Ganges, or scattered over the hot plains of Bengal, or isolated in the wild hills of Arakan and Garodom, the Bengal Mission to caste-ridden Hindoos and fanatical Mohammedans *is one of the most arduous in all the world.*"

The speaker briefly described the aim and purpose of "The Bengalese" and how this precious little magazine now has an alarmingly large circulation without any solicitors out working for subscriptions. He heartily encouraged the students to follow the work of the missionaries by reading mission literature, and to continue the good work of the former students of Central High.

By a happy coincidence it so happened that Father Lennartz was telling us about the mission at the very time that two Indiana brothers, Brother Walter of Indianapolis and Brother Louis of Notre Dame, were getting their first glimpses of Dacca. These two Indiana volunteers left America on August 30, and after a brief visit in Rome and an audience with the Holy Father, they reached Bombay on November 19, and Dacca a few days later.

—Arthur Zuber, '25.

Father Conroy's Talk

A few days after school opened, we assembled to listen to a short talk by Father Conroy. After pointing out that he was not speaking to us as the pastor of the Cathedral but as the messenger of our beloved bishop, Father Conroy went on to state that the improvements we could see about

the place were only the beginnings of the things that would be done at the Central Catholic High School. He said that the bishop was extremely anxious to make our school one of the most up-to-date schools in the country. The speaker pointed out that at the beginning we might have to undergo some little inconveniences due to the work that was yet to be accomplished before winter, but that we should have patience and we would see how nice our building could be made. He pointed out that new floors and new desks as well as new laboratories would be provided next summer.

Father Conroy then encouraged us to make the most of the opportunities that were ours, and went on to say that if we had any friends who were out of school because they could not afford books or tuition that we should encourage them to present themselves for enrollment and that he would look after their needs.

—Bernard Kallmyer, '23.

Essay Contest

In the early part of the year, the Reverend Thomas Conroy, pastor of the Cathedral, visited the Freshman class. He glanced over the seventy-two anxious faces and announced that he had a proposition to make to the students of the class. Father Conroy's proposition was that he would put up a ten-dollar gold piece as a prize for the winner of an essay contest. The conditions laid down were very simple. The length of the paper was to be twelve hundred words. The time in which to write the essay would expire at Christmas, and neatness would be a factor in the judging of the papers. The subject matter is to be: "The Necessity of, and the Reasons

for a Central Catholic High School in the City of Fort Wayne."

The contest has brought about considerable rivalry in the Freshmen English class. The money looks big to each and every member of the class. Every one wants the ten dollars for Christmas.

We thank Father Conroy for making this contest possible, and we also take this occasion to extend to him our sincere thanks for the great interest he has shown in us and in our school. We thank you, Father Conroy.

—Thomas Doyle, '25.

Saint Andrew's Day

The annual entertainment given by the students in honor of our beloved bishop, the Right Reverend Herman Joseph Alerding, on the anniversary day of his consecration was held in the assembly room on the afternoon of the Feast of St. Andrew, November 30. The numbers on the program were rendered with that freedom so natural to our boys, and all enjoyed their unconscious personality.

Selection Orchestra

Address John Haley, '22

Modern Education.....

Principal...Eugene Luley, '23

Parent.....Eugene Cull, '23

"Mother Machree".....Glee Club

"Mr. Dooley on Microbes".....

.....Edmund Bresnahan, '23

"Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius".

Brutus...William Foohey, '22

Cassius...John Hedekin, '22

"In Flanders' Fields".....

.....Harry Jenny, '25

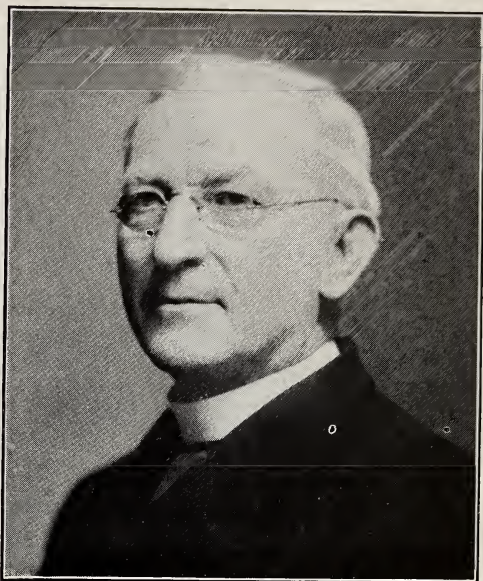
C. C. H. S. "Victory Song".....

.....Orchestra and Students

Welcome Address

Right Reverend Bishop:

We are united today to honor you



and to commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of your consecration as Bishop of the Diocese of Fort Wayne. It is with the greatest love and esteem we greet you, and we realize that God indeed has been good to us in permitting your sacred person to remain with us as our constant guide and inspiration. In mere words we can but feelingly express the intense love, appreciation and praise that is your due for the splendid opportunity you have given us of becoming good Catholic young men.

In establishing this, the Central Catholic High School, you placed within reach of every student the chance of higher education, safeguarding the morals by religious instruction at just that time in life when the pleasures of an evil path seem most seductive. Were any one of us to refuse to take advantage of your wonderful work, Right Reverend Bishop, he would indeed be a Judas. But so much has your zealous endeavor imbued us with a love and respect for every emblem of Catholicity, that in the heart of each and

every student burns the clear, steady fire of the true Catholic faith.

Your efforts are not without results and results are more than marvelous. The actions of the graduates of this school prove to the most skeptical your wisdom in founding and supporting this institution of learning. Their lives show that your training and inspiration lingers even unto and beyond the portals of death.

Your judgment in securing the Brothers of Holy Cross to instruct us can not be too highly commended. Your recent action in selecting the Reverend Thomas Conroy to succeed the almost incomparable Reverend John R. Quinlan has provided us with another enterprising and progressive leader who has already proved greatly beneficial to the welfare of the school. We shall never forget that to you we owe not only a higher education, but whatever success we may attain in future years.

We wish to take this occasion to extend our thanks for the more than satisfactory improvements our school building is now undergoing. They far exceed the expectations of even the most optimistic among us.

When we stop to consider the meager resources available to you for the upkeep of this school, and the things you have accomplished through self-sacrifice and holy endeavor, the results are more than marvelous. Never discouraged, never faltering, even when it seemed impossible to continue our school, you labored day after day until today you command the admiration and respect of every member of your diocese.

Your large flock is one in which you can take a just pride. They could hardly be otherwise with such a good and noble leader to strengthen

them by his own courage and blameless actions. We can consider ourselves indeed favored by Christ in having you at the head of our community.

We all join our prayers with those of the faithful and well-wishers of your diocese in beseeching the gracious Saviour to permit you to remain with us for many years to come. Even though He calls you, a faithful worker, to your eternal reward, memory of you will always linger and your works will continue to manifest your wisdom to all those who enter these doors in future years.

I repeat, no word we can speak, no deed we can do, will adequately express our true feelings. They are too deep for human utterance, too sacred for ears other than yours, or those of the glorious Christ you have served so well.

In his response, Bishop Alerding pointed out the end and purpose of a school essentially Catholic, by showing that an education had to train the mind and heart, and by training these faculties, help us to work out God's destiny in our regard. He epitomized the sciences and the sum of human knowledge, and showed how we could fall short of the expectations of human life. After contrasting the two forms of education—purely secular and the secular as combined with the religious—Bishop Alerding emphatically stressed what we ordinarily style the externals of education.

—Raymond Murphy, '23.

"Frequent communion gives, first, a peaceful conscience; second, strength against temptation; third, greater power of concentration in studies and in religion."—*A Notre Dame Student.*

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We have recently received several new books for our library. Among these new books are several valuable, complete sets.

We consider ourselves very fortunate in securing the complete set of twenty volumes of "Classic Tales by Famous Authors." This is the Story Tellers' Edition which was limited to 6,000 numbers and registered copies.

"The Century Dictionary, an Encyclopedia Lexicon of the English Language," in its twenty-four volume edition, is a precious duplicate of the more popular edition.

The New Cambridge Edition of "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, With Historical and Analytical Prefaces, Comments, Critical and Explanatory Notes, Glossaries, A Life of Shakespeare, and a History of the English Drama," in thirteen volumes, will be most helpful to the students of the higher English classes.

"The Pictorial History of Fort Wayne," in two volumes, a review of two centuries of occupation of the region about the head of the Maumee River, by B. J. Griswold, also contains the story of the townships of Allen County written by Mrs. Samuel R. Taylor.

"Indiana and Indianians" is a "History of Aboriginal and Territorial Indiana and a Century of Statehood," in five volumes written and edited by Jacob Piatt Dunn.

"Historic Mackinac," by Edwin O. Wood, LL.D., is the title of a set of books we were most anxious to get last year, and a set we had to borrow in order to carry out our historical essay work.

The new books include the works of the Abbe Constant Fouard, Emmet J.

Scott, Lyman Beecher Stowe and others.

And last but not least, a rare binding of the "The Diocese of Fort Wayne,—A Book of Historical Reference, 1169-1907," by our own dear bishop, and founder of our school, the Right Reverend H. J. Alerding.

The students of the Central Catholic High School thank Father Lafontaine, through whose generosity this valuable addition to our library was made possible, for this and his many other praiseworthy kindnesses to us.

—Lester Conners, '22.

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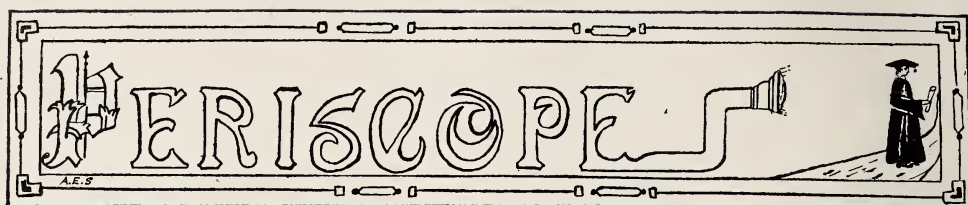
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Our Boys

Purdue University claims several of our old boys. Among them are: Florian Arnold, Paul Berning, Dallas Costello, Robert Callahan, William Gocke, Emmet Kirkland, Charles McDonald, Louis McLaughlin, Frank Rogers, J. J. Welch and Nestor Zurbuch. The Purdue boys got together and organized a Catholic Club. They selected as spiritual director, Father McCarthy, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Lafayette, who was the religion teacher at the C. C. H. S. for nine years prior to the appointment of Father Dillon. Since the "*Purdue Exponent*" ceased to grace our reading table, we are unable to follow the Purdue boys day by day as we used to do. We congratulate Father McCarthy and boys upon the new organization at Lafayette.

Frank Lallak, '20, recently returned to this city after finishing his course at the Rahe Auto School of Cincinnati.

Glance over our ads and you will get a line on Louis Centlivre of the class of '14. Louis says: "Save It With Ice."

Joe Mungovan, '21, through his experience with *The Echo*, liked subscription work so well that after he was graduated he secured a position on the subscription staff of the Fort Wayne Evening Press. It's no wonder our freshmen find so many new jobs open to them at the Press.

Speaking of operations, Leo Weber, '16, has just recovered from a fourth

operation for injuries received in a C. C. H. S. basketball game some five years ago. We hope that Leo will be himself from now on.

Hugh Creigh, Maurice Elliot and Raymond Young, all of the class of '21, are now students at the International Business College, here in Fort Wayne. Russell Ehinger of the Freshman class of last year is also at the International.

Martin Koester, '18, and his brother Edward are living in Los Angeles, California. Martin is right at home in the Southwest, but Edward often says in his letters that he wishes he could be back at old C. C.

Joseph Streifuss, '21, has taken up a position in Rochester, N. Y. Joe's subscription to *The Echo* was one of the first turned in.

Francis Wyss, '14, is now studying his second year of theology in Holy Cross College at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. It won't be long until we'll have to call Frank, Father Wyss.

Frank Doriot, '19, of Notre Dame, paid us a visit on his way to West Point to attend the Notre-Dame-Army game. Frank gave such a spicy talk to the senior class that all the members of that distinguished body had to sit up and take notice. Frank was accompanied by George Hamilton, '19, of Michigan, who immediately after the game registered for a berth at Notre Dame.

William E. Brennan, '15, is now a senior in the Engineering Depart-

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ment of the University of Michigan. Robert C. Clifford, '17, is a junior at the same institution.

Aloysius Becker, '21, has been adopted by our own good Bishop Alerding for the Diocese of Fort Wayne, and is studying for the priesthood at Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y. From his first examination report he is a shark when it comes to Greek. Keep it up "Pete."

Gordon Conway, '20, Herbert Conway, '21, and Ralph Neeb, '21, are attending Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. Ralph Neeb made the Miami Freshman football team.

Harvey Conway, '18, a brother of Gordon and Herbert, whose home is now at Oxford, Ohio, is continuing his studies for the priesthood at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Mt. Washington, Ohio. Edward Cunningham, '19, is a student in the same seminary.

Fort Wayne was too tame for Raphael Torres, our very popular Mexican student of last year. Ralph is now attending school in New York City.

Paul Miller, '21, is right at home in Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

Yes, the Zurbuchs. Steward is a student at Washington and Jefferson, Maurice is at Duquesne University, and Nestor is at Purdue.

Alfred Junk, a member of the freshman class from St. Peter's, and a star traps player in the orchestra of last year, has taken up his studies for the priesthood at the Pontifical College Josephinum, Columbus, Ohio.

Reports have it that Anthony N. Trapp, '17, is doing well at the University of Chicago. Anthony will be remembered as a famous athletic director during his school days here.

The Reverend Charles F. Gerardot,

'13, who got the first diploma given by the C. C. H. S., is now chaplain at St. Anthony's Hospital, Michigan City, Indiana. Father Gerardot spent Thanksgiving week in Fort Wayne, and warned the editor of *The Echo* to be sure the school paper be mailed to him at Michigan City.

Maurice Passino, '21, is holding down a position at the Lincoln National Bank. Maurice knew how to "Link Up with the Lincoln."

Robert Kelty, one of the best artists *The Echo* ever had, is now taking a course at the Art Institute, Chicago.

Joseph Tompkins, '13, was last heard from when he left for France in the world war. Since that time the Alumni have lost all trace of him.

Florian Ryder, '18, is growing old with the First and Hamilton National Bank. Florian has a warm spot in his big heart for the old school and its teachers, and never misses an occasion to show his super-abundant generosity. Last spring, when your editor spent a month in St. Joseph's Hospital, Florian was around each day to see him. Thanks, Florian.

We are glad to state that Thomas Adrian Hayes, '13, has fully recovered, and to look at him a person would be tempted to say he never was sick. Mr. Hayes spent much of his time getting us ready for the Armistice Day parade, and then due to bad weather we did not march. We enjoyed his talks, stories and instructions all the same.

Francis E. Litot, '15, who has been associated with the Frank Dry Goods Company since 1915, got tired of the bachelor's life, and is now what every Catholic layman should be, a married man and an American home-builder. To Frank and the bride, *The Echo* offers its congratulations.

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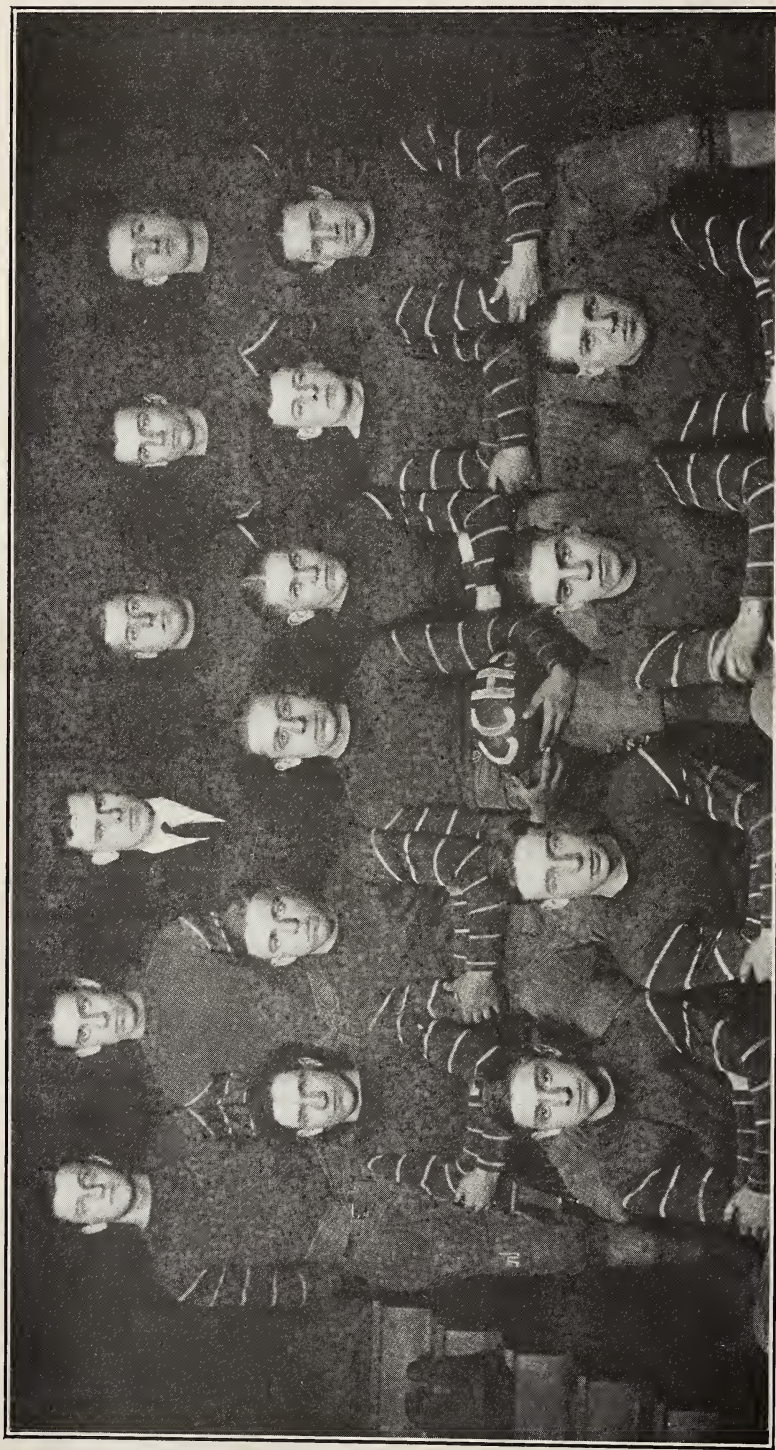
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Top Row: T. McKiernan, R. Rinehart, Coach Flaherty, J. Clifford (captain-elect), B. Kinstle, and O. Hickman.

—Photo by VanDeGrift.

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Daniel P. Haley, '16, is now the champion swimmer of Indiana.

Clarence Kinder, '17, and his brother Harry are contractors and spend much of their time looking after the construction of new homes for Fort Wayne aristocrats.

Richard App, Robert Gordon and Joseph Luley, of the University of Notre Dame, were here for the Toledo game.

Raymond Stephan, '21, of Notre Dame University, was called home by the death of his brother Lawrence on November 12. To Raymond and the other members of the family we extend our sincere and prayerful sympathy.

The Fort Wayne Knights of Columbus knew what they were doing when they re-elected J. Stephan Weber, '13, Grand Knight. He has shown on several different occasions during the past year that he is equal to any task that might be given him. Yes, even in school Steve was a leader.

If you glanced at our advertising perhaps you noticed the name of Stephan F. DeWald, '14. If you haven't found the name, perhaps you'll look for it.

Several of the old boys got home for Thanksgiving, and many of them called at the school, and gave the place the once over.

Eddie Baker, '21, who worked energetically on the production of *The Echo* last year, took time out to give us some useful suggestions. Eddie is putting on weight very rapidly at Notre Dame, and has it figured out that at his present rate, he will tip the scale at near four hundred by the time he is graduated.

Edwin Maley, who was very sick at St. Joseph's Hospital, is now able to be in school again. Edwin was the

boy who drove all the way from Arcola to tell his teachers that he was too sick to come to school one day last fall.

Lester Connors of the Sophomore class was critically ill with acute appendicitis at Thanksgiving time. He was rushed to St. Joseph's Hospital, where an operation was performed. Due to skillful and devoted attention of Dr. Bruggemann and the kind ministrations of the good Sisters and attendants, Lester will soon be himself again.

James D. Hayes, '13, is still in Washington with the United States Veterans' Bureau. He is now manager of the Fourth District with headquarters in Washington. He will be with us for Christmas.

Emmett Rohyans is also located in Washington with the law firm of Gilbert and Miller.

Eugene O'Connell, 13, is a hard man to follow. One week he has a good job and the next week a better. Eugene has great ambitions and has pep enough to put over anything he tries. At present he is identified with the Journal-Gazette and the Rub-No-More Company in this city.

Jerry Miller is as usual interested in the typesetting game and is one of the best boosters we have. Many of the improvements in the Echo were made at Jerry's suggestion.

Thomas A. Hayes is able to be about again and is connected with Hayes and Hayes, 501 Bass Block, in this city.

We take delight in quoting the following item from the Journal-Gazette. We were going to run it in the Notre Dame-Fort Wayne Club section but then we thought it would fit better in here:

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"THREE FORT WAYNE MEN HONORED AT NOTRE DAME

"NOTRE DAME, Ind., Oct. 4.—Three Fort Wayne young men have been selected for important posts at the University of Notre Dame, where they are students.

"Clifford B. Ward, 230 Williams St., has been elected secretary of the Indiana Club, the largest state organization on the campus, numbering 300 men; Aaron H. Huguenard, 407 Wayne street, has been re-named editor of the Notre Dame Scholastic, official University weekly, and Joseph Luley has been elected secretary of the Writers' club, most select of journalistic organizations at the university.

"Mr. Ward will graduate in journalism in 1923, was secretary of the Writers' Club last year and also a member of the Press, Advertising and Philosophers Clubs. Mr. Huguenard was a member of the Scholastic Board last year and the general excellence of his work secured him a renewal of his appointment. He will have direct charge of the personal columns of the periodical. He was also an editor of the Notre Dame Law Reporter last year and a member of the Law Club. He graduates in law in 1922. Mr. Luley is a freshman in journalism at Notre Dame and was the only member of his class selected for office in the club of which he is a member. He is also a member of the Indiana and Press Clubs."

Aaron Huguenard was highly honored by the University by being made the recipient of the Monsignor F. A. O'Brien Prize for the year 1921. The O'Brien Prize, founded in 1917 by a gift of \$1,000 from Mr. Edwin O. Wood, of Flint, Michigan, in honor of the Right Reverend Monsignor F. A.

O'Brien, D.D., of Kalamazoo, Michigan, is awarded annually to one or more students, in any college of the University, for special study and distinction in an historical subject designated by the President or by the Academic Council of the University. In 1921, the essays were limited to subjects dealing with the Northwest Territory. Mr. Huguenard's essay was entitled: "Pierre Gibault: First American of the West."

OUR TEACHERS, PAST AND PRESENT

Our old teachers are now stationed in the following institutions of learning:

Cathedral High School, Indianapolis, Ind.—Brother Bernard and Brother Gregory.

Central Catholic High School, Evansville, Ind.—Brother Ephrem.

Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis.—Brother Owen.

Holy Cross College, New Orleans, La.—Brother Nicholas, Brother Anthony, and Brother Edmund.

Columbia University, Portland, Oregon—Brother Augustus.

Besides these, three are dead, one is in France, and three are doing parish work.

Brother Marcellinus and Brother Andrew died at the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.

Brother Gabriel died while doing foreign mission work in India.

Brother Exupere is teaching teachers-to-be in France.

The Reverend William C. Miller is pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Whiting, Ind.

The Reverend George Moorman is pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Logansport, Ind.

The Reverend John A. McCarthy is pastor of St. Ann's Church, Lafayette, Ind.

The present faculty is made of:

Brother Daniel, C. S. C., Principal.

Rev. John Edward Dillon.

Brother Gilbert, C. S. C.

Brother Harold, C. S. C.

Brother Kilian, C. S. C.

Brother Vitus, C. S. C.

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Well, we went and did it, and we're proud of it. Yes, sir! The Notre Dame-Fort Wayne Club is no longer a myth, a pipe-dream of some few active-minded but modest underclassmen; it is a live, teeming actuality. For three years now, Fort Wayne men at the University of Our Lady have wondered why there was not some sort of organization representing their interests. It was commonplace to hear remarks to the effect that the "C. C." boys should get together and do things, real things. Certainly, there was no good reason why the graduates of a high school which had conquered the overwhelming odds of other schools throughout the country should not "step out" at Notre Dame.

We met for the first time in official conclave Sunday, October 9, 1921. There was a fine turnout. Cliff Ward, Jerry Arnold and Sub Miller were chosen as a committee to draw up the constitution, and they did an admirable job of it. A week later the election of officers came. Brother Florian, who taught in the Summit City in the days of "mustached schoolboys" (we use the term advisedly, cf. C. C. H. S. Record, page 12) was elected honorary president. Before we go any further, we might say a unique feature of the affair was that all the officers were chosen unanimously.

Aaron H. Huguenard, '18, was given the presidency. Leslie Logan, '19, was picked to act as chief in case Aaron should be absent. Edward Lennon, '19, was made the guardian of the pen. Maurice Boland, '21, after his record in Dun and Bradstreet had been found unsmirched, was given the custody of the bank

book. The charter members are: Edward J. Lennon, Joseph F. Luley, Maurice J. Boland, Edward J. Baker, Raymond C. Stephan, Jerome C. Arnold, Cornelius J. Hayes, Robert K. Gordon, Richard P. App, Sebastian J. Miller, Donald McDonald, Edgar P. Welch, Aaron H. Huguenard, Herman G. Centlivre, F. Leslie Logan, Francis S. Doriot, Edward S. Sullivan, Clifford B. Ward, Richard G. Deininger, Joseph E. Miller, A. Patrick Hyland, and Elmo J. Ehinger.

We are now making plans for a Christmas banquet, which is intended to be a get-together meet for all N. D. men residing in Fort Wayne. We know it will be a success but we'd rather not say so much about it now, and let our actions talk later on.

Bob Gordon is a natural-born diplomat. The other day, Aaron Huguenard was brandishing his senior cane in the debonair fashion of Louis Quarterze.

"How do you get the coin to buy all these ornamental appendages, Aaron?" asked the clever blond.

"Oh, that's nothing, Bob," said the unsuspecting lawyer. "I've got lots of that stuff."

"I knew you had, old chap. Just sign your name on this paper and come across with fifty cents for your *Echo* subscription." —A. A. H.

Dick Doinger is so engrossed with his accountancy work that he seldom gets time to take recreation.

If Notre Dame were to hold a most popular man contest, we are sure Frank Doriot would rank high. Frank spends much of his time preparing the football team to win its victories.

—J. Arnold.

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Hot Buns

We have chosen this section as a Who's Who of our Fort Wayne boys at Notre Dame.

Ray Stephan, a would-be Chemical Engineer, is a getting bigger and fatter every day. Mussed up a few of the boys in an inter-hall football game. Has taken up wrestling as a means of amusement.

Eddie Baker, his chum, has discovered that a typewriter will go backward and forward as well as skidding around the corner and ringing a bell for help.

Edgar Welch, coach extraordinary of every prominent football team in the country, including that of Badin Hall. One of the best bull throwers in the Spanish class. Acceptable but not excepted.

Sebastian Miller—"I haven't time, boys. I've a good deal of work to do." It was too bad Sub did not go out for athletics, but his course does not give him much freedom.

Joe Luley—H a n d s o m e Joe is achieving success as a contributor to the editorial columns of *The Scholastic*. Has distinction of creating somewhat of a sensation beyond the lake.

B o b G o r d o n—lanky as ever, straight edge hair cut, his good humor still prevailing. The friendly chats which he has with the prefect of Brownson "rec" room have developed into a sort of second nature with "Legs."

Dick App—"You never saw our Peerless go." Dick was under the weather the first two weeks or so but is in line with the rest of the gang again.

Maurice Boland—We haven't seen much of Maurice lately. Rumor has it, however, that he can be found

most any time in Brownson study room showing other fellows what strong power of concentration can do for one.

Don. McDonald is very popular at breakfast time. He is right there with the hot buns.

Pat. Hyland, our old friend from Decatur, is in the ranks of the Carolites. Pat will be remembered as half-back for Decatur H. S. against C. C. last fall.

—*Herman G. Centlivre.*

"Sleep that mends the ravelled sleeve of care." It is hard to say whether Ed. Lennon's sleeve was unravelled, or whether the distinguished budding barrister knows much about care, but *The Echo* reporter has this to tell about him. You know Ed. is supersaturated with school spirit and, of course, that demands one should never miss a football game within a thousand mile radius. Ergo, Mr. Lennon decided to see N. D. beat Purdue even though he was blushing about monetary embarrassments.

How he got to LaFayette from South Bend will be a blank page in the history of Notre Dame; how he got back may be a blank in his mind, but it isn't in the case of the rest of the fellows. As was mentioned before, he was sans funds. He filed in to the coach (imagine his intestinal strength), threw two seats back to back, crawled into the wedge-shaped cavity, draped some luggage in front of him, and was off. The conductor smelt a rat (as Terence said some two thousand years ago) and started searching the car for the tort-feasor. He found the rascal but could not get him out for Lennon was dead to the world.

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When the blue coat yelled "South Bend," the ubiquitous Frankie Doriot was in a frenzy. He knew that sound ethics required he take the "speaker of Hiawatha" into tow, but if a burly conductor couldn't awaken him, how could he (Frankie) do it? Well, to end a long story, Hec Garvey and Tom Lieb, the football giants, were called to his assistance just as the train was pulling out. Ed. still limps as a result of his cramped sleep from Purdue to Notre Dame.

It is to be hoped the power of suggestion works no evil effect upon the reader but here is another "sleepy" story. Herman Centlivre, the dashing quarterback of those bad Badinites, retires early in order to maintain the clarity of his completion. The other night, Herman sought the luxury of the eiderdown about 7:30, and immediately he was in communion with Morphine, or whoever the god of sleep is. * * * *

These stars signify oblivion. Then, a tapping and the metallic voice of the prefect: "Centlivre!" With all the dash and vim he puts into an end run, the counterpart of Paganini hurdled into his clothes. It was still dark out and as he saw the spire of St. Mary's glistening in the moonlight, he muttered: "Gosh, they get a fellow up too early around here." He sprinted to the chapel, only to find it dark and deserted. Then, he saw the prefect and asked the time. "Just ten P. M., Herman. Weren't you in your room when I checked up a few minutes ago?" A. A. H.

"Where is Ed. Lennon's room?" inquired Aaron Huguenard of the prefect of Corby Hall.

"Let see, he's on the third floor. I don't exactly know his number but just walk until you hear him."

Aaron found him without any difficulty. —E. B.

BASKETBALL PROSPECTS

With the football season over, C. C. H. S. followers are looking forward to the basketball season, and although Julian Koehl is the only regular remaining from last year, prospects are promising for the best team that the school has had since 1919. There is a wealth of material in school, and with Coach Flaherty's knowledge of the game, and his knack of getting work from his men, there is no fear that the season will not be a successful one. With this end in view, the hardest schedule that has ever confronted a C. C. H. S. team has been arranged. Games with St. Rose High of Lima, Ohio, Fort Wayne High, and Monroeville are yet to be added. The schedule follows:

December 9—Alumni.

December 16—St. Rose High of Lima, here.

December 20—Garrett High School at Garrett.

December 23-30—Alumni.

January 6—Angola High School at Angola.

January 10—Garrett High School, here.

January 14—Cathedral High, at Indianapolis.

January 21—Monroeville High School, here.

January 27—Central High of Toledo, here.

February 3—Angola High School, here.

February 10—Monroe High School here.

February 17—Central High, at Toledo.

February 25—Cathedral High, here. —Wm. Foohey, '22.

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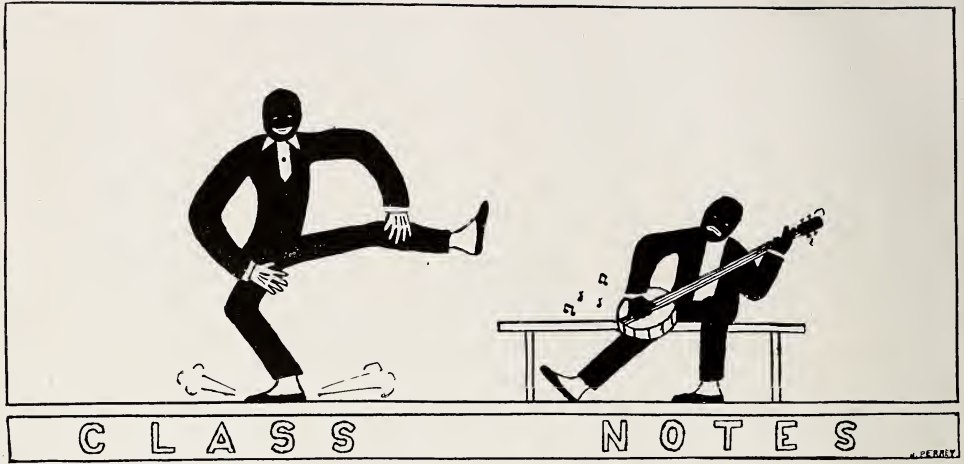
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Seniors

When we came back to school this year we found all our old friends here again; I mean all those who finished the Junior work with us last June. Besides our old gang, several new men have joined our class. Joseph Kinstle, who spent the past two years in the preparatory department at St. John's University, Toledo, Ohio, returned to finish with the good bunch he started out with four years ago. Clyde Hanson, a former pupil of the public high school, joined us this year. John Haley and Kenneth Logan deserted the quantity class of last year to be with the quality class of '22. Thus we are starting this year with a larger class than we started with last year, and judging by the interest in the work, everybody is very anxious not only to get a sheepskin but everything else that the school can give by way of honors at the end of the year. We feel happy to say that we think the Senior class is doing everything it can to make the year a success in every way possible.

When we held class elections, Julian Koehl was elected class president; William Foohey was made secretary, and for the fourth consecutive

year we placed our fund in the hands of Bernard Kinstle. For a time we thought that Bernard—more popularly known as “Bun”—was about to desert us, but the wind has blown over and “Bun” will stick with us to the end.

We occupy the room we had last year but it is not in the same condition. The new windows, new blackboards, and new furniture along with the freshly painted walls and the new ornaments thereon, help to make the room a very agreeable place in which to study.

When it comes to athletics, we hold the honor of contributing the captain of the football team. Julian Koehl, John Haley, Clyde Hanson and Bernard Kinstle were on the football team, and some of our men are trying out for the basketball team. We are right there when it comes to backing the team.

Our president, Julian Koehl, leads the class and the school in getting *Echo* subscriptions. Clyde Hanson made a good showing in the same work. Several of our good talkers also helped to get the ads. Emmet Mills deserves special credit in this line of work.

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It is hard for us to realize that we are Seniors. It was only after the entertainment for the Feast of St. Andrew that we realized that we were the top notchers in the school. We are trying to conduct ourselves in such a way that the undergraduates can look to us as the models for the school. Now that we have our shoulders to the wheel we mean to keep them there so as to make the weight of the burden lighter for those who will follow us. —*Joseph Bopp, '22.*

Juniors

"What does the angry mob say?" "Yea!" "Hurrah for the powers behind the throne!" "Nine rahs for the Bishop, the Superintendent, and the Faculty!" That's the way we acted on the morning of September the sixth. After the cheering, we formed a snake dance, but that was suddenly broken up by a prominent member of the faculty. To make a long story short, we all came back except John Schwanz. Last year one of the teachers told Johnny that he knew too much, and being a very credulous little gentleman, he got a good job during vacation and started to apply his superabundant knowledge. We are sorry to lose John as he was a splendid student and a little gentleman always. We have the same number of Juniors as we had Sophomores last year for Oran Hickman, of Wolcottville, came to take our smart boy's place. A few days later when a conditioned Junior could not get the idea of working off conditions and secured his credits for the public high school, James Belot, who had been working for two years, decided he wanted the only available desk in the Junior room and returned to school. James is a thorough student and we

are glad to welcome him to our midst.

We managed to get the old Senior room, which is considered the most convenient and best equipped room in the school. We did not get it on our good looks or our splendid scholarship, but, as we were emphatically informed, because no other room would hold us.

When the call was sounded for football players, we led the school by placing seven regulars and three subs on the team. Our class promises to show up wonderfully in athletics, for after our splendid showing in football we are responding generously to basketball. It looks as though the famous Sophomore team of last year will go a long ways in the making of the Varsity string.

In our class this year we have representatives from Wolcottville, Hesse Cassel, New Haven, Monroeville, Summit City, Lagro and Arcola, who by association with us now act like real Fort Wayners.

When it comes to study and duties, no matter whether ethics, solid geometry, algebra, English, Spanish, Latin, chemistry or religion makes the demands, it is the spirit of the class that we give the best that is in us.

Our class is spending itself to make *The Echo* a success. We worked hard on the advertising and made a pretty good showing with subscriptions as well. We gave up the publication of our three-year-old "Bull" so as to be able to concentrate our work on *The Echo*. Just lamp the articles labeled '23 and be convinced that our efforts were not in vain.

Our class work is as clock work and whenever we see a student unable to supply himself with the required

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equipment, instead of sending him to the Salvation Army for help, we just pass the hat and buy whatever is needed. On one occasion the receipts far exceeded the requirements and we had a balance left in the treasury to draw on.

At the class elections we re-elected Pat Donahue president for the third term. Thomas McKiernan is our secretary, and Mr. Joseph Clifford is the custodian of our funds. The office of treasurer was the hardest to fill. "Arcola" Smith and "Tiny" Clifford tied for the job and we had to hold a special election. Due to the workings of the "Windy" machine, "Tiny" was elected.

At the pep meeting for *The Echo*, four of the eight volunteer speakers were members of the class of '23. In fact we were so imbued with the *Echo* spirit that when the new faculty sponsor called for workers the Juniors offered to do the work alone if necessary. Thanks to the generous response of the other students it was not necessary for us to do it, and hence we only helped to produce this issue. Thanks for reading our class notes. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you, our friends.

—Eugene Cull, '23.

Sophomores

The opening of school wasn't delayed any by the many improvements that were being made, and the fresh Sophomores, to quote a Freshman, tumbled in with the rest. Everything was ready for us; even our names were engraved with chalk on our future desks. After giving the names of our ancestors, getting the list of the books that we were to wrestle with, and becoming acquainted with the same in twenty-minute sessions,

we were dismissed until one o'clock. So much for the first day.

A few days later a call was issued for martyrs for the football team, and the Sophs sent out their quota in the persons of Bushman, Eckert, Martin, Ferguson, and Belot. Bushman and Eckert won regular berths. The rest of us had to be content to get our bruises on the Sophomore team, but enthusiasm was lacking. We played only one game, that with the Freshmen, and thanks to the Freshmen punter (he kicked the ball over his head and over our goal line where Kelker fell on it), we won 6 to 0.

The next thing in line was the election of class officers. "Chub" Graf had just undergone an operation for appendicitis a few weeks earlier, and that fact placed him beyond the sphere of common mortals. As a result he was re-elected for president. Bushman, showing some of the oratorical sparks that made his brother Ed famous a few years ago, was given the minute-book, and "Mike" Hogan was given charge of the treasury department, since he has never been known to worry.

In the months that have passed since the opening of school, several of our members have signally distinguished themselves. Sorg and Parrot are locally known for their glowing oratory. Roussey also claims attention in English class to explain the manufacture of fabric tires. Husselman created a sensation when he came to school in hip-boots, and made a speech on lumberjacks. Martin also gained admittance into the select list when he wrote a story so lengthy that the English teacher has not yet finished reading it.

Space will not permit us to introduce any more of our thirty-six cele-

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bilities this time, nor to write about our basketball team. We have won several games already, but we fear that our team will be broken up when the Varsity calls for candidates for the school team.

—Donald Vordermark, '24.

Freshmen

On September the sixth, sixty-five strong, vigorous, healthy looking boys from the various parishes of this vicinity registered as Freshmen. Among the members of this exceptionally large class we have artists, comedians, poets, and athletes.

Speaking of artists, we have two who excel in the musical line. Johnny Burke and Clarence Whitmer rival each other for excellency on the violin. In this regard we are following the example set by the class of last year. Harry Swift, who is now a Sophomore, was the key demon of the Freshman class of last year.

In cartooning it would be hard to beat Joseph Oddou, who is especially good. If the present cartoonist of *The Echo* staff does not be on the lookout, Joe is apt to beat him out.

In comedy we have leaders in the persons of Jenny, Adamski, Brudi, and our seven red heads.

Mulligan, Whitaker and Libbing have been making names for themselves in football, and they have several companions lining up with them for basketball.

Paul Tierney, Stephan Moran, and several other bright guys keep *The Echo* editor busy looking over verse for *The Echo*.

When we had class elections, we made Arthur Zuber (who worked for several years before starting to high school, and is, consequently, a leader of

ability) our president. Johnny Burke was elected secretary, and Gerald Libbing our treasurer. Libbing handles the money and got us splendid monograms at about one-third of the price we were asked to pay at first.

Our class tall man is Loos, our fat man is Crouse, our skinny boy is Eg-geman, and our dwarf is Weber.

Our hard workers, well we don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, but we think we might be safe in giving the names of Doyle, Oddou, Orff, Mulhaupt, Parrot, Perrey, Pequignot and Roy, who got one or more marks of 100 per cent on the first examination.

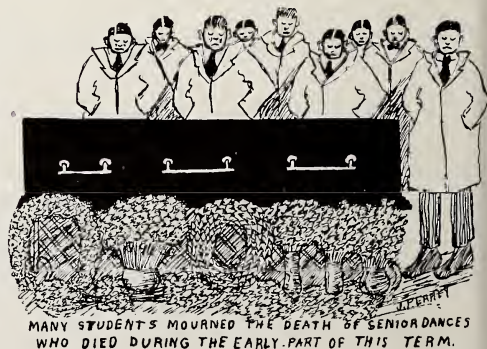
We are all working hard on the Father Conroy Essay Contest. The prize looks big to everybody in view of the fact that the money will come in mighty handy around Christmas.

We take a distinct pride in being able to call ourselves the biggest class that ever entered the C. C. H. S. At present we number three score and twelve. Just one-half of this number is from St. Patrick's parish.

We have boys in our class who have been out of school one, two, three, four, and even five years, but we are all students to a man.

Just watch us do things.

—Frederick Weber, '25.



MANY STUDENTS MOURED THE DEATH OF SENIOR DANCES WHO DIED DURING THE EARLY PART OF THIS TERM.

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After nine members of last year's football squad were lost by graduation, C. C. H. S. supporters looked forward to this season's football team only as a preparation for 1922. Frank Flaherty, '16, however, took charge of the Central hopefuls and did wonders. The boys outplayed every team that they were pitted against with the exception of the Central high of Toledo and the Cathedral High of Indianapolis.

Of last year's Varsity there remained only Julian Koehl, Haley, Clifford, Centlivre, Donahue, Suelzer and Bushman. Graf, long-distance punter of 1920, underwent an operation during the summer and was not allowed to play. Prospects looked brighter when Hanson, a hard-hitting half-back from Fort Wayne High, entered school. The finds of the season were McKiernan, Rinehart, Norbert Koehl, Eckert, Hickman, Kinstle and Fitzgerald, who, although they had no previous football experience, developed into consistent and heady players. Libbing, Mulligan and Whitaker joined the squad in mid-season, and show great promise for next year.

The credit for the showing of the team is due to Frank Flaherty, who volunteered his services, and who entirely won the confidence of his charges. That he kept them in trim and taught them the game is shown by the fact that not once during the

season was a C. C. H. S. player injured seriously. Captain Julian Koehl, Hanson, Haley, and Kinstle will be lost by graduation, and while their loss will be severely felt, it is our prediction that next year Coach Flaherty will win the success that his efforts deserve.

GAMES

C. C. H. S., 21. GARRETT H. S., 0.

The team played its first game October 7th against our ancient rivals, Garrett, and won a mud battle. Remembering the formidable teams that represented Garrett in former years, the Centrals were just a little doubtful about the outcome. The game was won, however, before it began. The home fans remarked what a pity it was that the Fort Wayne boys had to soil their new suits. When Coach Flaherty heard this he ordered his charges to take a few swan dives. There being water a-plenty, they did it to the astonishment of their opponents. The rest was easy.

The scoring began in the first quarter. Displaying powerful drives, the Central backs carried the ball down the field. On the two-yard line Captain Koehl fumbled, but reliable Joe Clifford recovered and slid across the line for the first touchdown of the year.

The second score came in the third quarter after Garrett carried the ball to the C. C. H. S. ten-yard line, where

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they lost it on downs. Centlivre punted out of danger. Garrett once more lost the ball on downs, and the Central backfield began another procession down the field. On the twenty-yard line Centlivre punted over the goal and Donahue scored on an on-side kick. Koehl kicked goal. C. C. scored two more points on a safety, Bushman tackling a Garrett player behind the goal line.

The final score was made a few minutes later by Captain Koehl, who intercepted a pass and ran thirty yards through the Garrett team.

The C. C. H. S. line-up follows: Haley and Bushman, ends; Clifford, Rinehart, and Kinstle, tackles; Suelzer, Eckert, and Hickman, guards; McKiernan, center; Donahue, quarterback; J. Koehl, Hanson, and N. Koehl, halves; Sentlivre, fullback.

C. C. H. S., 7. DECATUR H. S., 10.

On October 14th the Central rooters chartered a special car and went to Decatur to see the varsity in action against the Decatur H. S. The game was hard-fought throughout, but Flaherty's men lost by a score of 10 to 7.

C. C. received the kickoff and starting a drive down the field, crossed the goal line in the first five minutes of play. The score was not allowed, however, the head linesman alleging that a Fort Wayne man was off-side. On the next play Captain Koehl dropped a pass behind the line and the ball was put in play on the twenty-yard line in Decatur's possession. Before the quarter ended Decatur succeeded in pushing over a touchdown. No further scoring was done during the second quarter and the half ended 7 to 0.

The C. C. H. S. boys entered the third quarter full of fight, and on the

kickoff again started toward the Decatur goal. A short pass, Hanson to Koehl, resulted in a touchdown, and Hanson kicked goal, tying the score.

Decatur won the game in the last few minutes of play. Gaw, on a trick play, ran thirty-five yards to the C. C. H. S. twenty yard line, where he suddenly came to a halt when he was confronted by Donahue. On end runs and line smashes the home team advanced the ball to the Central two-yard line, where Decatur lost it on downs. Centlivre, standing behind his own goal line punted the ball beyond the middle of the field, but once more in an inopportune moment the head linesman ruled a Central man offside, and the ball was brought back. Centlivre punted again, but this time the ball traveled only thirty yards. Decatur carried it to the twenty-yard line, and Gaw kicked a goal from placement, winning the game 10 to 7.

The Centrals received the kickoff and once more went down the field, but with victory in sight the game ended.

C. C. H. S., 33. BLUFFTON H. S., 14.

On October 14 the Purple and Gold met Bluffton H. S. in the first home game of the season, and won a thrilling contest, 33 to 14. Bluffton had a dangerous aerial attack, and in the early minutes of the game forward passed its way to a touchdown.

In the second quarter the Centrals got down to work. On off-tackle plays they carried the ball to the twenty-five-yard line, and on the next play Captain Koehl broke loose and scored a touchdown. Rinehart kicked goal. Before the quarter ended Koehl scored his second touchdown on a twenty-yard dash off-tackle.

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The half ended 13 to 7.

Bluffton received the kick-off in the second half, and again displaying a flashy aerial attack crossed the C. C. H. S. goal five minutes after the play commenced. Early gave his team a one-point lead when he kicked his second goal after a touchdown.

Things began to look dismal when Captain Koehl was forced out of the game with injuries, but Pat Donahue dispelled the gloom when he broke away and scored a touchdown after a forty-yard run on a criss-cross play, giving his team the lead again, 19 to 14.

In the last quarter Central had everything its own way. Donahue scored a touchdown on an on-side kick, and a few minutes later, Norbert Koehl, who played a great game in place of Hanson, who was injured in the Decatur game, made the final touchdown on a thirty-yard sprint off tackle.

C. C. H. S., 0. CENTRAL HIGH, 14.

On October 29 the Central Catholic High of Toledo invaded our shores and fought a sea battle. They proved to be better sailors than the Fort Wayne Centrals were and won out, 14 to 0. The game was played in a continual downpour, and the players became so covered with mud that it was next to impossible to distinguish them. We did notice a Mr. Cooney, however, gather in a neat pass in the second quarter after Toledo had intercepted one of the Fort Wayne passes, and dashed over for a touchdown. Until that time the game was rather evenly fought, with the peppery Toledo aggregation having the edge, if edge there was.

The visitors made their second touchdown in the third quarter, Bechtel hurling a twenty-yard pass to

Connell, who stepped across the goal line. Bechtel kicked goal.

As in other games, the C. C. H. S. showed its fighting spirit in the last quarter. Defeated, they never gave up, and started a drive down the field that was halted on the ten-yard line only by the timekeeper's whistle.

The game marked the opening of athletic relations with the Toledo school and we look forward with pleasure to future meetings.

C. C. H. S., 0. F. W. H. S., 0.

The big game of the season was with Fort Wayne High on November 12th, and as in other years, it was played on an exceedingly muddy field. The heavy snow of the day before had melted the morning of the game, leaving the field in a slippery and slimy condition. Open field running or passing was impossible, and, as one youngster put it, the game ended 0 to 0 in favor of Central High. That was also the verdict of the many fans who witnessed the game, for Fort Wayne High was outplayed throughout the entire contest except for a brief period in the third quarter.

Neither side threatened dangerously during the first period, but in the second quarter Central carried the ball to Fort Wayne's twenty-yard line. Captain Koehl attempted a drop kick, but it went wide.

In the third quarter Fort Wayne started strong and carried the ball to the C. C. twenty-yard line, but there they lost it on downs. Rinehart punted out of danger. A few minutes later C. C. had the ball on Fort Wayne's thirty-yard line and on four plunges carried it to the Blue and White's five-yard line. A fifteen-yard penalty, however, abruptly ended the chances for a touchdown. Koehl tried for a field goal again,

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and once more failed.

In the fourth period Fort Wayne opened with passes, two of them being successful for first downs. Their advance was checked, however, when Bushman intercepted one of their passes. The game ended with the ball in Central's possession on their opponent's forty-yard line.

Both teams played well throughout, despite the slow field, while the work of the C. C. H. S. line men was especially prominent. They had their thinking caps on, foreseeing play after play, and thereby spilling Fort Wayne runners for losses on many occasions.

Notwithstanding the great rivalry between the two schools the game was clean throughout, and did much towards making high school football popular in succeeding years.

C. C. H. S., 0. CATHEDRAL HIGH, 19.

The Notre-Dame-Indiana game of last year was vividly recalled to twelve hundred spectators at Indianapolis on Thanksgiving Day when, after a gruelling battle Central's gridders succumbed to the powerful Cathedral High, 19 to 0. It was a hard-won victory, and it required every one of Coach Feeney's twenty-two men to secure it. The Cathedral players excelled in line plunges, while the Centrals outclassed their opponents in end runs and passes, of which seven out of ten were successful.

Cathedral's first touchdown was made in the second quarter, and was a result of Rinehart's withdrawal from the game due to injuries. He played a bear's game at tackle, and his withdrawal left a hole through which the Cathedral backs plowed for gains that resulted in a touchdown.

In the third quarter Indianapolis

injected an entire fresh squad into the fray, but the battered C. C.'s astonished it and the spectators by its aerial attack. Time after time it succeeded only to fail when Fort Wayne threatened Cathedral's goal.

The fourth period saw the Indianapolis first string men back in the fray, and they waded through the exhausted Centrals for two touchdowns. The C. C. H. S. men, however, never gave up, and drew the admiration of the crowd by the passing of Centlivre and the almost impossible catches of Bushman. Sisson, Jackson and Marks were the individual stars for Indianapolis, while the defensive playing of Rinehart, Eckert, and Haley, and the offensive work of Captain Koehl, Norbert Koehl, and Bushman were the outstanding features of the Centrals' play.

Cathedral High used two teams, but any school that is fortunate enough to have two reliable squads would act unwisely not to use them in a hard contest. Central Catholic High is proud of her small squad that held to a narrow margin a team which revels in high scores.

THANKS

At the beginning of the football season, Jerry Miller, '13, always a great booster of the school, took means to insure the proper protection of the players by making it possible to purchase the necessary equipment. He and Stephan Callahan, a graduate of the Old Brothers' School, approached several of the business men in town, who contributed generously to the Athletic Fund. The school and the football team wishes to express its thanks to Mr. Miller and Mr. Callahan, and to the donors, whose names follow: Mr. Charles Spanley,

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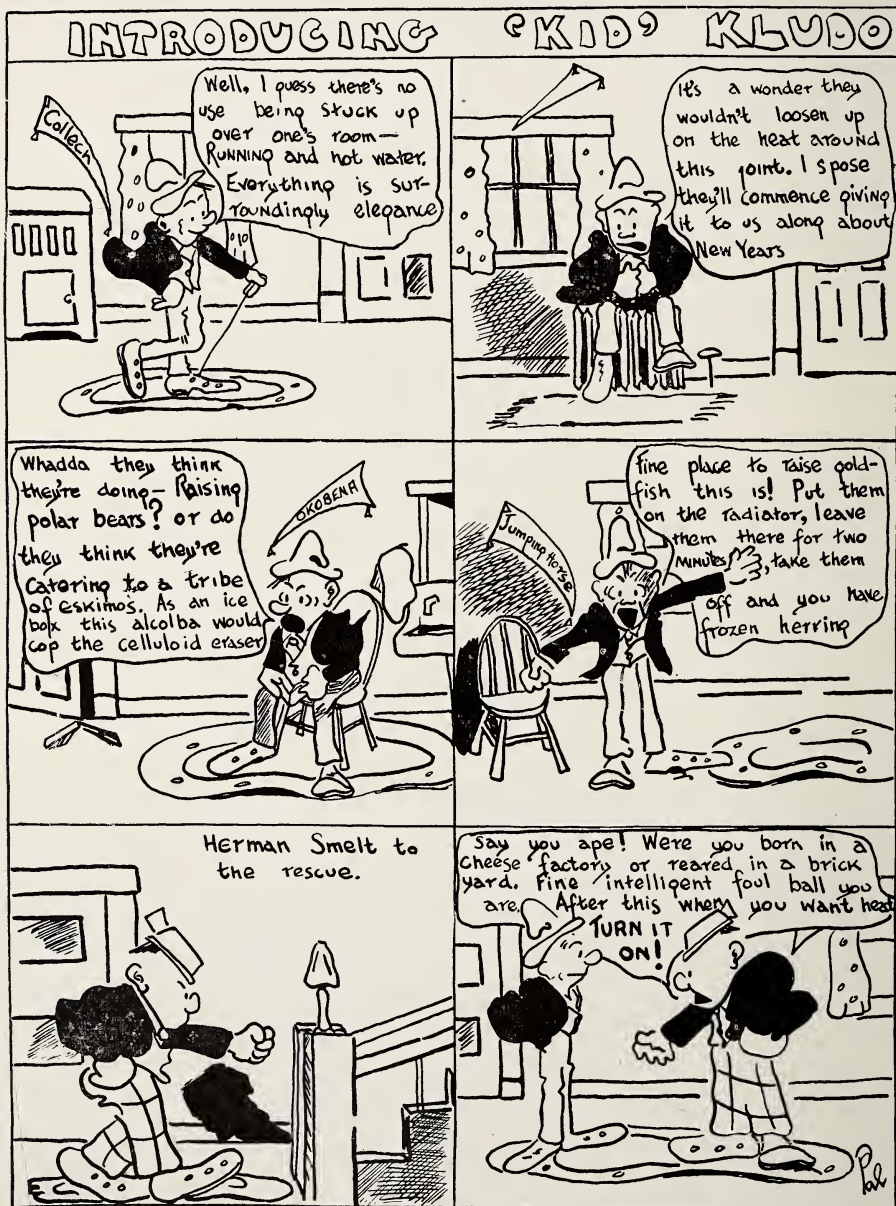
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If Black 4286 were on a party line we might be able to pull a skive once in a while.

Mill's arms are getting longer since Dickerson moved his desk.

Warning: Don't hand in stale jokes. The Seniors will take care of that.

Question in geometry: "How fast must a plane be going to pass through a line?"

Mills and Gordon are surely getting up in the world.

Pud went big on the gridiron this year, but seems to be going much bigger on Main street.

Logan's slogan is: "Better late than never."

If Mills gained twenty-five pounds during the Thanksgiving vacation, we pity the chairs after the Christmas holidays.

On the way back from Indianapolis our colors were "Black and Blue."

The Juniors got more backing; it's new chairs this time.

McEvoy says he is going to try out for the team. Wouldn't he look great in a suit.

Some people can get beaten up without going to war; just ask the bunch that played in Indianapolis.

Nothing is impossible. Look who sang "Mother Machree."

The Junior bunch is so used to staying in after school that they don't mind it anymore.

Ask "Bun" Kinstle if there is any advantage in having an older brother in the same class with him.

Donahue's favorite music is "The Wabash Blues."

Of the fourteen players in the Indianapolis game, one escaped without injuries. Perhaps they were afraid of you, Joe.

"Say, Old Timer, 'member Speedy? He's back and keeps us warm."

Ask Clifford how to solve the transportation problem. He knows.

Senior Proverb: "It is better to get Latin than to have Latin get you."

An absent minded professor was calling his roll a few days after he started teaching and he said: "Those of you who are not here will please answer absent."

Litot says it is easier to get subscriptions than Latin. We're with you, Bob.

Didja ever see another who could keep his hair as slick as Red Hedin?

What has become of the monograms of other years?

Why not have a fat-man's race for the benefit of the foreign missions? Considerable rivalry would exist.

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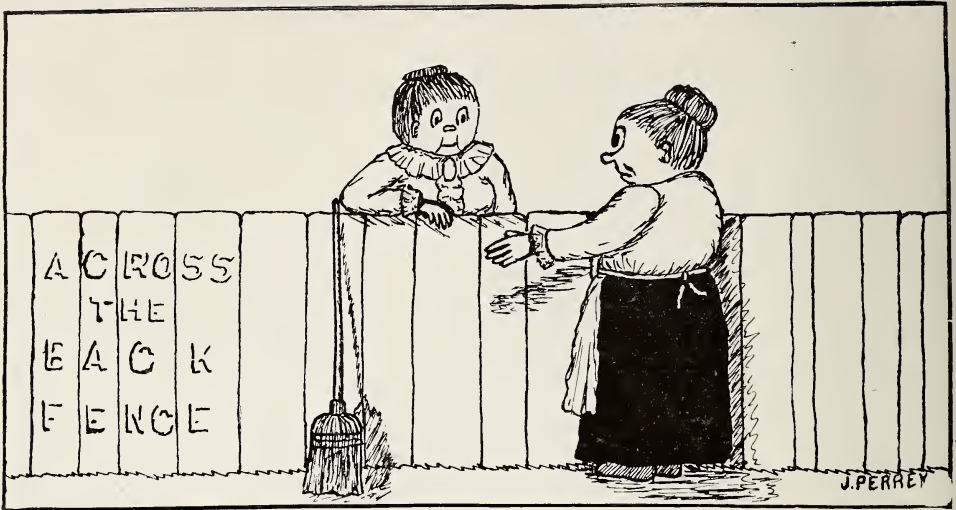


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McEvoy: "Are you the barber that cut my hair last?"

Barber: "No, sir, I've been here but six months."

Corpulent Gentleman (to clerk in a leather shop): "I would like to see a belt that would fit me."

Clerk: "So would I, sir."

Teacher: "For tomorrow's lesson take to the top of page 86."

Passino: "Oh, Brother! Have a heart. That's too much."

Teacher: "Well, then, take to the bottom of page 85."

Teacher: "Why don't you fellows get your work and save me nagging you?"

Pupil: "Why we haven't the heart to rob you of your greatest pleasure."

"The reason why you don't pass in your classes," said the excited professor, "is because you don't study enough."

"Well," responded Ryan with his usual calm, "what's the use of getting sore about it,—ain't that a mighty good reason?"

At the Toledo Game—She: "Dear me, those boys are so muddy, I don't see how they will ever get cleaned up."

Coach: "What do you suppose we got that scrub line for?"

Cop—"Here! Where did you steal that rug?"

Cluckey—"I didn't steal it; a lady up the street gave it to me to beat it."

—*The Owl* (Toledo, Ohio).

Waitress—"And how did you find the apple pie, sir?"

Fat Thomas—"I moved the bit of cheese aside, and there it was."

—*Look-A-Head* (Norwalk, Ohio).

Police (to disturbing banjoist)—"Young man, you must accompany me."

He—"Awright, offisher, what'll ya shing?"—*The Juggler* (Notre Dame).

College Wit—"I shot some Civil War golf today."

Hoi Bolloi (in unison)—"We'll bite."

C. W.—"Out in 61, back in 65.—*The Juggler*."

THE ECHO

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NO. 2

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See Our Work and Be Convinced.

Washington's Letter

(Written in response to the congratulations of leading American Catholics on his election to the Presidency.)

"GENTLEMEN—While I now receive with much satisfaction your congratulations on my being called by a unanimous vote to the first station in my country, I can but duly notice your politeness in offering an apology for the unavoidable delay. As that delay has given you an opportunity of realizing, instead of anticipating, the benefits of the general government, you will do me the justice to believe that your testimony to the increase of the public prosperity enhances the pleasure which I should otherwise have experienced from your affectionate address.

"I feel that my conduct in the war and in peace has met with more than general approbation than could reasonably have been expected; and I find myself disposed to consider that fortunate circumstance, in a great degree, resulting from the able support and extraordinary candor of my fellow citizens of all denominations.

"The prospect of national prosperity now before us is truly animating, and ought to excite the exertions of all good men to establish and secure the happiness of their country, in the permanent duration of its freedom and independence. America, under the smiles of divine Providence, the protection of a good government, the cultivation of manners, morals and piety, can hardly fail of attaining an uncommon degree of eminence in literature, commerce, agriculture, improvements at home, and respectability abroad.

"As mankind becomes more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic religion is professed.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind concern for me. While my life and health shall continue, in whatever situation I may be, it shall be my constant endeavor to justify the favorable sentiments you are pleased to express of my conduct. And may the members of your society in America, animated alone by the pure spirit of Christianity, and still conducting themselves as the faithful subjects of our free government, enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity."

—The Writings of Washington, XII, 177-179.



To Washington

Oh Father of our mighty land
Our hearts go out to thee,
The leader of that little band
That won our liberty.

Yon flag so gayly now unfurled
Upon your silent grave
Is that with which you told the world
You'd be no tyrant's slave.

Your soul has winged its way above,
Your body lies at rest,
But we still know and dearly love
The man who gave his best.

And though time's relentless finger
Destroys your stony bed,
Memory of you will linger,
"King of our noble dead."

—John N. Haley, '22.

Washington An Immortal Model

Through the pages of the world's histories George Washington stands out in bold relief as a model for statesmen and for men in private life as well. Woodrow Wilson says of him: "That noble figure drew all eyes to it; that mein, as if the man was a prince; that serene and open countenance, which every man could see was lighted by a good conscience; that cordial ease is salute, as of a man who felt himself brother to his friends. There was something about Washington that quickened the pulse of a crowd at the same time that it awed them, that drew cheers which

were a sort of voice of worship. Children desired sight of him, and men felt lifted after he had passed."

Washington embodied in himself all these qualities we love to find in the human heart. He was kind and pathetic to those in trouble, fatherly to the men in his charge, stern and fearless in time of war, calm and majestic in time of peace. He possessed that humility of heart that we seldom find today in men of affairs. Look at his reply to Congress after he was named commander-in-chief: "Since Congress desires, I will enter upon the momentous duty and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." This does not show want of courage, for we know that he set out immediately on horseback from Philadelphia to Boston, a very long journey.

Washington never gave way to discouragement and all who are familiar with American history know what he had to go through from the very beginning of his command. His men were not drilled, neither did they have uniforms nor a sufficient amount of powder. The soldiers enlisted for but a short period of time each, and would be nearly trained for effective service when their term expired. In the face of all these difficulties Washington kept up not only his own courage, but that of the nation as well.

The noble general was as prudent as he was courageous. Never did he risk the lives of his men, nor waste ammunition in vain. Every march and attack was well contemplated

and many a time did Congress urge him to act, but the prudent soldier knew that the time was not yet come, and that delay and more drilling were necessary.

One example of his prudence is shown in the fortification of Dorchester Heights. While from Somerville, Roxbury and East Cambridge came the boom of cannon (it was not an attack upon the enemy as such, the real purpose of it was to conceal the movement of his troops) Washington advanced and the next morning the British beheld the familiar hilltop surmounted with frowning guns and busy troops. With the prudence of his one stroke, the whole of New England was freed from the enemy. This is but one of the many incidents that could be cited.

In private life as well as in that of a soldier, we Americans can look up to Washington as a perfect model. Our statesmen would do well to imitate him in the discharge of their duties. As a statesman he was upright, honest and truthful. He had a keen insight into the future, and his firm trust in God guided him through the important affairs of the then infant country.

Washington is dead, but he still lives on and will continue to do so as long as the world lasts. Providence is watching over the destinies of our fair land and He chose this valiant soldier, this courageous statesman, this loyal American, this true Christian to be its head. Father of our country, lead on! Thy loyal sons look up to thee—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of our countrymen."

—Robert Boyle, '23.

Washington

The leader of this gallant band
Has set our country free,
So on this day a grateful land
Sends up its thanks to thee.

Although your body rests in peace
In old Mount Vernon's shrine,
Our love of you will still increase
And be almost divine.

We shan't forget the deeds so high
You did to free our land;
Deeds which seemed inspired by
Our God Almighty's hand.

The dove of peace has spread its wings
—The nation's wars are done;
And praise, this mightily land now sings
Of General Washington.

—Edmund Bresnahan, '23.

America Is a "Great" Country

(An exercise in synonyms.)

America, with her large rivers, her big trees, her vast prairies, her huge mountains, her ample fruits, her immense coasts, her gigantic winds, her Herculean powers, her Cyclopean architecture, and her enormous states, is truly a great country. She possesses a numerous army and a superior navy which gives her a preeminent place among the prominent powers of today.

Among her distinguished men she can claim a noted Lincoln, an illustrious Washington, a celebrated Longfellow, a famous Grant, a famed Wilson, a renowned Clay, a far-famed Edison, and a high-minded Monroe.

She has magnificent monuments, rich landscapes, sumptuous houses, majestic theatres, grand operas, sublime art, noble patriots, lofty examples of patriotism, elevated thoughts combined with exalted ideas of democracy, which make her a lead-

ing nation among the chief nations of the world.

Her language is not hard, her authors are not difficult, her laws are not onerous, her taxes are not burdensome, her wants are not grievous, and her rulers are highminded, while her planters are generous, her soldiers are chivalrous and her sailors are magnanimous. Her important laws are made for weighty reasons which must be deemed such by a considerable number of the nation's representatives.

Her grand laws may be found in bulky volumes which contain the principle works on the main laws of the nation. These are my reasons for saying, "America is a GREAT country." —*Joseph Perrey, '23*

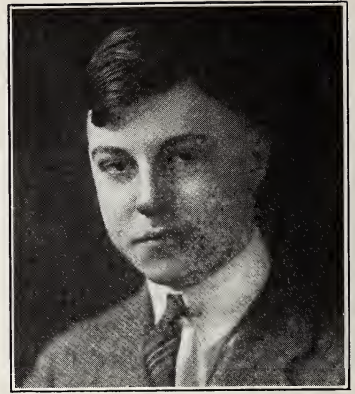
Keep Smiling

If you just make some one happy
It's the best thing you can do;
Just try to paint the bright side
Though harder than the blue.
When sad or sunny musings
Are filling up your mind,
Just look out for the sunshine
And show that you are kind.
I like the man who wears a smile—
It's the grandest thing to do.
To make your neighbor happy
Is a brave work and true.

—*Maurice Fox, '23.*

Longing

One day I picked up a 'cello
And feeling with careless bow
By chance I drew forth a wondrous
note
At once sublime and low.
Husky yet sweet it sounded,
Provoking an infinite calm
With its touch of ethereal melody
Like the strains of a heavenly psalm.
Oft since have I tried on that 'cello
To repeat that wondrous strain,
But failing, perchance in heaven
I will hear that note again.



PRIZE ESSAY

The Necessity of, and Reasons for a Central Catholic High School in the City of Fort Wayne

Before touching on the subject of a Central Catholic High School let us consider the reasons for having any high school at all. These reasons are many. There is a demand all over the country for highly trained minds. "Give us a college man," is the cry.

The first step toward a college education is the high school. The farsighted men of the world realize many needs for a higher educational system of the greatest merit. Unfortunately, however, there are still some people who retain the idea that what knowledge they may obtain in the grammar grades is sufficient for a successful career in the world. This is not so. Twenty or thirty years ago it was true that few had the opportunity of going to high school and consequently what practically no one had was not needed. But now, with the wheel of progress turning rapidly and so many positions of high importance being created as a result of the war, the demand is greater than ever.

It follows then that the students are all anxious to fit themselves for a race with other competitors.

At this moment there is a great problem, possibly one that overshadows in importance all that have presented themselves to the Catholic world.

What is this problem that seems of such importance regarding its effect on Catholics?

It is this: Should Catholic parents send their sons and daughters to a high school where practically no religion is taught, and where the name of God is rarely pronounced except as a curse? It is indeed a problem. There is, however, a solution. It is an answer that should be the advancement of many Catholic youths. The answer to the enigma is the Central Catholic High School. It is a school owned by Catholics, supported by them, and taught by Catholic instructors.

There are in most cases persons who unite to oppose any good cause.

Opponents of the Central Catholic High School say: "It's all very well for cities of about two hundred thousand people or more to maintain such high schools, but what about a city like our own, Fort Wayne?"

This is precisely the subject with which I wish to deal. What objection can be made? People say: "St. Patrick's or the Cathedral or any of the other parishes is not large enough to support a high school."

No, certainly not, but if the resources of each parish were added to that of the others could the object in view not be attained? It is consolidation that brings success.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the world's greatest statesmen, said regarding America's struggle for freedom from England: "United we stand, divided we fall." This may

well be applied to our own case. If Catholics from all the parishes unite all can be done; if not, nothing is accomplished.

"Well," says some one not yet convinced, "what benefits would be derived?"

This is answered in another question: "What benefits would not be derived?" Certainly no one can say it would not be a good thing.

The school would benefit the Church. The time is fast approaching when sentiment against the church will rise to such a degree that she will require staunch defenders—men who in their learning and by their influence can turn the current of public opinion in her favor.

If we turn back some thousand years or more through the pages of history, yes even to the very beginning of the Church, we find that she was assailed by enemies.

Who defended her? Who was it that changed the fixed ideas of obstinate emperors in her favor? Who demonstrated to the world the emptiness of Paganism?

Was it not learned men—men who had spent years in the study of Christ's doctrine? How was that great apologist, Tertullian, won over from being a lawyer to the cause of Christianity?

It was by the study of the various teachings of the age. And so it goes on down the centuries even to the present time. Men who studied, spent their time in the schools of their age were the Church's defenders.

This is indeed one of the most important reasons for a Central Catholic High School.

When the world is filled with great

Catholic doctors, lawyers, and other professional men it adds in a great measure to the prestige of the Church. People will not then point their fingers at her sons and refer to them as "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Again the dissenters say: "But could such a school be supported?"

The answer is very positive: Certainly it could be supported. While a single parish could not maintain it or while two parishes could not do so, it is beyond the shadow of a doubt as to whether or not all the parishes could successfully operate such an institution.

It is very necessary that the old parish traditions be broken off in order to accomplish anything. This applies not only to a high school but to a hospital, orphanage, or other institution of like character.

When a union is finally effected between the various congregations there are no difficulties which they can not surmount. The school will be a success; it will be a benefit to any one attending it because of its solid foundation, the resources of the entire Catholic population of the city.

I imagine now that every one is fully convinced that our Central Catholic High School is a success. Some may still ask what advantages the boy himself would obtain from attending this school. They say that the public high school is a good one, free, etc.

Well, in the first place he would be among strangers. If he had attended a Catholic school he would feel lonesome. Here is a case that brings forward the advantages of a Central Catholic High School.

Let us suppose that there are four high schools in the city. A child is graduated from a parochial school; his parents decide to send him to one of the four schools, while his classmates all attend a different school. He has no old friends at his school and soon loses interest in his work and he is of consequence a failure. Now at a Central school he will be among friends unless his companions attend no school at all.

There is one point which I think I have failed to mention in my catalog of advantages at a Central Catholic High School. This point is athletics. The union of all the students and the talent from various places tend to increase the number of athletes in a school. All her teams will be a success. These successes in turn will increase the number of the school's patrons. - Thus she grows in size and popularity. A fitting example of this is Center College of Danville, Ky. Center was a small school of about two hundred students. Like her larger sisters she had a football team. The team was a good one and gradually by its triumphs over its neighbors the team attracted the attention of larger schools. They scheduled games with Center and usually the Kentuckians won.

Its greatest victory was over Harvard University in the East. This brought Center into the limelight and already men who are desirous of gridiron fame as well as hungry for learning are enrolling for next term.

I hope that these few words will sum up the many and varied advantages of a Central Catholic High School in Fort Wayne.

—Richard Orff, '25.

Sunset

Veiled in splendor the sun goes down,
 Cloudlets its face unfold;
 Scattered along on the western ridge,
 Are patches of crimson and gold.

Slowly the lingering light of the west
 Pales in the evening sky;
 Silently down in the valley below,
 The shadows gather and die.

Never did monarch go to his rest
 In splendor half so great,
 Never did king on his palace throne
 Enjoy such regal state

As that which followed the evening sun
 In crimson, gold and red,
 And played for a while like a happy
 smile,
 Around its cloud-kissed bed.

—Paul Tierney, '25.

The Sting of Conscience

It was the work of imagination.
 But oh, how terrible the results!
 What reason was there to believe that
 a sunbonnet, idly thrown among
 rushes growing beside a lake, was an
 indication of suicide?

The fear that he would have to be
 the one to break the "awful news"
 kept a would-be lover for days from
 visiting the little home among the
 hills. Yet he came nightly to
 watch for the untroubled water to
 vomit forth upon the glistening sand,
 a victim which it did not possess. Will
 had often heard it said that after
 nine days bodies are cast upon the
 shore, but he had now watched days
 and days overtime, without the de-
 sired result.

Heavy-hearted and utterly down-
 cast, he made up his mind to call at
 the home of his friend. He tried his
 best to assume a cheerful counte-
 nance, and, thinking he had succeeded
 well enough, appeared at the door of
 the cottage. He paused a moment.

There was not a sound. He rapped
 and the rap reverberated through the
 empty rooms. He tried to enter, but
 the door was locked. More depressed,
 he made his way homeward.

All this time he had said nothing
 about his trouble at home, although
 the family had not seen anything of
 Helen for weeks. Will's nightly dis-
 appearance began to cause suspicion.
 Once more he made his way to the
 water's edge, and this time his
 mother cautiously followed him. She
 saw him as he scanned the purple
 waste and the bleached shores. She
 watched him as he picked up some-
 thing mysterious and press it to his
 lips. What could it be? He turned
 round and walked back, while his
 mother hid herself behind a weeping
 willow. Suddenly he paused and
 again faced the lake. Some new im-
 pulse had seized him—he threw off
 his cap and was pulling off his coat,
 when a gentle voice broke in upon the
 stillness.

"A pleasant time we've had these
 past three weeks."

"Yes, indeed. I am sorry they are
 over. I could live in Leland forever."

"I wonder how Will is; I did not
 tell him we were going away, but I
 suppose he has found out by this
 time."

At the sound of his name, Will
 came out of his lethargy. He drew
 his coat around him again, and start-
 ed up the trail in the direction of the
 voices. He recognized them and
 longed to run and meet his friends;
 but the awful deed he was about to
 perpetrate would not allow him to
 face them. He dropped behind a
 large stone and lay still as Helen and
 her mother passed. All this time
 Will's mother, half unconscious from
 the strain, watched him. He rose to

his feet when the passing couple were out of sight and slowly made his way homeward.

He had walked but a few yards when he heard someone calling him. Was it his mother's voice? Yes, it was the last word she was able to utter. He heard a crackling among the bushes, as if someone was falling. He hurried to her, and leaning over her prostrate form, tried his best to restore her to consciousness.

Soon his mother recovered; Helen found her bonnet, but Will felt the sting of conscience.

—*Albert Schoenle, '23.*

The Sanity of Hamlet

If we consider the play of Hamlet as a whole, Hamlet is certainly sane, for a play whose protagonist is insane would be a farce and no drama at all. Shakespeare never intended that Hamlet should be insane or he would never have given him such a positively sane role to perform. Hamlet's schemes, though lacking in resolution, never lack reason. He could do nothing except when under some strange passion or impulse, but we can not draw from this that he was demented, for we know that after the mind has been stretched beyond its usual pitch, it must either sink into exhaustion or seek relief by change.

The king has sent for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to find out the cause of Hamlet's madness, and Hamlet hearing this, was at once aroused. He was both weak and dispirited before, and the terror which the sight of the ghost had left upon his senses unhinged his mind, which was a perturbed one.

As I said before, no play is possible with a mad man for the principal character; and moreover if we could

conceive of such a play who would care to see or take any interest in it. Those persons who object that in Shakespeare's "King Lear" the hero is a mad man, must draw the line between the name of the play and the principal character. This play was named in honor of the king but the principal character is the heroine, Cordelia.

Hamlet's violent insanity was a pretended one. He purposely plays the wild man and tells Horatio (who is his bosom friend) of his doing so, when he addresses Horatio in the words: "As I perchance hereafter shall think meet to put on an antic disposition, that you at such times seeing me never shall with arms encumbered thus, or this head shake or by pronouncing some doubtful phrases, etc. . . ."

To prove to himself that he was correct in his judgment, Hamlet waited a while before killing the king in order not to be guilty of any mean act.

After Polonius was informed of Hamlet's madness he said: "Though this be madness, yet there is method in it." From Hamlet himself, we have abundant proof of his sanity in his advice to the players where he says, "Speak you the speech I pray you as I pronounce it to you," etc. The words "To be or not to be" show mental balance in his sympathy for the oppressed and his contempt for the avaricious.

The conversation of Hamlet with Polonius was not insane. In his speech Hamlet was sarcastic and Polonius, a man of rank, should have protected him. Hamlet in his conversation with Horatio told him what he thought of his person, and Hamlet was pleased at the words of Ho-

ratio: "Give me that man that is not passion's slave," etc.

Hamlet only talked madness, whereas Ophelia, who is really mad, both speaks and acts madness. Hamlet never says why he is mad, whereas Ophelia tells why she is mad, and does things that Hamlet would never think of doing. Again when Ophelia is dead, Hamlet shows perfect sanity. Madmen are not responsible for their actions and therefore are not punished. Shakespeare punishes Hamlet with death, therefore must have meant Hamlet to be only assuming madness. If we deprive Hamlet of reason, there is no truly tragic motive left, and if Hamlet is responsible, the whole play is a chaos. —*Thomas McKiernan, '23.*

The Insanity of Hamlet

In insanity or madness the subject is either wholly paralyzed or else more or less subject to fits of paralysis. The madman is said not to be himself, but beside himself. Here is a case where a man is not himself, but where he is certainly beside himself, and since he is beside himself, it may be safe to class him as a madman.

Hamlet was beside himself when the ghost left him, as we plainly see by his speech when he is by himself. He was most certainly not a man of courage, for he became greatly terrified at the apparition.

Hamlet in his sane moments admits his partial madness, and to prove that he is right we need only recall the day that Ophelia was sewing in her room, when Hamlet entered, wearing a pale face, grasped her by the wrist and earned piteously.

The insanity of Hamlet was a case of dejected madness. His mind was

a little infected but not completely destroyed. Hamlet's words: "I have of late but wherefore I know not," etc., shows his to be a case of dejected madness.

Hamlet was in a state of frenzy when he killed Polonius in the king's stead; he thought that the king was sneaking behind the arras. This does not justify in the least Hamlet's sudden change of resolution, for just a few moments previous he resolved not to kill the king. By this instant lapse of self-control Hamlet has lost his lead in the game, and has given the king a great advantage over him. Hamlet would never have given the king this advantage if he was in full possession of his senses.

It is natural for insane persons to fix upon one individual and tease him by every means their minds can conceive of. Hamlet does this to Polonius. Moreover, if Hamlet is sane, why does he take an instant resolution to act insane? If Shakespeare wants to make his hero a sane man why does he put the words of an insane person in Hamlet's mouth? We must admit that Hamlet is insane or else his words are false, for he distinctly says: "By my fay I can not reason yet . . . see how I can discourse."

Hamlet's assumed madness does not help him onward at all; it rather hinders him; the natural effect of his conduct being to arouse suspicions in the king's mind, to put him on the alert, and to make him guard himself with redoubled vigilance. Therefore we conclude it would be bad judgment on the part of Hamlet to feign madness and hence: "The only possible solution of the play is to say that Hamlet is mad."

—*Edward J. Kallmyer, '23.*

PASTORAL LETTER EXPLAINS FUNCTIONS OF STATE IN EDUCATION

AS THE public welfare is largely dependent upon the intelligence of the citizen, the state has a vital concern in education. This is implied in the original purpose of our government which, as set forth in the preamble of the Constitution, is "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

In accordance with the purposes, the state has a right to insist that its citizens be educated. It should encourage among the people such a love of learning that they will take the initiative and, without constraint, provide for the education of their children. Should they through negligence or lack of means fail to do so, the state has the right to establish schools and take every other legitimate means to safeguard its vital interests against the dangers that result from ignorance. In particular, it has both the right and the duty to exclude the teachings of doctrines which aim at the subversion of law and order and therefore at the destruction of the state itself.

The state is competent to do these things because its essential function is to promote the general welfare. But on the same principle it is bound to respect and protect the rights of the citizen and especially of the parent. So long as these rights are properly exercised, to encroach upon them is not to further the general welfare, but to put it in peril. If the function of the government is to protect the liberty of the citizen, and if the aim of education is to prepare the individual for the rational use of his liberty, the state can not rightfully or consistently make education a pretext for interfering with rights and liberties which the Creator, not the state, has conferred. Any advantage that might accrue even from a perfect system of state education would be more than offset by the wrong which the violation of parental rights would involve.

In our country, government thus far has wisely refrained from placing any other than absolutely necessary restrictions upon private initiative. The result is seen in the

development of our resources, the products of inventive genius and the magnitude of our enterprises. But our most valuable resources are the minds of our children, and for their development at least the same scope should be allowed to individual effort as is secured to our undertakings in the material order.

The spirit of our people in general is adverse to state monopoly, and this for the obvious reason that such an absorption of control would mean the end of freedom and initiative. The same consequence is sure to follow when the state attempts to monopolize education; and the disaster will be greater inasmuch as it will affect, not simply the worldly interests of the citizen, but also his spiritual growth and salvation.

With great wisdom our American Constitution provides that every citizen shall be free to follow the dictates of his conscience in the matter of religious belief and observance. While the state gives no preference or advantage to any form of religion, its own best interests require that religion as well as education should flourish and exert its wholesome influence upon the lives of the people. And since education is so powerful an agency for the preservation of religion, equal freedom should be secured to both. This is the more needful where the state refuses religious instruction any place in its schools. To compel the attendance of all children at these schools would be practically equivalent to an invasion of the rights of conscience in respect of those parents who believe that religion forms a necessary part of education.

Our Catholic schools are not established and maintained with any idea of holding our children apart from the general body and spirit of American citizenship. They are simply the concrete form in which we exercise our rights as free citizens in conformity with the dictates of conscience. Their very existence is a great moral fact in American life. For while they aim openly and avowedly to preserve our Catholic faith, they offer to all our people an example of the use of freedom for the advancement of morality and religion.

—*The National Catholic Welfare Council Bulletin.*

The Phantom Light

It was a cold and dreary November night, and the trees afforded but little protection from the wind to the houses about Snug Inn Harbor. The only lights that were in view were the bright, steady one shining over the harbor from the lighthouse, and a faint, flickering one which issued from one of the portholes of the wreck "Skidadler," which lay on the shoals bordering Devil's Island. The wreck had lain there three weeks, and no salvaging company considered it worth enough to float.

John and Andy Putman, looking out of the window of their home, wondered why a light burned nightly in an old abandoned wreck. "Let's explore the wreck tomorrow," said John.

The sun came up bright as ever next morning, and after eating a hearty breakfast and packing a supply of sandwiches, John and Andy set out for the dock where their motor boat was moored. A half-hour's run brought them alongside the wreck. The stern was the only part in water; the bow rested on the beach. They secured their boat to a ring, and finding an old rope ladder dangling from the deck, they climbed aboard. One mast had been swept away, but two still stood as proudly as they ever did when they were kings of the forest. The sails had been ripped from their fastenings, and a tangled, twisted mass of rope lay strewn over the deck.

After exploring the upper deck, they went below. A door half open confronted them. "Let's see what's in here, Andy," whispered John.

The room they entered had formerly been the captain's cabin, but everything was in disorder, and a

shattered mirror hung upon the wall. A thorough search of the ship had revealed nothing.

"What do you say if we go fishing this afternoon, and come back here tonight to see if we can't solve the mystery of the light then. Maybe the fellow that might stay here is out now," said Andy.

It was just drawing dusk when they came back to the wreck, and fastening their boat once more, they climbed aboard. Going below, they entered the captain's cabin and waited. All was distressingly quiet except the swish of the water against the bow.

After a long half-hour, Andy remarked: "Let's go home; it's getting late, and the light should have been here an hour ago."

They came on deck and descended the ladder to their boat. They hadn't gone far when John yelled, "There's the light again. Let's speed up this boat."

"Wait a minute," cried Andy; "I think I've got it. I bet that the light from the lighthouse shines on that mirror in the captain's cabin and is reflected out on the water."

—Donald Vordermark, '23.

The Voice of Snow

When once it speaks—I tell you so—
There is no preacher like the snow;
When flake by flake, on lightsome wings,
Comes softly falling down and brings
A mantle broad to spread below
And robe Our Mother Earth, and show
That it can hide all ugly things,
When once it speaks.

It's voice cries aloud: "Forgive your foe—
We all have things we must forego—

And help conceal the fault that flings
Contentment from the minds of kings;
And to the snow your ear bestow
When once it speaks."

—A Scheffle, '23.

Julius Caesar in History and Drama

Shakespeare's chief aim in writing the drama "Julius Caesar" was to produce an interesting and attractive drama, and not to teach history as such. Hence he wisely took such liberties with historical facts as his purpose required, expanding or condensing the actual time between events into that which suited his own narration, reducing and idealizing characters as the laws of contrast or the dictates of historic art demanded.

Julius Caesar is the shortest of the historical plays, and has the best wrought plot of any of the Roman plays. The author allows no lagging of interest throughout the action. The style in this play is the nearest perfection we find in any of the historical productions of Shakespeare.

Plutarch's *Lives of Brutus and Antony* in the translation of North were undoubtedly the chief authorities used by Shakespeare. It is probable however that the author also made use of historical matter received second hand and from questionable sources. Only the later incidents in the life of Caesar are made use of, and these are placed as the closing scenes in his life. Caesar enters but three times, and the action of the piece is extended more than as much again after his assassination. It is Caesar's fate and fortune that gives commencement to the action, and his influence that carries the play to the finish.

Probably the most notable digression from historical truth in the whole play is the reduction of the character of Caesar, who is made to appear to be a weakling, while on the other hand there is a corresponding exaltation of Brutus. By exalting Brutus and painting Caesar first as

a weakling and then as an ambitious tyrant, Shakespeare has falsified history. Brutus is not only shown to be a finished character, an exalted character, by the poet, but he is made to appear to be a closer friend of Caesar than he really was.

Caesar's triumph in the first scene takes place on the day of the festival of the Lupercal, February 15, 44; whereas in history the triumph occurred six months before, or in October 45 B. C.

Shakespeare makes the assassination, the funeral oration, and the arrival of Octavius in the city, take place the same day; Plutarch says that the speech of Brutus was given the morning after the murder, and the speech of Antony two days later. Octavius was at school in Illyria when he heard of Caesar's death, and consequently could not be present the day of Caesar's assassination. History tells us that Octavius did not arrive until a month later. He arrived in May, 44 B. C.

In Shakespeare, Caesar was killed in the Capitol; in Plutarch the murder occurred some distance from the Capitol. History informs us that Caesar was murdered in the Senate-House.

The meeting place of the triumvirs is also questioned and changed by the author of the play. According to Shakespeare, the triumvirs met in Rome; while according to Plutarch, their meeting place was in the city of *Bolonia*.

Shakespeare merges two battles into one. The second Battle of Philippi occurred twenty days after the first battle of the same name, yet Shakespeare has but one Battle of Philippi with the action of the two combined.

The actual period of history cover-

ed by the events used in the drama is a period of three and a half years, whereas Shakespeare condenses the action into six days.

The speech of Antony goes way beyond the facts laid down by Plutarch, but it is possible that Shakespeare used other material derived through various channels, and perhaps of very little historic value.

Shakespeare surely was not ignorant of the greatness of Julius Caesar as an historic character and yet he seems to make it a necessity to belittle the greatness of the man. He insists on his weakness, physical and mental, and yet makes the character influence the entire play.

Shakespeare has drawn on imagination rather than on the history of Rome for the perfection of some of his foremost characters. Brutus, Cassius, Antony, and Portia are historical in person but embellished by the author with virtues and powers ungrounded in history.

There are multitudes of minor details where Shakespeare departs from history, but on a whole, the drama gives a good idea of life in Rome at that remote period.—*A. Schoenle, 23.*

The Catholic Mother

In this world there is no greater personage than a good Catholic mother. Nature endows her with many gifts from the hands of her creator, the meekness and patience, the humility, modesty and faith which she shares with the ideal woman, make her a model of all that is noblest and best in life. Some one has said: "The virtues of a nation's women are an index to the nation's vitality." How true!

Thank God for our Catholic mothers; thank God for our countless Catholic children. Poor many of them may be in this world's goods, but rich, yes, showered with all the purest gold of God's best gifts to man—the sweet simple love and faith of Catholic hearts and homes.—*Selected.*


A Catholic Home

Bishop Kelley, in a recent pastoral letter, describes a true Catholic home. How comparatively few are the Catholic homes that correspond to his description! He says:

"What makes a home a Catholic one? It is not merely the fact that all are Catholics, because, unfortunately, there are homes where only Catholics are found, and very decidedly they are not Catholic homes. I should expect to find in a Catholic home these things: Catholic pictures of the Sacred Heart, our Blessed Lady, and some of the saints; Catholic papers and books on the table, showing evidence that they are read; conversation on Catholic topics at table and in the living room; rosaries and scapulars worn by all; attendance at Sunday mass; frequent approach to the sacraments. A peep in the nursery would find the little children at mother's knees saying their little night and morning prayers; night and morning prayers reverently said by all; the sound of the Angelus bell recognized; a firm conviction on the part of all the children that they had the best mother and the best home in the world; manly boys, and womanly girls, all desiring to help mother in any way they could; a loving deference to the words of father and mother, and a happy union in the family life."

"An education that unites intellectual, moral, and religious elements is the best training for citizenship. It inculcates a sense of responsibility, a respect for authority and a consideration for the rights of others, which are the necessary foundations of civic virtue—more necessary where, as in a democracy, the citizens enjoy a larger freedom, has a greater obligation to govern himself. We are convinced that, as religion and morality are essential to the right living and to the public welfare, both should be included in the work of education."

—*Pastoral Letter of the Hierarchy, 1920.*



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Our Flag

To many the recurrence of Washington's birthday means no more than the day set aside for the unfurling of a new flag and singing the first stanza of a patriotic anthem. To us as Catholics it means far more. On this day we are reminded of the very significance of the flag. Our Holy Mother, the Church, say: "Your flag was but a bit of painted cloth until

it was made to stand for a great reality, for liberty under the law, for stories of patience and courage in war, deeds of honor and matchless devotion in peace, for hospitality to the oppressed of every land, the fullest material well-being, the highest intellectual genius, the largest toleration, universal manhood suffrage, and honest zeal for peace among nations and an amazing enthusiasm for the

education of youth." This is the Catholic version of the red of bravery, the white of purity and the blue of truth.

—*Joseph Clifford, '23.*

On the Level

"I consider every recitation a special appointment with a teacher. I would no sooner miss such an appointment than I would miss a special appointment with a big business man from whom I expected to secure a good position," writes a pupil of the Northern High School, Detroit.

If you have been missing some classes, and you're incredulous as to the added interest and profit that regular attendance will give you, try it. I am sure that your incredulity will be turned to amazement. If you have been tardy in the morning or at noon, make it a point to be on time. If you must be out of school have your parents use the telephone and call the Brothers before school starts. Don't wait for the prefect to call your number. Nothing is more annoying than for the prefect to stand at the phone and get the answer "line is busy" and then after waiting a half hour succeed in getting the number and hear the words, "I was expecting you to call. I knew you would call. I was waiting for you to call." The burden of the call should rest on you, and when you are out without excusing yourself before class starts the presumption is that you are skiving. Help the Brothers' efficiency by doing your part.

—*Thomas McKiernan, '23.*

Food for Thought

The recent reception of twenty young men into the Brotherhood of Holy Cross and the religious profession of an old alumnus in the same

community, gives rise to food for serious thought. These young men have consecrated their lives to the apostolate of Catholic education in the high school, a work not only vitally important but absolutely necessary at the present time. Daily the cry becomes more and more insistent: "We want Catholic leadership among the laity." A cry that is uttered by the entire hierarchy of the country. But Catholic leaders can be developed through Catholic education alone. If we are to have leaders who can break down prejudice, diffuse knowledge and insure justice we must have Catholic high schools in which such men may receive a very important part of their education. But outside of our large centers of population a Catholic High School for boys is a practical impossibility unless there can be found hundreds of young men imbued with the desire to consecrate their lives and efforts to the work of the teaching orders. The rapid development of high schools gives rise to a demand for teachers which unfortunately far exceeds the supply. This deficit is undoubtedly due in part at least to the fact that many consider the life of the teaching brother too great a sacrifice. But Lent is a time of sacrifice and let us remember that no sacrifice is too great when the making of it insures the growth of our church, the good of our country, the saving of souls and the glory of God. Our teaching brotherhoods need young men and boys who are willing to consecrate their lives to God in the apostolate of education and to bring to the work of that apostolate all the powers of body, the strength of their mind and the affections of their hearts. J. G. K.

Sound Sense

"In order to fully accomplish its aims, the school must have the co-operation of the home. If parents are to allow their sons to neglect their home assignments or to come late for class, the school can not give those boys the proper training. The average student can not attend week-day parties or dances and do good work in school. Therefore parents should use their influence to see that these affairs be confined to Friday and Saturday nights." Such were the words of the principal of the C. C. H. S. of Toledo, Ohio, in an address to the parents assembled during the early part of January. What applies to high school students in Toledo is equally applicable to boys in Fort Wayne.

The trouble is that the average city boy unrestrained by parental authority would become too much of a social lion and forget all about the life of the bookworm. A good example of the point in question occurred recently when a senior of social-lionistic propensities thought that he was being imposed upon by being asked to study more than one hour out of twenty-four hours five days a week. His attention was drawn to several boarding schools where the high school pupils have from three to four and a half hours of supervised study seven days of the week. The case of five hundred and fifty college students at the University of Notre Dame who—unable to find lodging on the campus and of necessity rooming in South Bend—by vote made the rule and provided all the necessary means of enforcing it, that no student be permitted to be out of his room after seven-thirty o'clock more

than twice a week, was brought to his attention, and he said: "I guess you would like to make a university out of this."

If in other places students have to study from three to five hours, surely our boys have no just reason for complaint when we ask them to take three or four books home and request the boys to study from two to three hours each night, when we remember that we have less than one hour of supervised study in school.

The plea that others do not study is no argument. While it may be true that in certain neighborhoods basketball, bob-parties, dances and the like have entirely superceded studies, I know positively that the best students we have are studying from three to four hours at set times every day. These same boys make it a point to get to school before eight o'clock every morning in order to take advantage of the optional half hour of supervised study before classes take up. It might not be amiss to point out here that this half hour of study would be made obligatory except for the fact that it is the desire of the faculty to give the boys every possible chance to attend Mass and Receive Holy Communion daily if possible. At present, attendance at Mass on Wednesday morning is all that is obligatory, but we can not too strongly encourage the practice of daily attendance at Mass and that especially during the holy season of Lent.

A. F. M.

"We impart to the smallest acts the highest virtue when we perform them with a sincere wish to please God. The merit of our actions does not depend on their importance."—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Honor Students

In order to stimulate our boys to greater efforts in all their classes we are presenting the names of those students who received the coveted average of a percentage above 90:

James Roy, 99.3; Thomas Doyle, 97.4; Donald Mulhaupt, 96.9; John Petry, 96; Richard Orff, 95.9; Joseph Oddou, 95; Harry Penny, 94.7; Frank Parrott, 94.7; Eugene Pequingot, 93.4; Odilla Jordon, 93.3; William Foohey, 92.8; Jennings Streifuss, 92.7; Joseph Bopp, 91.5; Raymond Murphy, 91.3; Joseph Perrey, 91.3; Albert Schoenle, 91.3; Joseph Kinstle, 90.3; John Parrott, 90.3; Robert Eggeman, 90.1; and Paul Lucas, 90.1.

—*Joseph Bopp, '21.*

Boy Counsellor Heard

Frank H. Gamel, of Vinton, Iowa, nationally known as a counsellor of boys, lecturer, and author of books for boys, visited our school a short time ago and gave us a wonderful lecture on what he called "The Way to Win." Mr. Gamel was brought to our city by the Rotary Club, and through the arrangements perfected by the Rev. A. E. Lafontaine, our beloved superintendent of schools, the noted boy counsellor visited our school and addressed the faculty and student body. Father Lafontaine presided, happily introducing the speaker, and after his lecture expressed great satisfaction, inviting Mr. Gamel to again visit our school. The Rotary Club was also congratulated on having engaged so gifted a lecturer.

The address was one of the ablest ever given by a layman in the C. C. H. S. Mr. Gamel is enthusiastic over the American boy and his success, reaching him through high schools, scout organizations and through parents. In treating of manhood he said he wanted us to be "the biggest, the best and the finest men,

whose aim should be to make others happy."

Around the little word "work" he entwined a magic thrill that was contagious. Alluding to idleness and the evils growing out of it, he indicated that the habitually idle man is a thief since he robs the world of that service which it is his duty to render.

As to the question of undesirable citizens he showed that the man who could, but would not work, is the most undesirable. He indicated that the "so-called "leisure class" is a menace to the world, and as an example referred to conditions in Europe, showing also that unfortunately in America there are people of that kind.

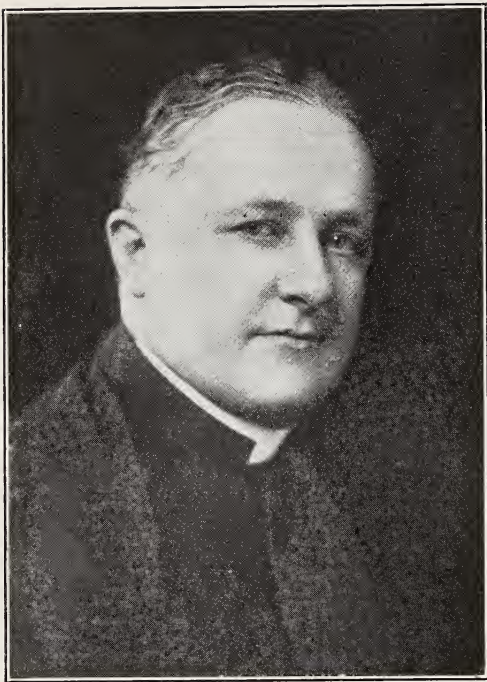
A boy's faculties were compared to the parts of a locomotive, each with certain duties to perform. The distinction, however, was made that while the engine is a product of human ingenuity, the boy is created by Almighty God and possesses a soul and body. He declared that a boy fulfills his duties in this world only insofar as he uses all his faculties properly and once he misuses them, like an engine that runs wild and is derailed and perhaps destroyed, so he too is in danger of disaster.

Selections were given by the school orchestra and Mr. Gamel was enthusiastically cheered.

—*Clarence Fields, '22.*

Freshmen Given Essay Awards

The Freshmen Essay Contest, inaugurated in our school at the opening of the scholastic year by the Rev. Thomas M. Conroy, rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, formally closed at Christmas. Results were announced during the last period on Tuesday morning, Jan-



uary the third, when Father Conroy visited the school and delivered an eloquent address before the faculty and students.

An award of \$10 had been promised as a prize for the winner of the essay contest. According to the conditions laid down, the length of the paper was to be 1,200 words, the time in which to write the essay would expire at Christmas and neatness would be a factor in the judging of the manuscripts. The subject matter was to be "The necessity of, and the reasons for a Central Catholic High School in the city of Fort Wayne."

The contest brought about considerable rivalry in the Freshman English Classes. Many aspired for the honors, practically half the members of the class contending until within a few days of the close of the contest. The length of the essay was baffling to some of the number so that in the final count eleven were

contending for victory.

The five judges for the contest met on New Year's afternoon, when the manuscripts were carefully read, discussed and percentages given. Unanimously the first place and accordingly the prize of \$10 was awarded Richard Orff, fifteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Gusching, of 641 Huffman street. He is a member of the Precious Blood Church and received his grade training under the direction of the Sisters of the Most Precious Blood. By a peculiar coincidence Richard was celebrating his fifteenth birthday and receiving presents at home at the very hours the judges unawares—the manuscripts bore no names on them—awarded him the first place.

Since other essays showed so much merit, Father Conroy decided to give two additional awards, \$5.00 for the winner of the second place and \$2.50 for third place. The second honors went to Jennings Streifuss, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Streifuss, 125 East Main street, and a member of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. Third honors were given Donald Mulhaupt, son of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Mulhaupt, 326 East Woodland avenue, and a student from St. Patrick's parish.

An essay most favorably considered was that of James Roy, of the Cathedral parish. The arguments were well organized, but numbering only 700 words, conditions governing the contest were not fulfilled. He was given sixth place among the contestants. It is quite natural that James should have a good essay, as on the last examination he received an average of 99 1-7 per cent in his classes.

Thomas Doyle, of the Cathedral parish, captured fourth place; Fred

rick Weber, of St. Patrick's, fifth; Stephen Franke, of St. Peter's, seventh; Harry Jenny, Cathedral boy soprano, eighth; Richard Loos, of St. Peter's, ninth; Joseph Schuller, of St. Patrick's, tenth, and Joseph Odou, of the same parish, eleventh. The boys from the Cathedral and from St. Patrick's are former pupils of the Sisters of Providence, and the boys from St. Peter's were taught by the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

We regret to say that in the story in the Indiana Catholic and the articles in the three local daily papers, the name of the winner of seventh place was given as Robert Franke, whereas the essay should have been credited to his younger brother, Stephan. A mistake occurred in numbering the papers so as to conceal names from the judges, and consequently the mistake in giving the news to the reporters.

Father Conroy's Address

Father Conroy, in his address, announced that the essay contest will be an annual affair; that three awards will be given, but that instead of at Christmas the contest will close at the end of the scholastic year. Honors will be conferred at commencement time. Besides the awards for the Freshmen, Father Conroy will also give the Junior eloquence gold medal. This was formerly given by the late rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, the Rev. John R. Quinlan, but out of respect to his memory was not given last June. Its presentation, however, will be resumed by the rector in June, 1922.

In his half hour's address to the Freshmen, Father Conroy treated primarily of the essay contest, congratulating the students on their

work and emphasizing the benefit derived by the contests, though not all were prize winners. The essay to be proposed next will be shorter. The essay winning first place was read by Richard Orff, the writer. Father Conroy carefully explained its merits. In turn he spoke of each essay, covering the eleven on the list, enumerating their good qualities and pointing out defects. He indicated that the students were attending a school of which they had every reason to be proud, and encouraged them in their activities.

Discussing the development of great orators, Father Conroy alluded to the old-time country school debate and showed that debating work was worthy of being encouraged. Plans are under way at the C. C. H. S. for a debate in the spring, though no definite program has as yet been arranged.

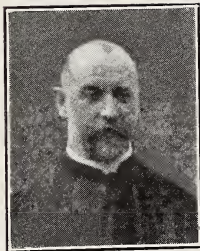
Father Conroy paid our Echo a very high tribute by saying it far surpasses the regular high school publication and is in line with college quarterlies.

The students were highly enthusiastic over the morning meeting, cheering Father Conroy, the successful essayists and the faculty.

—*Albert Schoenle, '23.*

The Has and Are

I'd rather be a could be,
If I could not be an are;
For a could be is a maybe,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a has been,
Than a might have been,
by far;
For a might have been has never
been
But a has was once an are.
—*The Cub (Detroit).*



Lecture Course

Brother Florentius, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, assistant general in the congregation of Holy Cross, paid us a visit on January 30th and started a course of four lectures on "Julius Caesar." These lectures were given for the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, and during the course the play was read and explained by Brother Florentius, who is a dramatic reader of considerable ability.

Two addresses on "Religion in Education" were also given by the visiting educator, the first to the Juniors and Seniors, and the second, somewhat modified, for the Freshmen and Sophomores.

Brother Florentius' discourses, no matter on what subject, are always real treats and we regret that we can not give him more space here. Suffice it to say, however, that those who heard him have a deep appreciation of his life work and a keen realization of the necessity of more Catholic leaders of his type.

We thank the good brother for his interest in us and our work and we assure him that his visits can not be too frequent to be welcome.

On Friday afternoon, February 3, Brother Florentius gave an illustrated lecture on Lew Wallace's famous story of "Ben Hur." One hundred and fifty slides, many of them reproductions of masterpieces, which Brother has spent fifteen years carefully collecting, were thrown on the screen. "Ben Hur"—with the spiritual element emphasized—as the epitome of an illustrated lecture has

proven especially popular and Brother Florentius has given it more than 150 times, including six dramatic readings in Fort Wayne.

While in Fort Wayne Brother Florentius fulfilled appointments at the K. of C. Hall, St. Patrick's Lyceum, St. Peter's Auditorium, St. Andrew's school, St. Augustine's Academy, St. Catherine's Academy, St. Joseph's Hospital, Sacred Heart Academy and the Assembly Hall of C. C. H. S., returning to many places a second and third time with "Julius Caesar" or with his illustrated lecture, "The Secret of Happiness" with which he favored us last September.

—Alfred Gardner, '24.

We are listing herewith in the order in which they reached us, the school papers and magazines seeking exchange: *The Owl*, Toledo, Ohio; *Look-A-Head*, Norwalk, Ohio; *The Scholastic*, Notre Dame, Ind.; *The Forge*, Cincinnati, Ohio; *The Optimist*, Bloomington, Ind.; *The Quill*, New Brighton, N. Y.; *The Exponent*, Dayton, Ohio; *The Megaphone*, Indianapolis, Ind.; *The Northern Light*, Detroit, Mich.; *Stivers News*, Dayton, Ohio; *The Rainbow*, Lima, Ohio; *The Tattler*, Decatur, Ind.; *The Arrow*, Detroit, Mich.; *The Gold and Blue*, Chicago, Ill.; *The High School Reporter*, Francesville, Ind.; *Maryville Post*, Fort Wayne, Ind.; *The Comment*, St. Paul, Minn.; *St. Edward's Echo*, Austin, Texas; *The Cub*, Detroit, Mich.; *West High*, Cleveland, Ohio; *The Mur-Mur*, Oswego, N. Y.; *The Columbiad*, Portland Ore.; *C. H. S. Echo*, Evansville, Ind.; *The V. C. H. S. Owl*, Valley City, N. D.; *The Arrow*, Lakewood, Ohio; *The Gleaner*, Pawtucket, R. I.;

The Register, Richmond, Ind.; *The Gold and Blue*, New Orleans, La.; *The Latineer*, Cleveland, Ohio; *The Purdue Exponent*, Lafayette, Ind.; *The Colt*, Detroit, Mich.; *The Woodward Tatter*, Toledo, Ohio; *The Hill Echo*, Dyersburg, Tennessee; *Heights High Herald*, Muskegon Heights, Michigan. We are very grateful for these exchanges and we would gladly welcome new ones.

The Maryville Post

The Maryville Post for January has this to say for itself: "This is the first publication of the Maryville Post and we guarantee satisfaction, and also assert that the next edition will be even better than the first. It is to be published quarterly. Any one having contributions hand them to the editor-in-chief. We gladly receive them. All must be original."

The Maryville Post is published by the boys of the Cathedral School, and is chock full of articles on school activities, stories, verse, jokes, editorials and puzzles. The Echo extends a hearty welcome to the new eight-page publication and congratulates the boys on their splendid work.

Commenting editorially on Father Conroy, the Post says: "All honor to him. He has been with us but a few months and look at the improvements that have been made in that time, both spiritual and temporal. The Holy Communions have increased a hundred fold, the heating system in our school has been improved, a new gym floor has been put in, a cafeteria installed, and many other things too numerous to mention. Come, boys, let us show our appreciation, not in words, but in behavior and actions, the old adage says: "Actions speak louder than words."

—William L. Foohey, '22.

"Letter Club" Organized

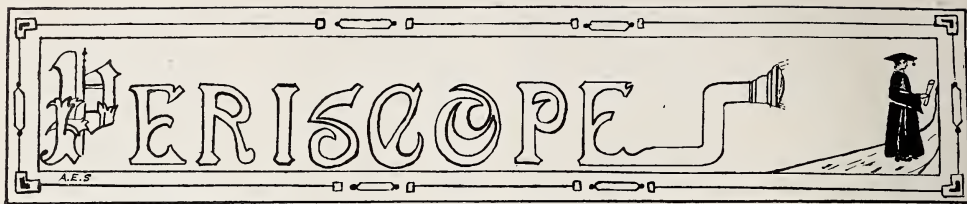
On Tuesday evening, January the third, a meeting was held at which all the athletes who had won their letters in any line of sports were present and formed what is to be known as the "C. C. H. S. Letter Club." Julian Koehl, president of the Senior Class, who is one of the school's foremost athletes and captain of nearly all the teams in the past three years, was elected president. Thomas McKiernan, '23, this year's varsity football center, was elected vice-president, and Patrick Donahue, '23, who for the past two years was quarter-back on the varsity squad, was named secretary-treasurer.

The charter members of the club are Wayne Bushman, '24; Austin Centlivre, '23; Joseph Clifford, '23; Patrick Donahue, '23; David Eckert, '24; Charles Graf, '24; John Haley, '22; Julian Koehl, '22; Norbert Koehl, '23; Clyde Hanson, '22; Thomas McKiernan, '23; Anthony Mulligan, '25; Robert Rinehart, '23, and Robert Suelzer, '23.

The primary object of the club is to encourage athletics in the school and at the same time help the athlete to be the ideal kind of student. In other words, to make the athlete a leader in class first and then a leader in sports, for the school wants no athlete who is not first of all a representative scholar. It is pointed out that the members of the letter club are to set the example of scholarship not only for the younger students but for the older ones as well.

—Thomas McKiernan, '23.

"The only one who never makes a mistake is the one who never does anything."—Theodore Roosevelt.



Our old students will be happy to know that our library is growing very consistently. The latest contribution was from our devoted friend, the Right Reverend Bishop Alerding. This contribution consisted of over a hundred volumes, most of them dealing with timely topics and present day questions. We thank our good Bishop for the keen personal interest he takes in us and in our school.

"Bruff" Cleary, who graduated with the class of '21, went into business with his father, so we expect he will some day be the executive in the firm of Cleary & Bailey, the prompt printers. "Bruff" is very popular as an official referee in basketball and is consequently a very busy man "these nights." He has been chosen to referee the tournament at South Bend again this year.

Brother Leonard, C. S. C., Joseph E. Zuber, '18, better known to the old boys as plain "Joe" or "J. E. Z."—former Echo worker and editor of the Senior semi-weekly "Plutocrat's Trident"—writes from Dujarie Institute, the Brother House of Studies at the University of Notre Dame: "Congratulations on the excellence of the Christmas Echo. I really think it is the best yet. Keep it up! . . . Will anxiously await the arrival of the next copy." Brother recently pronounced his first vows as a member of the congregation of Holy Cross.

To Fred Schneider, student here in '16-'17-'18, whose mother died very suddenly a short time ago, we extend our sincere and prayerful sympathy.

James Dawson Hayes, '13, assistant manager of the Fourth District United States Veterans Bureau, of Washington, D. C., spent the holidays in Fort Wayne. Mr. Hays plans to open in the national capital a branch office of the law firm of Hayes & Hayes of this city, of which he is the junior member.

Clarence Wyss, '18, recently purchased a milk route and expects to run a dairy of his own in the early spring.

George Kinder, '18, is with the Corrugated Paper Company and is going at a good clip.

Marcellus Magers of the class of '21, joined his fellow classmates Elliott, Creigh and Young at the International Business College after Christmas. These four boys have good high school education as a foundation upon which to build a business course.

Howard Derck, a graduate of the class of '18, has accepted a position as manager of Israel's clothing store in New York City. Howard has great business ability and his success is very promising.

Eugene D. O'Connell, '13, after being out of school for some years has registered as a Sophomore at Indiana University.

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A letter from Ralph Neeb, '21, on February 7, gives a good account of the old boys at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. Both Ralph Neeb and Herb Conway received their numerals for football. Ralph is specializing in English while Herb is taking pre-medics.

When Julian F. Franke, manager of the Penn. Mutual Life Insurance Company, recently assumed his duties as City Comptroller, his son, Raymond M. Franke, '17, took over the management of the insurance offices in the North American building. A second son, Julian Jr., '20, is learning the toolmaking trade at the General Electric Company; while two younger sons, Robert and Stephan, are students in our Freshman class.

Leland G. Parrott, '15, is holding down his old job of traveling salesman for the Perfection Biscuit Company.

Myron Parrott, student in '10-'11-'12, who is now on the fiction staff of the Chicago Herald-Examiner, was a recent visitor in Fort Wayne.

Thomas Shea, "the shining example of the class of '20," is determined to know all about the drug business by the way he sticks to his work at Gocke's.

Alfred Brown, '19, after months of illness is perfectly well again. He never looked better and, as he says, "never felt better."

Ivo Herber, '21, is resting a year on his farm before taking up a course in agriculture. Ivo has not decided what school he will attend but we understand he has a strong inclination to enter the M. A. C. next fall.

Johnny Miller, student of the past three years, makes a great little

sailor. One of his old teachers did not know John in a sailor suit when he visited the alumni game during the Christmas holidays. He is stationed at Norfolk, Va.

Aloysius Becker, '21, of Niagara University, spent the holidays at home and his brother Dick slung some rare parties for him. "Pete" looks as natural as ever, and has strengthened his line somewhat, we think.

The members of the class of 1921 held a banquet at the Summit City on January 2, and practically every member was present.

Leo Suelzer, 19, is taking the same untiring interest in his father's grocery that he used to take in the activities of the school.

During the holidays most of the old boys came around to talk things over with their former Latin teacher.

Eddie Kramer, '21, has resumed his work at the Central. Eddie likes to sell good things to eat rather than things that fit the feet.

Aloysius Christ is now a Junior in Chaminade College, Clayton, Mo., and according to Christmas reports is doing well.

Walter J. Urbine, commercial course graduate of 1911, is manager of Brinkman's Paint and Varnish Company, 214-216 East Wayne street. We regret to say that in Mr. Urbine's ad on page 25 of our last issue his name read "Urline" instead of Urbine.

Paul G. Foohey, 16, is representative manager for the local section of the International Correspondence School. Paul became the proud father of a son, Paul Jr., on December 26.

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Directory of C. C. H. S. Graduates at Notre Dame

NAME	HALL	COURSE	STANDING	CLASS
App, Richard R.	Brownson	Commerce	Freshman	1921
Arnold, Jerome C.	Corby	Commerce	Sophomore	1920
Baker, Edward J.	Brownson	Commerce	Freshman	1921
Boland, Maurice J.	Brownson	Commerce	Freshman	1921
Centlivre, Herman G.	Badin	Commerce	Freshman	1920
Deininger, Richard G.	Brownson	Commerce	Sophomore	1920
Doriot, Francis S.	Gymnasium	Journalism	Junior	1919
Gordon, Robert K.	Brownson	Pre-Medics	Freshman	1921
Hamilton, George R.	Corby	Journalism	Junior	1919
Hayes, Ted	Brownson	Commerce	Junior	1919
Huguenard, Aaron H.	Sorin	Law	Senior	1918
Lennon, Edward J.	Corby	Law	Junior	1919
Logan, Leslie F.	Sorin	For. Com.	Junior	1919
Luley, Joseph F.	Badin	Journalism	Freshman	1921
McDonald, Donald M.	Brownson	Commerce	Freshman	1921
Miller, J. Emmett	Corby	Commerce	Sophomore	1920
Miller, Sebastian J.	Carroll	Chemical Eng.	Freshman	1921
Stephan, Ralmond C.	Badin	Chemical Eng.	Freshman	1921
Sullivan, Edward S.	Corby	Elec. Eng.	Junior	1918
Ward, Clifford B.	Corby	Journalism	Junior	1919
Leonard, Brother	Dujarie	Education	Sophomore	1919

All our graduates are members of the Fort Wayne-Notre Dame Club and while they were home for the holidays were tendered a banquet at the Chamber of Commerce by former Notre Dame students. We are indebted to Aaron H. Huguenard, president of the Club, for the following article descriptive of the affair.

The Banquet

It is much to be regretted that we haven't a competent man of letters, who can grasp great occasions and express the greatness thereof in a convincing style. If we did have, we are sure you would appreciate far more the first get-together of Fort Wayne's Notre Dame men. Since we haven't, however, we'll let our jerky pen say what it will, and hope it'll be satisfactory.

December 28, 1921, was the time;

Chamber of Commerce was the place. Shortly after six o'clock the fellows began to gather. We are willing to give you three guesses as to who was first there, but we know you'll say Frankie Doriot right off; so you won't need the other two. Definite information has it that the precocious lad from St. Martin street was haunting the C. of C. at 3 p. m. for fear he would be late. Well, didn't somebody say that it was better to be an hour early than a minute late?

The phlegmatic reader may be inclined to think that there is too much enthusiasm in a write-up of this kind. Regardless of him, we will say that it was an unimaginable pleasure to meet and fraternize with the former Notre Dame men. When we sat at the same tables with the alumni, and heard the college experiences of ten,

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twenty and thirty years ago, we had a genuine thrill. It was a real delight to find that the Notre Dame life of those men was the same as we are now having.

When Dr. Dinnen called us "class-mates," when Joe Haley narrated skiving episodes of two and a half decades ago, when Judge Eggeman told us the authorities gave him a room in Sorin Hall because they were afraid to ask him to sleep in Brownson, well, it's no use trying to describe our feeling. Charlie Niezer and Harry Hogan talked to us heart-to-heart about the spirit and advantages of the school and brought home many things that heretofore we didn't realize.

With this "feast of reason and flow of soul" was served a delicious banquet, one not soon to be forgotten. We know of no better way to summarize the success of the affair than by repeating the words of an alumnus: "It makes me feel twenty years younger to be back with the boys to-night."

Congratulations

To our big ten at Purdue University, to Father McCarthy, who is so enthusiastic over young men, to Mr. John J. Welch, '18, the president of the Newman Club, and to all the Catholics at Purdue University, the Echo extends its heartiest congratulations upon the recent organization of a Newman Club. The following explains its purpose and scope:

Preamble to the Constitution

Realizing the need of a Catholic organization whose influence and ideals would unite the Catholics of the student body and of all departments of Purdue University into one organization for the advancement of their religious, social and intellectual interests, the Newman Club of Purdue University was planned.

This club was made possible through the untiring efforts of Rev. John A. McCarthy, Professor and Mrs. R. V. Achatz, Professor and Mrs. C. B. Jordan and the LaFayette Council of the Knights of Columbus, who by their counsel and assistance greatly aided the club throughout the period of organization.

The name Newman was adopted as the name of the club in honor of that eminent Catholic prelate John Cardinal Newman.

Outlines of the Organization

Objects—The advancement of the religious, social and intellectual interests of the Catholic students.

Members—Limited to the Catholic students of Purdue University and the Catholic members of all the departments of the above mentioned university.

Officers—Consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Chaplain and Executive Committee.

By-Laws Provide That—the Club shall receive Holy Communion in a body once each semester.

Our "Big Ten" At Purdue

SENIORS

Vincent P. Reilly, '18, Mechanical Engineering.

John J. Welch, '18, Mechanical Engineering.

JUNIORS

Robert D. Callahan, '18, Electrical Engineering.

Edwin H. Kirkland, ex-'18, Electrical Engineering.

Dallas M. Costello, '19, Civil Engineering.

SOPHOMORES

William A. Gocke, '20, Chemical Engineering.

FRESHMEN

Florian A. Arnold, '21, Mechanical Engineering.

Paul C. Berning, '21, Chemical Engineering.

Charles A. McDonald, '20, Civil Engineering.

Nestor F. Zurbuch, '20, Civil Engineering.

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crusade*

*In an everlasting fight with Mother Earth;
Every bridge that we have builded, every tunnel we
have made,*

*Every line that belts the planetary girth
Is a monument of struggle for the betterment of man.*

*And we did it, as we do it, and we will,
By the urge of what's inside us, by the spirit of our
clan,*

And it's something more than money pays the bill.

*Though we like our shares of treasure and the pleas-
ure it brings,*

*It is something else that drives us to our goal;
It's the triumph of our labor over elemental things
And the vision which gives splendor to the whole.*

*We are members of an order that is guided on by
dreams,*

*By the voices of the prophets and the seers,
And unless you care for service more than money
getting schemes,*

You had better never join the Engineers.

—Berton Braley.

Engineering is the science by which the mechanical properties of matter are utilized for the betterment of mankind. To the engineer falls the task of utilizing this matter, and by the science of engineering turn this matter into the form by which man can better himself, his race, the world in which he lives.

Most of us have inherited a too narrow ideal of the engineering profession. We have pictured the engineer as a purely "scientific man" or perhaps more general as a "practical" man, yet how far these are misleading, even though both be truths.

The engineer is a professional man in every sense of the word. He renders a service to the clients for a fee, just as does the lawyer or the doctor. He is governed by the same principles of professional honor, obligations and has the same ethics as do these others.

The work of an engineer covers a very broad field.

We find him in all the fields of industry, in the shop, in the field, in the mines, toiling, struggling to overcome the forces of nature that stand in his pathway.

It is not the glitter of gold that drives him on, oh no, for the profession of engineering holds not the golden spoon. Yet there is no greater reward within the gift of man than that feeling of real service.

We find the engineer's ideal is for the success of the great organization of which he is a member. To him falls the task of "carrying on" in spite of the elemental obstacles that beset his pathway.

To be an engineer a man must have these three qualities:

1. Leadership. Above all he must have this quality to be a great engineer. The great or master engineer is one who has such great qualities of leadership that he can control men and capital, plan and organize great commercial and engineering undertakings.

2. Honesty. Nature and her forces do not tolerate mistakes, or dishonest dealings. If a bridge is improperly designed, or poor material allowed in the construction, the bridge will fall. The dishonest engineer, like the bridge, also fails.

3. Desire to Serve. Service is the password in the profession of engineering. Those who forget or lose the password soon fall from the ranks of that great body of men found in every corner of the universe, "The Engineers."
—John J. Welch, '18.

"I pity no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt, he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well. There never has been devised, and there never will be devised, any law which will enable a man to succeed save by the exercise of those qualities which have always been the prerequisites of success, the qualities of hard work, of keen intelligence, of unflinching will."—Theodore Roosevelt.

An Educated Mind

The president of Columbia University, at a recent college assembly, gave six tests of an educated man.

Reduced to simple language, they are as follows:

1. Correctness in the use of language.
2. Refined and gentle manners.
3. Sound standards of taste.
4. The power and habit of reflection.
5. Constant intellectual growth.
6. The power to translate thought into efficiency.

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Endowment Fund

One of the most laudable and at the same time one of the most urgent enterprises connected with the Cathedral Parish was the creation of a fund to assist ambitious boys of the parish in their desire for an education. The credit for inaugurating this fund, which has become known as the Cathedral Endowment Fund, belongs to Mr. Timothy Foohey, a member of the Cathedral, whose generosity has not only made the Endowment Fund a fact but has extended itself to many other charitable and uplifting undertakings.

Impelled by a conviction that education should be placed within the reach of all and by a sense of duty to assist others to acquire as much knowledge as possible, Mr. Foohey offered the sum of three thousand dollars as the nucleus of a fund, the earnings from which should be used to defray the expenses involved in the education of worthy boys within the Cathedral parish. The Rt. Reverend Bishop Alerding was approached on the matter, and with his usual activity and absorbing interest in the subject of education at once sensed the value of the enterprise that Mr. Foohey had in mind. Mr. Harry Hogan, acting as Mr. Foohey's attorney in the matter, suggested to the Rt. Reverend Bishop that organization of a body of trustees who should administer the fund within the purposes of its founder. The Rt. Reverend Bishop and Mr. Foohey at once approved of this plan of handling the monies in the fund. The Rt. Reverend Bishop was requested to appoint the first body of trustees, ten in number, who should in turn perpetuate the trusteeship by selecting members

of the Cathedral parish to fill vacancies in the board of trustees.

The Rt. Reverend Bishop chose as members of the board of trustees the following well-known members of the Cathedral congregation: Harry G. Hogan, Joseph C. Hutzell, Charles M. Niezer, P. J. Griffin, Edward Gilmarlin, Oscar C. Fox, Carl Weber, Edward Baltes and John O'Connor.

Shortly after the meeting with the Rt. Reverend Bishop the trustees met to formulate plans of organization and methods of raising and disbursing funds committed to their keeping. At this meeting, which was held in the month of July, 1921, it was decided that it was impossible and imprudent to attempt a solicitation of subscriptions for the fund, on the ground that the new school year was about to open and the choosing of candidates for the benefits of the fund would demand a longer period of time.

The endowment fund and its benefits are not charity—in fact it is intended that not even the implication of charity should attach to any assistance from the fund. The purpose of the fund is assured on account of the obviously worthy object for which it was created. It is the ambition of those interested in the fund to provide for the education beyond the high school, and in the high school, of all worthy boys in the Cathedral congregation. It is a unique way of doing a great work, and has caught the attention of educators and men interested in the problems related to education throughout the country.

—T. M. C.

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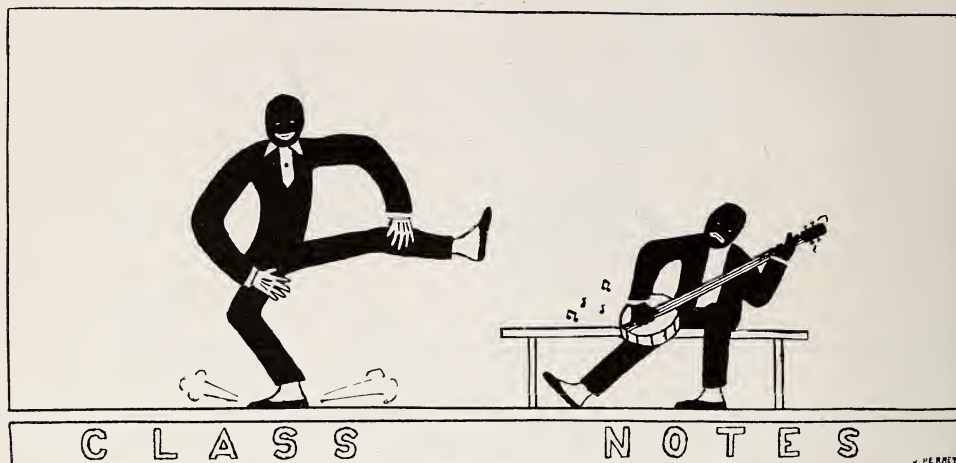
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Seniors

We were all anxious to return after our adventurous vacation, and every one except Paul Lucas showed up for class on January third. Oh, yes, I almost forgot that Dickerson did not get back until the fifth, and during his absence we had peace and quiet. The room was so monotonously still during the study period that some of our night hawks used to go to sleep.

While the new year was still young the most important members of the class seemed to be the half-brothers (?) Bopp and J. C. Fitzgerald. They were visited by fifteen other Seniors every morning immediately after Latin class. When their supply run short J. C. sought refuge in the big study hall and has been there ever since.

On the varsity basketball team we have three men; rather two men and the "little fellow." They are Handsome Hanson, Goodlooking Koehl and Sweetness Haley. Haley had so many nicknames that we decided to run them into a title for "Norm," and this is the result: "Delicious Sweetness, the Nymph."

Clarence Fields is the school chess champion, although Red Hedikin is running him a close second. "Ain't it so, Red?"

Joe Schneider, our saxophone juggler, and Little Emmet Mills, our happy-go-lucky, have been blackballed by the "Pretty Boys' Club" which was recently founded by "Handsome" and "Goodlooking."

Joe Kinstle has suggested the installing of a punch clock. Of course he agreed with Logan that the new clock should be used at quitting time only. Logan got so tired staying after school to make up the Ethics period that when he feels he will be late for that particular class he stays home rather than be embarrassed by arriving after the prayer has been said. "Thus Ethics doth make prompt boys of us all."

During the dull hours, Foohey and Schiffler usually enliven the place by their periodic scraps, while Valentine keeps us busy most of our spare time. Spare time is, however, almost a minus quantity since we lost "Bun" Kinstle and started our famous class of General Mathematics.

—William L. Foohey, '22.

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Juniors

What did you get in Chemistry?" "Are we downhearted?" Such were the expressions which greeted us as we passed the threshold of the Junior room to start the work of the second half of the year's work. As a result of the opportune arrival of the report cards many of us made good resolutions and seem to be determined to keep them.

We predicted that our class team of last year would go a long way in the making of the varsity basketball string for this year, and so it happened. "Pinkie" Koehl, "Soup" Centlivre, "Tiny" Clifford and "Bob" Rinehart made the varsity.

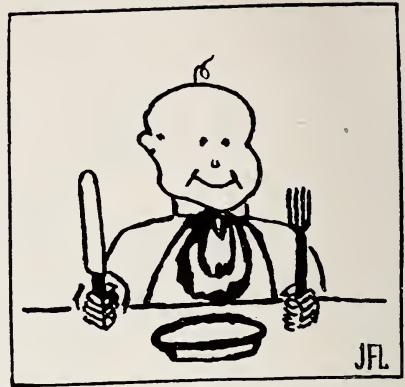
During our napping period we hear an occasional "Going up!" "Fourth floor!" from McEvoy, who spends part of his nights running the elevator at the Hope-Methodist hospital. "Collect for the Journal" seems to be the favorite day dream of Fink and Fox.

McCarthy and Smith seem to take a great interest in the Lyceum. McCarthy is treasurer and Smith, of Arcola fame, helps "Griz" spend the money.

Kallmyer, of New Haven, and Percy, our art editor, furnish the red headlights for the Kinder-Koehl fights. Passino still runs Aurentz's delivery Ford and brings Maurice Fox to school quite frequently.

When the Letter Club was formed our class furnished the vice-president and the secretary-treasurer. McKiernan and Donahue hold the respective positions.

Fitzgerald and Boyle are planning a country club to accommodate Cull, O'Neill, Luley, Suelzer and a few more who have a hobby for visiting the country.



Oran Hickman, of Wolcottville, who joined us last September, left us very suddenly and sent back this note: "The unexpected has come. I am sorry I can be with you no more." His place has been filled by Franklin Bishop, who returned after a year's absence due to ill health. Following an extended vacation in Florida Franklin is himself again and we gladly welcome him back.

Ryan and Murphy are getting up a team to beat the "Tiny Babes" in basketball. Hedekin is a sub on Ryan's team.

Litot found school hours rather long so he got himself a watch to help him pass the time away. Every three minutes he pulls out the watch and counts the seconds until the end of the session.

We have been wondering where Burt Rossington and Gene Wilkinson get all their excuses for tardiness. Yet they seem to be lucky in working them.

Some one has suggested a lanky guys' club for our class. Surely we have material sufficient. Just look at Gordon, Rinehart and Belot.

When it comes to Latin, Albert Schoenle has it all over Cicero. "Al" can read Latin and then translate it into English without any difficulty,

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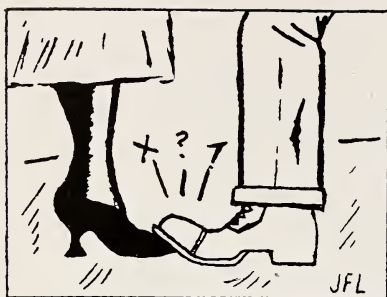
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whereas Cicero didn't even know English.

A great change has come over Huguenard and Scheffle since they started wearing longs. They were dignified before but they are sedateness personified now.

We are sorry that we must leave you so soon but we must prepare for our elocution contest, the results of which we hope to publish in the Easter Echo. We all want the Father Conroy medal, so watch us fight for the first place.

—Edmund Bresnahan, '23.

Sophomores

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead," is a rather time-worn saying, but just a few of us considered it very seriously and with some misgivings when the report cards reached us during the holidays. After the aforesaid serious thought, however, we brought back our books together with fine resolutions to start the new year.

Three Sophs, Graf, Bushman and Kelker, are on the basketball squad, and are playing big roles in the team's victories. Eckert, Belot, Ferguson and Pauley are holding down positions on the reserve team. Just now, however, the Sophs are interested in the race for the championship of the Senior and Junior

Leagues. In the Senior League the Shamrocks, one of our teams, came very near winning the first series of games. They lost out by one point and much arguing in a five-minute overtime period to the Ramblers, winners of the first set of games. In the Junior League the Wolverines, a team composed of the shorties of the class, won the first round of games, and look good to repeat.

Before the Christmas holidays we were given a "knockdown" to Caesar, and we have not yet fully recovered from the shock. At an indignation meeting, held after several ponies were reported missing, an uncharitable member of the class remarked that while he felt for humanity in general, he couldn't say that he could express regret had the affair between Brutus and Caesar happened before the Commentaries were written. At the same meeting it was unanimously decided that it would take more than several legions to defend Caesar should he come to the Soph room at 1 p. m.

During the cold spell in January we held a class meeting and made some beautiful arrangements for a bob-sled party, but when the day or rather the night for the affair had arrived, the sun interfered.

Chief among the incidents that have enlivened days that were rather long at times were: Sorg's great talk to the Sophs and Freshmen in which he asserted that long trousers are associated with gentlemen, and his charge that it was the kids in short pants who sneak into the games; Becker, Connors and Parrott's meeting Sorg's requirements for a gentleman; Graf's arrival with a bright red flannel shirt; Eckert's cooky-

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eating exhibition; Roussey's discovery of a few snowballs, several hours old, in his pockets; Flick's collection of names, Ebullis, Ebenezer, Honestus, being his latest appendages; and the great debate in the History Class.

A few deep problems worried us, such as this one propounded by Bushman: What did Robinson Crusoe do with Friday on Saturday night? Or this sentence from Caesar: The Belgians wished to die with their arms in their hands.

As for our classes, Geometry is causing a good bit of concern at present; so much so that one member of the class gave vent to this pessimistic utterance: "Wouldn't our geometry teacher be mad tomorrow if we should all die tonight. Hot dog!" The class has even affected Gardner, and he straightway gave a rendition of his latest song, "Those Geometry Blues." We all wept, out of sympathy, of course. In spite of all difficulties, however, we refuse to be disconsolate, and we think our sturdy six will arrive at the end of the year with colors flying.

—*Eugene Husselman, '24.*

Freshmen

When we came back after our vacation we found very few changes in the order of things. A class meeting was held and President Arthur Zuber gave a spicy talk in which he informed us that in future our class meeting would begin with prayer and that the sessions would be conducted strictly according to parliamentary rules. He also mentioned the class dues and urged those who had not paid to do so as soon as possible. The purpose of the class treasury and

class fund was fully explained and everybody seemed delighted with the new system.

Word reached us that the boys in the Athletic Club at the Cathedral school would like to arrange boxing matches with some of our hundred and twenty pounders. We favored the idea, so "Gene" Shea and "Red" McLaughlin are waiting for the whistle.

The class newspaper craze struck the Freshman class at last. Prominent among the new publications are *Plain Dealer*, edited by Fordyce and McLaughlin; the *Goofy Gazette*, sponsored by Oddou; the *Rubville Bugle*, fathered by Mulhaupt; the *Standard and Times*, at whose helm stands Midget Weber; and the *Red Monopoly*, a product of the efforts of "Red" Foohey, Keller, Kallmyer, Moran and Perrey. We wish them all kinds of success and hope to form more youthful Ben Franklins, but why not have a consolidated paper and perhaps run the Echo out of business, or else join the Echo and make it a greater success.

Our class is said to be a pennant winner in view of the fact that it is the largest class that ever started at C. C. H. S. We are proud of this but we take greater pride in our ability to stick together. Seventy-two we started and seventy-two we stand, for when Brudi and Blaising were lured by taxi driving and hash-slinging, and left us, Berghoff and Waltz from the public high school speedily registered to fill the vacancies, while Alexander Campbell joined us for good measure.

Should our reader like to engage in a guessing contest we would suggest a tryout on the first names of the

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members of the Freshmen class. The family names are as follows: Adamski, Baltes, Barnett, Becker, Berghoff, Bickel, Burke, Crouse, Cullen, DeWald, Dierkes, Dolan, Doyle, Egge-geman, Flaugh, Flood, Foohey, Foohey, Fordyce, Franke, Franke, Gallagher, Gerard, Harber, Huth, Jenny, Jordon, Kline, Kearns, Kallmyer, Keller, Kelly, Lassus, Libbing, Logan, Loos, Lynch, Oddou, Orff, Maley, Moran, Morris, Mulhaupt, Mulligan, McCarthy, McCarthy, McCormick, McLaughlin, Papenbrock, Papenbrock, Parrot, Patten, Pepe, Perrey, Petry, Pequignot, Romano, Roy, Schafer, Schuller, Shea, Steinbacker, Strebig, Streifuss, Smith, Tancey, Tierney, Waltz, Weber, Whitaker, Whitmer, Zuber. Just lamp the list and figure out our chances of having school on St. Patrick's day.

—*Richard Orff, '25.*

A Scare

Outside the wind was howling frantically. On the inside of the house the baby was trying to do the same. The irate father was making a desperate effort to reach the climax of his novel, until finally he became so interested in the story that instead of occupying the whole Morris chair that his corpulent body could easily have filled, he occupied a few inches close to the edge near the wall. His knees were clapped together. His fingers went from time to time to his mouth, then to his hair.

What the father was reading was this:

"The villain came closer to Frank, who was bound and gagged in a chair. Frank did not see the villain or he would have struggled. The villain was behind Frank, his arm was raised, something flashed in his hand.

Ah! A dagger. The hand was raised; it came slowly downward toward our hero's breast. Frank scenting the dagger turned slowly around in his chair, and as he did so a knife buried itself deep into the back of the chair he had partially vacated.

A smothered oath, sign of a struggle, a dull thud, all these and more had happened in a small minute. Frank looked around expecting to find a new enemy but instead his eyes fell upon the prostrate form of his old enemy, and in another second he felt a tap upon his shoulder. Quickly looking up he perceived it to be his old friend Bob."

As the reader came to the part where Bob grasped the villain's wrist, he felt a hand grab his own ankle. Frightened so that he dared not to look down he gave a short gasp. When he plucked up enough courage to lower his eyes, he saw his own two-year-old son trying to get a chance to climb up and sit on its father's knee.

"Oh Heavens! How you frightened me."

Then, looking at the novel he had just finished, he threw it into the fire where it belonged, and uttered a disgusting grunt.—*Gerald Libbing, '25.*

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—*Stivers News (Dayton, O.).*

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Basketball

The season is progressing with the basketball squad performing beyond expectations, the year so far being the most successful that a C. C. H. S. team has ever had. To date the varsity has won eight out of eleven games played, only one game having been lost to a high school quintet. In glancing over the record it is evident that the team was unusually successful away from home, losing only one game in four played.

The material at the beginning of the season was much beyond the ordinary, but the credit for the work of the team is due to Coach Frank Flaherty, who not only knows how to teach the game, but also has the faculty of getting sixty minutes of work out of every hour of practice. Under his tutelage the team is a five-man quintet, with every member always going at full speed.

The personnel of the team follows: Bushman, N. Koehl, and Haley, forwards; J. Koehl, captain and center; Centlivre, Graf, Hanson and Kelker, guards.

With a view of preparing for coming years a reserve team composed of members of the Junior and Sophomore classes was formed after the holidays. At the present writing they have played only one game, that against the Catholic High School of

Decatur, and although they lost by a score of 12 to 9, they gave promise of great development that will make them active candidates for positions next year. The members of the squad are: E. Luley, captain; E. Bresnahan, W. Hedekin, L. Belot, D. Ferguson, D. Eckert, H. Pauley and J. Perrey.

Alumni, December 10

As in other years, the resident alumni offered the first opposition to the varsity and the team starting off like a whirlwind, buried the Alumni quintet under an avalanche of baskets. The final score was 67 to 9. The C. C. H. S. quintet showed brilliant form in every department, dropping baskets from all angles, passing well, and presenting a strong defense. Captain Koehl and his brother Norbert played a big part in the victory, accounting for fifteen baskets between them. Graf made thirteen out of fifteen free throws. For the Alumni, Ed Bushman, 19, made the best showing.

St. Rose High, December 16

Our old rivals, St. Rose High, of Lima, Ohio, came for their annual game, and like the Buckeye quintets of other years, furnished stubborn opposition throughout, although the C. C. H. S. lads won by the score of 32 to 10. The Ohio boys got away to an early lead, but before five minutes

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had passed Coach Flaherty's charges came up with them and then forged to the front. The half ended 11 to 2.

Following the rest period the Buckeyes made a big spurt, caging three baskets in succession. But once more the Centrals stopped the rally and drew away again.

The visitors displayed some flashy team work, but hard luck in shooting kept down their score. Wells at forward played best for the Ohio team, while J. Koehl, Bushman and Haley, with four field goals each, were our leading scorers.

C. C. H. S.	St. Rose High
Haley	F..... Wells
Bushman	F..... Daley
J. Koehl.....	C..... Cunningham
Centlivre	G..... Schmiesing
Graf	G... Roger-Buchanan
Graf	G..... Runiger

Summary: Field goals—Haley, 4; Bushman 4; J. Koehl, 4; Centlivre, 1; Wells, 1; Daley, Runiger, 2. Free throws—Graf, 6; Wells, 2.

Garrett H. S., December 20

The work of the C. C. H. S. guards was very prominent in the game played at Garrett, and the Centrals continued their march by defeating the Garrett High School 27 to 12. Brilliant team work and accuracy in shooting characterized the work of Coach Flaherty's proteges, who were never in danger. Bushman, Haley and Koehl again were high scorers.

Alumni, December 23

Frankie Doriot led his Alumni band against the varsity and conclusively demonstrated that he is one of the best basketball players who ever wore a C. C. H. S. uniform. His five field goals were responsible for the 21 to 17 victory of the Alumni. Others in the graduates' line-up were: Les Logan, forward on the Notre Dame varsity quintet; Ed Bushman, guard on the Pennsy industrial league lead-

ers; Herman Centlivre and Maurice Boland of the hall teams at Notre Dame; Ralph Neeb, of the Freshman squad at Miami University, and Paul Miller, a reserve on the Campion College quintet.

The write-up in the *News* had this to say of the game: "Losing to such stars as were included in the Alumni line-up by the narrow margin of four points shows that the Central varsity has considerable strength and is a match for any high school in the state.

"The Alumni stepped into the lead early in the game, and while they were always hard pressed by the younger cagers, they were never forced to relinquish the long end of the score, although just before the end of the game the varsity staged a spurt which all but put them even with their opponents."

C. C. H. S.	Alumni
W. Bushman	F..... Doriot
Haley	F..... Logan
J. Koehl.....	C..... E. Bushman
A. Centlivre.....	G..... Neeb
Graf	G..... H. Centlivre

Summary: Field goals—Doriot, 5; Neeb, 3; Logan, Bushman, J. Koehl, 3; W. Bushman, 2; N. Koehl. Free throws—Logan, 1; Graf, 5.

Substitutions—Miller for Doriot; Boland for H. Centlivre; N. Koehl for Haley.

Decatur High, December 28

Decatur was the next to fall before the superior team work and basket-shooting of the varsity in a game that was marked by close guarding as the 17 to 11 score indicates. The home team got away to an early lead, but the Centrals soon forged to the front and were never headed. Decatur High looks like a sure winner in the coming district tournament, and the feat of Flaherty's men in defeating the Adams county quintet at Decatur marks the C. C. H. S. squad

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C. C. H. S.	Decatur
Bushman	F..... Teeple
N. Koehl.....	F..... Dorwin
J. Koehl.....	C..... Linn
Centlivre	G..... Schultz
Graf	G..... Parr

Summary: Field goals—N. Koehl, 2; J. Koehl, Bushman, Centlivre, Graf, Haley, Cline, 2; Linn. Free throws—Cline, 2; Shields, 2; Graf, 3.

Substitutions—Bushman for J. Koehl; Haley for Bushman; Clifford for Centlivre; Cline for Temple; Shields for Dorwin; Schulley for Parr.

Monroeville High, January 4

In a rough and tumble contest in which very few fouls were called the varsity lost its first inter-scholastic game to Monroeville High, 23 to 18. The Monroeville players knew their court to perfection, and this coupled with hard luck in shooting by the Centrals spelled defeat. With Centlivre out of the line-up the C. C. H. S. defensive work was not so much in evidence, and as a result the victors made more field goals than were made by any other of our opponents to date.

Angola High, January 6

The Monroeville game made the boys work harder, and Angola High was unfortunate in being the next team on our schedule. The varsity went to Angola with full strength, and came back with a 20 to 10 victory. A great defensive game and expert free throwing explains the win. The Angola boys, who won the district tournament last spring and look good to repeat this year, made but three free throws, and failed to connect on their free throws. Graf made ten count.

C. C. H. S.	Angola
N. Koehl.....	F..... Owens
Bushman	F..... Collins
J. Koehl.....	C..... Cramer
Centlivre	G..... Garman
Graf	G..... Woods

Summary: Field goals—J. Koehl, 3; Bushman, 2; Stiefel, 2; Cramer. Free throws—Graf, 10; Collins, 4.

Substitutions — Haley for Bushman; Bushman for N. Koehl; Hanson for Centlivre; Stiefel for Owens; Cline for Woods.

Garrett High, January 10

Garrett High came here for our first home game since the holidays, and the boys celebrated the event by winning a 42 to 9 victory. Lil' Charley Graf left back guard long enough to sink two field goals and three free throws before his teammates got started. The first half ended 16 to 1. In the second half Bushman went on a rampage, and before the game was over tallied eight times from the field. Haley also went well, scoring three times from the field during the second half. Graf made six out of seven free throws.

I. B. C., January 13

The game with the Cathedral High of Indianapolis having been canceled, the varsity took on the International Business College quintet, a team composed of former high school stars. The Centrals underestimated the caliber of their opponents, and as a result the I. B. C. piled up a 14 to 5 lead in the first half.

The varsity took the floor in the second period with Coach Flaherty's remarks sticking out in all directions and came very near winning a victory. A free throw was all the commercial boys garnered during the second half, while the C. C.'s scored 7 points, but the game ended 15 to 12 with the I. B. C. in front.

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Monroeville High, January 21

The Monroeville quintet played a return game, and the 26 to 7 victory of the varsity amply proved that the defeat at Monroeville was a bit of hard luck. The visitors started out like sure winners, scoring four points before Flaherty's team got started. Once the team work of the Centrals was set in motion, however, the outcome of the game was evident. The victory was costly, however, for Rinehart, who had injured his knee on two other occasions, made a third attempt to get into the line-up, but he lasted less than a minute before his knee snapped under him again.

J. Koehl, with six field goals, and Bushman with four, were high scorers.

Central High of Toledo, January 27

The contest with the Central Catholic High of Toledo was just the kind of game that the C. C. H. S. followers were expecting, and it ended in the right way—25 to 17 in our favor. It was a contest full of action from the first whistle, although the five-man defense employed by both quintets slowed it up somewhat. The score was close and the way, with but few points separating the combatants until well toward the end, when Coach Flaherty's men increased their lead gained in the first period, which ended 12 to 8.

The visitors displayed some of the cleverest team work and passing witnessed here this season, and it was only the stellar work of Graf and Centlivre that prevented them from scoring on numerous occasions after they had worked the ball within close range.

Bechtel and Madden showed up best for the visitors, all of whom

played a snappy game. Flaherty's lads gave the same speedy and steady exhibition that has characterized their play so far this season.

C. C. H. S. (Ft. W.)	C. C. H. S. (Tol.)
Bushman	F..... Sweeney
Haley	F..... Madden
J. Koehl.....	C..... Hagerty
Centlivre	G..... Connell
Graf	G..... Bechtel

Summary: Field goals—J. Koehl, 5; N. Koehl, 2; Bushman, 2; Centlivre, Bechtel, 4; Murphy, Madden, Tillotson. Free throws—Graf, 5; Sweeney, 2; Madden, 1.

Substitutions—N. Koehl for Haley; Murphy for Sweeney; Feeley for Hagerty; Tillotson for Feeley.

—Foohey, Mills.

The Senior League

The first series of games in the Senior Basketball League has been successfully completed. The championship of the first series rests with the Ramblers, a team composed of Junior classmen. The Ramblers won every game in the series in which they played. The Sophomore Shamrocks were next in line, having been defeated by the present champions. The standing at the end of the first series follows:

	Won	Lost
Ramblers (Juniors)	4	0
Shamrocks (Sophomores)	3	1
Indians (Freshmen)	2	2
Fighting Irish (Juniors)	1	3
Chicks (Sophomores)	0	4

The Ramblers: Suelzer, Luley, Bresnahan, J. Perrey, W. Hedekin, G. Fitzgerald, and Ryan.

—Eugene Luley, '23.

The Junior League

The varsity will not have to worry about basketball material in future years if the performances of the members of the Junior League can be taken as a criterion. The league is composed of six teams, five from the freshman class and one from the sophomore. Every team gets into action once a week, and so far the

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schedule has been played without a hitch.

The first series of games was won by the Wolverines, the sophomore representative in the league. All the quintets were evenly matched with the exception of the Diamonds, who failed to break into the winning column. That they will make a strong bid for honors in the second series is shown by their victory over the Wolverines in the first games that have been played in the second round of the schedule. The standing of the teams at the end of the first series follows:

	Won	Lost
Wolverines	4	1
Tornadoes	3	2
Tigers	3	2
Emeralds	3	2
Pirates	2	3
Diamonds	0	5

Wolverines: G. Becker, McGrath, Hogan, Storey, Vordermark, Holsinger, Kaliker and Schuckel.

Tornadoes: Smith, Weber, Eggeman, W. McCarthy, Burke, Dolan and Roy.

Tigers: Adamski, Dierkes, Baltés, Huth, Harber, Kearns, and Jerome Foohey.

Emeralds: Gallagher, Lynch, Becker, Tierney, McLaughlin, and Cullen.

Pirates: Doyle, Steinbacher, Whitmer, Gerard, McCormick, T. McCarthy.

Diamonds: DeWald, Petry, Perrey, Jenny, Strebig, Patten, Striefus.

GAMES, FIRST SERIES

Wolverines, 11; Diamonds, 4.

Emeralds, 13; Tornadoes, 4.

Tigers, 12; Pirates, 5.

Emeralds, 11; Diamonds, 10.

Tornadoes, 9; Pirates, 0.

Wolverines, 8; Tigers, 4.

Pirates, 9; Emeralds, 7.

Tornadoes, 9; Wolverines, 7.

Tigers, 6; Diamonds, 1.

Wolverines, 10; Emeralds, 8.

Tigers, 6; Tornadoes, 1.

Pirates, 6; Diamonds, 3.

Wolverines, 13; Pirates, 12.

Emeralds, 11; Tigers, 5.

Tornadoes, 15; Diamonds, 10.

—Fred Steinbacker, '25.

Some people think the newly organized letter club is for the purpose of carrying on correspondence.

AIN'T IT SO?

"A school paper is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame;
The printer gets all the money,
The staff gets all the blame."

—The High School Reporter
(Francesville, Ind.).

"She threw herself into the river.
Her husband, horror stricken, rushed
to the bank—"

"What did he rush to the bank
for?"

"To get the insurance money.—*National News.*

"Lives of editors remind us
That their lives are not sublime,
For they had to work like Titans
To get this copy out on time."

—The Mur-Mur (Oswego, N. Y)..

"Lines of football do remind us
We can write our names in blood
And departing leave behind us,
Half our faces in the mud."

—The Maryville Post.

What is worse than a giraffe with
sore throat?

A centipede with corns.

—The Maryville Post.

Football Forecast

(1922)

Next fall, when we are led by Joe
We shall not fear our vaunting foe,
And all our goods we dare to wager
That no surprise will down our major.

(1923)

But greater still is going to be
Our Tom McKee of twenty-three.
Then all will try to play with us
To see our famous maximus.

"No, Charley Graf should take the ring,"
For that's the song his classmates sing.
And who will then the sophomores blame?
Since Charley truly knows his game.

—I. C. A. Flunker.

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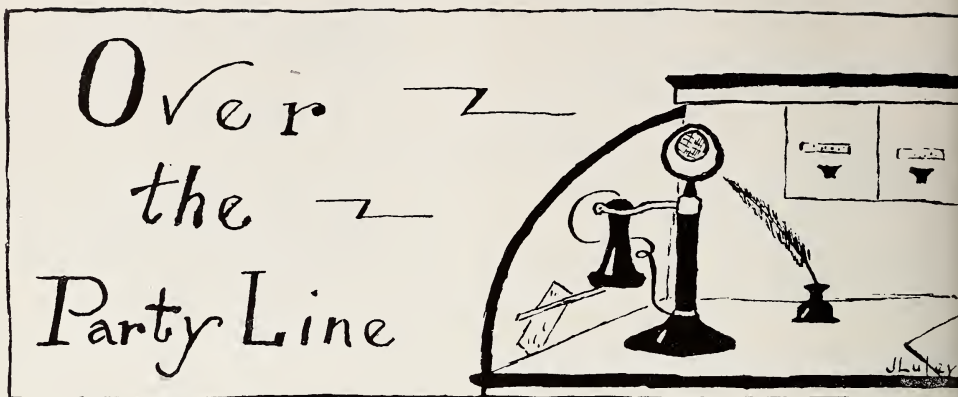
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Black 4286 gets more calls every day. We'd like to tar and feather Mr. Bell, could we but get at him.

Due to the late arrival of our last reports we had a Merry Christmas.

Wonder why money was so scarce after Valentine day?

Boy! Our last reports were some loud. They spelled an unhappy New Year for many we know.

The Juniors want a universal language. Spanish and Latin are playing havoc with their English, and English is playing havoc with recreation and games.

We wonder why it is that our fathers, uncles and grandfathers never grow too old or too pious to get a thrill out of telling what devils they used to be when they were in the Old Brothers' School?

Just because you are a musician, you don't need to think you are Swift; leave that to Speedy.

Our idea of nothing is a chemistry mark minus 60 per cent.

A student in the history class wrote: "In the Middle Ages rich men condemned to die would hire substitutes to die in their places. Many poor people made a living in this way."

Students who copy shouldn't get caught.

Laugh, sing and dance, for tomorrow your Latin poney may be captured.

Did you notice the college airs our friends are putting on since vacation?"

Some say that Dickerson's mind runs in his hip-pocket; yet Dick has been working in a drug store for the past four years, so why should he worry.

Since Haley started attending regularly, "Sweetness" pervades the place.

Little Emmet Mills is the Aunt Epie Hogg of the Senior class. That is, he is the fattest boy in three counties.

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An anti-tobaccoist down in Arkansas refuses to ride on a train. "Why, the horrid thing," she says, "smokes a lot and choos, too."

Dickerson wanted to make a name for himself so he bought a Jew's harp to start a Senior brass band—he already has the brass.

Hanson is the best German pupil in the class. He's the only member, that's why. The same could be said in reference to Greek and Joe Kinstle.

Extra: "Joe Fitzgerald got a hair cut the other day. Fitz says he gets one once a year whether he needs it or not."

Mills serves very nicely as a substitute—for a hydraulic press.

If everybody would be on time some morning we might be able to get a free day. The prefect would probably drop dead and we would get off for a funeral.

Teacher—"Get started there and push that pencil."

Student—"But," protested the Freshman, "I can't push it. It has to be lead."

"My supper's cold!
He swore with vim,
And then she made it
Hot for him.

—*Delaware Review.*

A TOAST

Here's to the lad who does his own work,
And does his work alone;
For many a lad copies another lad's work,
When he should be doing his own.

—*John Haley, '22.*

It seems as if "Sweetness" is falling into his old habits again.

Physics class is one dreary moment after another. Yes, it is an anxious feeling wondering whether we will be free at 3:15.

Got a new pencil sharpener in the Junior room: bought by the class, used by the class, and abused by everyone else.

Lost by the Seniors: One perfectly good study period. Finder please call at the Senior room between 10 and 10:45 a. m.

Suelzer and Bresnahan are rather thick of late. We wonder why?

A pious uncle sent his little six-year-old niece a Catholic calendar upon which the fast days were marked by a little fish over each such date. The child examined the calendar very closely and then asked: "Mother, did Uncle Jim catch all those fish, I wonder?"

SHE SAID A MOUTHFUL

"Little Willie from the mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking in his childish error

It would cure his whooping cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown,
'Twas a chilly day for William
When the mercury went down.'

The Journal - Gazette gave our school a new name recently when it referred to the C. C. H. S. as the Century High. It might have shortened our name to Alerding High but please cut out the century stuff.

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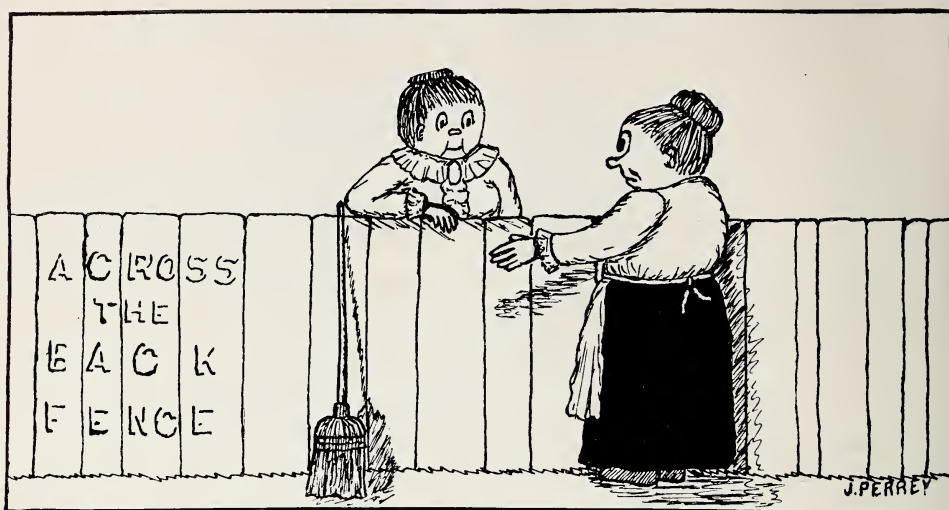
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Professor—Now when two bodies in motion come together, is heat generated?

Voice from the back row—No, sir, I hit a guy yesterday and he knocked me cold.—*St. Edward's Echo* (Austin, Texas).

Wells (at Orpheum)—Give me two seats in "L."

Ticket Seller—"Say, this isn't Hades."—*The Rainbow* (Lima, O.).

If *Ivanhoe* cost sixty cents at the bookstore, how much is *Kenilworth*? Great Scott, what a novel question.

—*The Tattler* (Decatur, Ind.).

Ferdie jilted Maud and married another girl, but Maud got her revenge. How?

She sent the bride a book to read on their honeymoon—Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey."—*Boston Transcript*.

"What's all that growling I hear around this place?"

"Oh, that's the 'Hot Dog' I had for dinner."

Stopper—All teachers are book-worms.

Haywood—Yes, except geometry teachers.

Stopper—How's that? What are they?

Haywood—Angleworms.

—*The Forge* (Cincinnati, O.)

A GOOD REASON

Madral: I saw you rise in the street car and offer your seat to a lady.

Kopacz: Yes, since childhood I simply can't bear the sight of a woman holding a strap in one hand. *The Gold and Blue* (Chicago, Ill.)

"Prohibition jokes are with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Prohibitionist (who sat next to a slightly intoxicated man)—"Do you allow a drunk on this car?"

Conductor (low voice)—"It's all right so long as you don't get too noisy."

"If freckles were snowflakes our artist would have a blizzard."

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"Mr. Koehl, is there anything in this world that can make you completely happy?" queried the ethics teacher.

"Well—Yes, Brother—"

Chorus from the Class: "Ask him where she lives."

Fox: "I'll bet Passino felt excited when that mouse ran up his sleeve."

Luley: "That's nothing. I had a sewing machine run up the seam of my pants."

Haley: "Where are you going?"

Mills: "Crazy."

Haley: "I thought so."

Wilkinson (in Spanish): "I am not right."

Clifford: "That's nothing to brag about."

Wilkinson: "I'm not bragging, I'm merely speaking the plain truth."

Crook (under arrest)—"Kin I go back and get my hat?"

Officer—"Certainly not. You can't be running away from me that way. You stand here and oi'll go back and get it."—*Oklahoma City News*.

A Junior was quietly telling Norbert Koehl all the nice handy things he had at home. Koehl feared the consequences of getting caught talking and said, "Be still."

The other Junior responded: "Yes, we got one of them, too."

Pappenbrock: "May I raise my hand?"

Prefect: "What for?"

Pappenbrock: "I want to ask a question."

English Teacher: "What means this blank paper?"

McKiernan: "That's my exercise in blank verse."

Prefect (annoyed by noise in study-hall): "Order, please."

Rossington (awakened from sleepy oblivion): "Ham and eggs."

FOOTBALL

I sent my son to Princeton,
With a pat upon the back,
I spent ten thousand dollars,
And got a quarter-back.

—*The Tattler* (Decatur, Ind.).



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"Did she succeed?"

"Did she! I'll say she did—she's always 'harping'."

"Well," said the widower, "I hope my wife is still harping."

"And why do you say you hope she is?"

"She's dead, thanks be."

A stranger, walking along the road passed an old darkey. He began talking with him and found out that he had known George Washington.

"I suppose you remember when Washington crossed the Delaware?" he asked.

"Deed, boss, I steered dat boat," was the reply.

"And da you remember when he took a hack at that cherry tree?"

"'Deed I do," the darkey replied. "'case I drove that hack myself."

Professor (in science class)—"No doubt you have heard of the invention that Mr. Edison is now working on. Now, who can tell me what great problem is involved in an apparatus for communicating with the dead?"

Bright Freshman—"Getting wire which will resist the heat."

—*Science and Invention.*

Student—"But, Brother, I'm trying my best to get ahead."

Teacher—"That's fine. Keep it up, for you need one."

Prefect (to Junior coming in at 1:11 p. m.)—"Why so late?"

Junior (pointing to friend ahead)—"Brother, I went home with him to dinner and then I had to go home to eat."

Chemistry Teacher—"Give us an example of poisonous gas."

Clifford—"The air in our room after the literature teacher finishes telling us what we don't know."

AN ORPHAN

"Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken? It tastes like it."

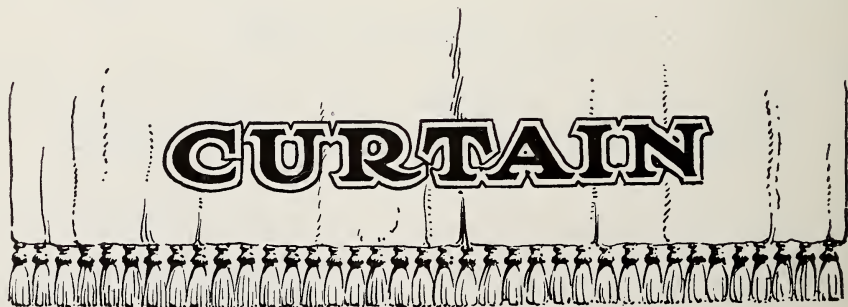
"I don't know, sir."

"It must be. Any chicken that has had a mother could never get as tough as this one is."

—*Wampus (So. Calif.).*

Teacher—"English is a great deal like basketball, for there's the team work we must have, and the coach which is our books. Now Lynch, does it remind you of the game?"

Babe: "Yes, sir, all but the pass-in'."—*The Arrow (Detroit).*



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Students of the Central Catholic High School, Fort Wayne, Ind. - March, 1922.

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Evening

Near yon little brook that hurries along,
It is there that the birds sing their evening
song;

And the music they make vests the advent
of night

With a peace that descends with the fast
fading light.

A peace that is blest and comes with the eve,
To comfort sad hearts and from labor
relieve;

And to fill the whole soul with love and with
praise,

For that God on whose Face the seraphim
gaze.

When shadows fall fast from the western
hill,

And gather below in the valley so still;
Then all living creatures are bidden to rest,
And the good deeds of men are recorded
and blest.

—*George Fitzgerald, '23.*

Easter Visitors

Just as the sun was shedding its
last rays through the stained-glass
windows of an old Franciscan monas-
tery, a venerable monk leisurly made
his way to the great pipe organ sit-
uated in the chapel choir. The sway-
ing limbs of the trees near the con-
vent wall caused the sun's rays to
dance in various shapes about the
room. Each color in the large win-
dow sent its representative to the
game of hide and seek which the sun
played on the bare, white floor. Every
now and then a bolder shadow was
seen to kiss the good old monk's ton-
sured head; and he almost uncon-
sciously let his fingers wander as they
list, as if to build a bridge to dream-
land for his lay.

The flood of light gradually dimin-
ished as the sun wheeled his ruddy
course homeward; and just as he was
about to kiss adieu to Sister Earth,
two white-clad youths in flowing gar-

ments swayed beside the monk as if
keeping time to his musical medita-
tions.

Apparently impelled by a heavenly
wish, his wandering notes took the
form of the beautiful Easter hymn,
"He is Risen." To his great surprise,
his youthful visitors sweetly accom-
panied him; and to catch their cele-
stial lay, he lighter and lighter struck
his notes, and sweeter and softer the
gentle melody of their voices was
wafted to his ears. Slightly grieved
at not being able to hear their song,
he ceased to play and turned to gaze
at them, when lo' he was alone.

Silently he sat; but as if to beckon
for them to return, he gently turned
and again played a tune. It was his
mother's favorite, "My Rosary."

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me."

Sweet indeed the words, and sweet
the melody, but sweeter by far the
dear white-haired, old lady, his
mother, who had often sat and wept
as he played the air, putting into it all
the energy of his soul, which made
the organ breathe the gentle words
in her ears.

As his mind drifted back over the
stormy sea, if stormy can be used to
express childhood's petty troubles,
the dear face of his mother gently,
but forcibly outlined itself before
him. As he proceeded,

"Each hour's a pearl—"

the little string of pearls he worked
so hard to procure as an adornment
for that loving neck he had so often
clasped in his childish embrace,
shone as if each one were a tiny sun
held together by a thin web of gold.

Fearing to be deprived of this
vision as he had been of that of the
angels', he continued softly that tear-

ful air. His soul seemed raised to the heights of heaven; and, as a gentle smile smoothed the wrinkles on her shining brow, he could no longer continue to play, but raised his snow-white hands to her and cried, "Mother." And to punish him for ceasing to play her favorite piece, the loving countenance vanished.

What was he to do? This second vision weighed more heavily upon him than the first. In vain he tried to recall her. His fingers struck the keys but no silvery, pealing sounds broke in upon the deathless silence of the room. He gave up his fruitless efforts and once more was buried in deep thought. The silvery hair shone brightly in his imagination; the light pink glow over the cheeks, the clear whiteness of her noble brow as if illuminated by heavenly brightness, caused him to weep; and, as the large pearly tears rolled down his hollowed cheeks, he again made an effort to soothe his troubled spirit by playing a hymn to his Blessed Mother. To his great surprise the notes chimed more silvery than before. The little chapel seemed flooded with heavenly light and the loving words,

"Mother dear, oh pray for me

Whilst far from heaven and thee,"

caused a peculiar sensation to pass over his trembling frame. No language can express the emotions of that moment; it was so vivid, so delightful, and withal so unexpected and mysterious. A volume of light encircled the organ slightly above his head, and it gradually and evenly spread from a point as does the water in a calm, undisturbed lake when some loiterer lazily treads his way along its banks, and throws a stone deep within its heart. As the little

ripples in circles spread and spread until they wash the shining sands on the beach; so the light appeared before him. Another mysterious form gradually made itself visible. His soul was flooded with delight, and for a while he paused as if afraid to raise his head. The notes broke from their retreat with loving impatience; and at the words,

"I wander in a fragile bark,
O'er life's tempestuous sea,"

he slightly raised his snow-white head, and lo' Mary, his heavenly Queen, with her Divine Son in her arms, sweetly smiled upon him.

"O, my faithful son," spoke the Virgin. "I have sent you these visions, and have waited until now to tell you what they mean. The two youthful forms were angels, one your loving guardian, the other a messenger sent by me to inform him of your departure from this vale of tears. The dear face of your mother, was sent to fill you with joy and confidence; and I have come to take you with me. Come, dear child."

His soul as white as the snow on a mountain's crest, was folded within her loving mantle and was borne to the heights of heaven. When the bell for evening prayer was rung and one by one the monks passed into the choir to raise their voices to God in the Matins; the lifeless form of their dear friend rested upon the organ. In vain they tried to bring him back to consciousness, thinking he was in an ecstasy; but no, he was really dead. His voice now joined with theirs in the choirs of heaven.

—J. G. K.

"Heaven is for those who try to get there."—J. M. S.

Saving the Day

Robert Brown was a Junior in the Columbia High School. He was a tall red haired youth, but very stoutly and well proportioned. "Lucky Bob," he was sometimes called. He had starred on the football squad, but did not do so well in basketball. He was a substitute.

Their biggest game—that with Newport High—was to be played soon and Bob wanted to get into this game. Although he practiced regularly and performed to the best of his ability he could not get a regular position on the team.

At seven thirty on the appointed evening the game started with Bob on the bench. Within the first twenty-five seconds of the game Columbia scored a field goal but the score was soon tied when a Newport cager made a long shot from center. The game see-sawed back and forth and the half ended 8 to 6 in favor of the Columbians.

In the second half the Newport cagers came back like a whirlwind, making four field goals in five minutes. Surely this looked like defeat for the Columbians.

All this time Bob was sitting on the bench, conscious of nothing but the game. Oh, how he wanted to get into it. Finally he arose, went over to the table and asked how much time there was to play. He was told that there were five minutes more. Five minutes! and the score was 8 to 14.

He decided to make one last effort so he walked up to the coach and asked, "Can't I go in?"

The coach studied for a moment and then answered, "Well, Ben looks pretty tired, better go in in his place."

Bob was too busy to be happy. He was thinking of what he had to do to make Columbian come out on the long end of the score. He immediately called time out and went in.

The whistle blew as the referee tossed up the ball. The Newport center tapped the ball overhead to the guard. The guard fumbled and, as quick as a flash, Bob picked up the ball and made a basket. The ball again went to center and soon after the jump a foul was called on a Newport player for hooking. Bob made the free throw.

Three points behind and three minutes to go. Bob was all excited.

The Junior got the ball from the jump, cleverly ducked a Newport guard and threw the ball to one of his men, who tossed it through the net.

The crowd was in an uproar; such cries as, "Sink one, Red," "Let's go, gang," and "One more basket," escaped from the lips of the spectators.

Just as the referee tossed up the ball, Bob ran around behind the center, who tapped the ball to him. He was near the center of the floor when he shot. The ball whizzed through the air straight for the basket. Just as it was passing through the net the time gun went off.

"Lucky Bob" had won the game and saved his team from a defeat.

—Frank Parrot, '25.

Manners

"Every boy should bear in mind the enormous value of manners. All through his life it will give him a value which he would never possess without them and a start over the other boys who neither tried to be nor were well-mannered."

Haven't Got Time

Opportunity tapped at a door

With a chance for the brother within;

He rapped till his fingers were sore,

And muttered: "Come on, let me in,

Here is something I know you can do,

Here's a hill that you can climb.'

But the brother inside very quickly replied:

"Old fellow, I haven't got time."

Opportunity wandered along

In search of a man who would rise.

He said to the indolent throng:

"Here's a chance for the fellow who tries."

But each of them said with a smile,

"I wish I could do it, but I'm

Very busy today, and I'm sorry to say

That I really haven't got time."

At last Opportunity came

To a man who was burdened with cares

And said: 'I now offer the same

Opportunity that has been theirs.

Here's a duty that ought to be done.

It's a chance if you've got time to take it."

Said the man with a grin: "Come along, pass it in!

I'll either find time or I'll make it."

Of all the excuses there are

By which this old world is accursed,

This "haven't got time" is by far

The poorest, the feeblest, the worst.

A delusion it is, and a snare;

If the habit is yours, you should shake it,

For if you want to do what is offered to you

You'll find time to do it, or make it.

—Selected.

Unexpected

Jim Howard was a sort of impulsive fellow, good-looking, with no particularly bad habits, but he was always seeking pleasure and a good time and he had certain ways about him that made it easy for him to win friends. Jim belonged to a prominent wealthy family and had just been graduated from a celebrated law school in the East. If one could read the young man's mind one would see

there the youth's desire to become distinguished in his profession and to make a name for himself in the world of law, but Jim was one of those people who like to get everything with little or no effort. After he left school his father told him to take a few months rest before beginning his profession. Jim readily agreed to this, and several months passed by, Jim enjoying himself with his young friends and seldom thinking of settling down to business.

Finally, after several hints had been given him that he ought to get down to work and make preparations for the practice of his chosen profession, he went to his father and said to him: "Father, I think I am ready to begin work now and I should like to start my career in your office. I can learn more quickly there than any place else, and after a year or so I shall be able to start out for myself."

Now, Mr. Howard knew his son too well to let him start off in this way. He knew Jim's love of pleasure and his dislike for work and that it would be useless to take him into his office so he tried to dissuade him from such a thing.

"Jim," said his father to him, "I think it would be much better for you to go to Auburn and take up your work there. You will never make good in your home town, one seldom does. In my long career as a lawyer I have seen many young men start off just as you want to start off now and they made a failure of their entire business. Profit by what I am telling you. I had to go away to a strange place to begin my work, and if you want to succeed I believe that you will have to do the same thing."

This was anything but pleasant for the young man, for he had figured on an easy time at home. He knew that if he went away and began work with a stranger he would have to settle down and begin business in earnest. He tried every means in his power to persuade his father to allow him to work in his office, and finally both lost their temper and a vehement altercation passed between them. Jim was ordered to leave the house and not to return.

From that time on Jim Howard cared little what happened to him. He did not begin work nor did he leave the city, but perhaps it would have been better for him if he had. He cast aside every good quality he had ever possessed, gave himself up to a life of dissipation and began to trod the downward path. It was not long before he made friends with the worst characters in the city. Jim was soon initiated into the ways of his new companions and worked with them in everything they did. He helped them on several little jobs, but for some time, to use their expressions, "there had been nothing doing." One night while they were sitting about their meeting place enjoying a game of "put and take," some one suggested that they get busy and "pull off" something worth while. Every one agreed and before long plans were completed for robbing the residence of one of the leading business men in the city. Every precaution was taken in order that they might get away "safe," but the man placed on guard was asleep on his job. One of the servants managed to get out of the house, and the fellow posted outside took him for one of his own men, thinking that he was

simply going to try some other part of the house. The servant before long returned with the police and the "gang" was rounded up. Jim, bolder than the others, broke away and made his escape by darting through back alleys and dark streets. He knew he would have to leave so he jumped the first freight that was pulling out of the city.

For some time he was going from place to place and after two or three months he found himself in one of the larger cities of Kentucky. He was growing tired of "bumming" from one town to another so he got a job from a well-to-do farmer, Hanson by name, a few miles out from the city. He performed his duties well, made friends with all about the farm, but said nothing concerning his past life or where he came from. For a while everything went on smoothly. Then Jim began to pay frequent visits to the city and would stay several days at a time. The farmer told Jim he would have to be more regular or else look for a job elsewhere. This started a quarrel between them, but Jim promised to do better, yet he had a feeling of dislike for Hanson. Several quarrels followed and Jim was discharged for good. His anger against his employer knew no bounds and he vowed that he would get even with him some time.

A few nights after this Jim was prowling about the place and met his former employer in the field some distance from the house. Jim accosted him and Hanson ordered Jim away. Words led to blows, and in a passion the young man drew a knife and slashed the farmer's throat. Quickly he slipped the knife into the

old man's hand and made his escape.

As it grew late and Mr. Hanson did not return to the house, the family began a search and found him lying across the path leading to a spring on the hill. At first everything pointed to suicide, but the man's relatives knew no reason why he should take such a step as that. Then they suspected Jim of committing the murder and the best detectives were sent for and put on his tracks, but no trace of him could be found in the city nor in the surrounding country. The detectives were told to continue their search through the entire country, but they had no clue to work on except the knife found in the dead man's hand, and this the family was certain did not belong to the murdered man.

* * * * *

One winter's night about three years after the murder had been committed a crowd of men were sitting around a stove in a country grocery store in a small town in Illinois. They were telling stories, and soon one of them took a knife from his pocket and began to whittle a piece of wood. No one seemed to pay any attention to him, but one, after watching him closely said, "Where did you get that knife; let me take it a moment, will you?"

"Sure," replied the other and handed it to him.

"Say, where did you get this knife," he asked as he looked at it. "I used to have one just like this."

"O, did you? Then you are just the man I want."

At last the detective, after several years of search, had unexpectedly come upon his man, and Jim Howard unexpectedly gave himself away, and

is now serving his life sentence for the crime he committed.

—*Eugene Cull, '23.*

A Rainy Day

Who is there that loves a rainy day? Perhaps the fisherman, seeking to entrance the wily denizens of the slimy deep, with gaudy flies, etc., so to speak. Perhaps the young flapper with a new silk rain-cape. Perhaps the delivery boy who likes to swim; (not insinuating anything about the rainfalls of Fort Wayne). And what moreover is there to do on a rainy day? The above mentioned persons might like to promenade downtown streets and stores, or whiz sloppily on, down the wet streets.

But the average person prefers to mope around in the house, especially when the horrible drizzle continues until after night-fall. A whole nation cries out, "What is there to do after a rainy day, on a rainy night?" All, yes all except myself. I never worry what to do; I simply do it. What?? What!!! Why I go to a picture show.

—*Joseph Schneider, '22.*

Four T's To Watch

Here are four T's too apt to run,
'Tis best to set a watch upon:

Our Tongue.

Know when to speak, yet be content
When silence is most eloquent.

Our Time.

Once lost, ne'er found; yet who can say
He's overtaken yesterday?

Our Thoughts.

Oft when alone they take them wings
And light upon forbidden things.

Our Temper.

Who in the family guards it best
Soon has control of all the rest.

—*Exchange.*

The Passing of the Bicycle

That bicycling should have lost its place in the track-meets of the Middle West, is a question that deserves our keenest attention. We cannot, at present, satisfactorily account for the decadence of a sport once so prominent. A few years ago, a track-meet schedule was incomplete unless it had at least three competitions in bicycle races. Those were the real sporting days. Those were the days when athletics were indulged in purely as athletics, and not as a means of livelihood. Bicycling was formerly considered as a healthful sport and exercise. Scientific investigation of later days has claimed the contrary to be the case. Instead of a healthful exercise, it is, they say, a health destroying labor. While it gives play to a few muscles, it permits the rest to be dormant. The very position necessary for bicycling is most injurious to the health and development of the lungs. A rider is unable to inhale or exhale properly. Many young persons have ridden to their death, by this once prominent factor in the field of athletics.

It is these notable and prejudicial results that have led to the abandoning of bicycling in the modern track-meets of the Middle West. People are beginning to realize that while man may do good work by giving amusement to his fellowmen, yet no man is, or can be, expected to ruin his health and jeopardize his life for the sole purpose of affording amusement to his fellowmen. From the disastrous results that bicycling has had in the past, some critics have been led to believe that bicycling should be universally prohibited.

Personally, I have a more sympa-

thetic apology for the disappearance of bicycling as a sport. I think that bicycling came, like many other obsolete sports, and it had its day. It served its purpose. It paved the way for other feats, and then it passed away, as fencing has done. Bicycling passed away not because it was bad in itself, or in its results, but simply because of the utilitarianism of the present century. Bicycles were a necessity before the street cars and jitney busses became so common. Moreover, many persons who formerly were glad to ride a bicycle are now able to have, for their own convenience, motorcycles and automobiles. Thus it is, that when bicycles ceased to be a utility, bicycling ceased to be a sport.

—Edwin O'Neill, '23.

"Viola"

So much has been written on the character in "Twelfth Night," with whom we take the deepest interest, that it is almost presumption to say that a new field of interest has been created. The expressing of general reasons for the choosing of "Viola" would (in most cases) be simply paraphrastic statements, and even (in many cases) downright plagiarism. To voice my reasons for selecting this particular character in Shakespeare, I would say that when I first read the play, "Twelfth Night," I was immediately fascinated by the alluring charms of Viola's words and actions, as well as by her deep-rooted love of the melodious and persuasive sound of golden tongued music.

Viola is an essentially noble character. She is high-born, beautiful, intellectually keen, appreciative of fun, gracious and lovely. Her love of mu-

sic is best described by herself. She says: "Music . . . gives a very echo to the seat where Love is throned." Viola has the most self-control of any character we meet in Shakespeare. She possesses all the delicacy and refinement of a true, high-bred woman. Her love is not a mere whim or caprice; it is not an ungoverned and unreasoning passion, as is that of so many of the author's characters. Her love is full grown and ardent. (Apologies for using Mr. Wm. H. Fleming's phrases). Her love is true, sincere, heartfelt, and, withal, controlled affection. She does all that is befitting the true heroine of the play.

Critics place Viola first and foremost among the characters in "Twelfth Night." Mr. John S. Hart, LL. D., in his volume, under the head of "Plots of Shakespeare's Plays," says: "Viola is the true heroine of the play." Wm. Hazlett, in his book entitled, 'Characters of Shakespeare's Plays,' says: "The great and secret charm of 'Twelfth Night' is the character of Viola." Professor L. A. Sherman in his introduction to the great plays, "What is Shakespeare?" says: "In 'Twelfth Night' . . . the interest centers in some certain personality . . . Viola, and this personality presented and treated for its own sake." Masters Fleming, Brewer, Wells, Miller, Powers and a number of other reputable authorities place Viola as the most important character in the play. Indeed, Master Fleming says that "Viola is Shakespeare's type of the normal. As such she represents and embodies the normal from which all other characters have deviated." While it is possible to quote dozens of other worthy critics, it seems to me

that my point has been sufficiently substantiated to enable me to pass on and merely give a summary of their views on this matter.

Viola is the type of the normal. She is essentially noble and high-minded. She is the true heroine, and the great and secret charm of the drama. Her character is presented and treated for its own sake. Her self-control is the most firm that we find in the characters of Shakespeare. Her love is mature and ardent. She is most true and sincere. She is a high-bred woman, who does naught that is incompatible with her rank in society. Her sorrow over her brother's loss is equalled by her courage, love and patience. She is well worthy of the name she bears. She is indeed well deserving to have said of her what was said of her name-sake, that she is "Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky."

In order to understand the importance of Viola in relation to the plot, it may be well to divide the characters (as Mr. Fleming does) into three groups. The Ducal group is composed of the Duke, Valentine, and Curio. In the Olivia group we find the names: Olivia, Marie, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Malvolio, Fabian, Feste and all the lesser characters, except Sabastian and Antonio who belong to a third group, and Viola who is more or less connected with all of them. Viola is the "principal complicating and also the principal resolving force in the drama." This is her primary dramatic function. She is also the link person. Her function is to bring together the different "Dramatis Personae." She is the dramatic hook and eye. She is the Duke's messenger to Olivia, as

she herself says, describing her dramatic life after she was saved, and

“ . . . preserved to serve this noble count. All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath been between this lady (Olivia), and This lord (the Duke).”

Viola's words may well be classed as wonderful contributions to literature. Where is there a more exciting confession of love, than the following words of Viola to the Duke?

“ ‘A blank, my lord, she never told her love’:
She let concealment, like a worm i’ th’ bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin’d in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument
Smiling at grief. ‘Was not this love indeed?’
We men may say more, swear more,
but indeed,
Our shews are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.”

Where is there a more poetic thought on music than Viola expresses when she says: “Music . . . gives a very echo to the seat where Love is throned.” Again she says looking at a picture, “‘Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell’st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave And leave the world no copy.” That phrase so common to us all, “Love sought is good, but given unsought is better,” comes from the lips of Viola. Scores of other most beautiful passages might be quoted

but space will not permit them in this limited essay.

While it may be true that Viola does not find first rank in the eyes of some of the best known critics of Shakespeare, yet it is true that she is evidently the best character in the play, “Twelfth Night.” Indeed, Mrs. Jameson in her excellent treatment of the woman characters in Shakespeare, chooses no character from “Twelfth Night” except Viola. Not even Juliet ranks with Viola in inspiring a more delicate sympathy with woman. Viola is—in my humble opinion—the ideal woman in Shakespeare. Portia, so much loved by critics, is not the normal type of woman. While Portia may possibly be more admirable; Viola is by far the more imitable. It would be out of the question to offer a comparison of the voluptuous Cleopatra with the modest Viola. Perhaps the nearest approach to the character of Viola is that of Queen Katherine as depicted in “Henry VIII.” Cordelia possesses some of the virtues of Viola; but still she is lacking in many of those which Viola has. I think it would be lowering Viola somewhat, if I should mention her for comparison with Imogen, the much cited female character in “Cymbeline.” There is a peculiar excellence about Shakespeare’s heroines, and this excellence is best exemplified in Shakespeare’s “type of the normal,” Viola.

—*Thomas McKiernan*, '23.

I rejoice with exceeding great joy in the midst of my tribulations. I am as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as needy yet enriching many, as having nothing, yet possessing all things.—*St. Paul.*

The Sea's Toll

The rollers beat the ragged shore;
 The sea winds howl and moan;
 There's a gruesome hulk on the ocean floor.
 A proud new ship will sail no more,
 And wives are left alone.

Yes, the sea winds moan a requiem,
 To the daring souls now fled,
 And the sorrowed ones who mourn for them.
 For beside the ship with the proud emblem,
 They sleep on a watery bed.

And each wife by the cold, grey fire-place,
 Bends unseeing eyes to the sea,
 Or gazes, hurt-like into empty space
 With a dreadful fear on her anxious face,
 And a heart that beats fearfully.

A messenger comes with the sorrowful word,
 Sore grieved at his dreaded task,
 But the wife—she knows—sits on instirred
 With her hard bright eyes undazed, unblurred,
 And her face like a stony mask.

Then she lifts a curse to the frenzied night,
 For the sea takes bitter toll;
 And its arrogant strength, resistless might
 Has drained her heart, has quenched the light
 In her eyes and slain her soul.

Still, the sea winds howl and moan and sigh,
 And the rollers beat the shore,
 The angry clouds wend across the sky,
 And sea birds raise a dirge on high—
 For the lads who'll said no more.

—R. N.

Only A Medal

In the days when the shores of the British Isles suffered from the depredations of the many pirate ships that infested the Atlantic, there lived on one of the numerous islands that lie scattered about the north-west coast of Scotland, a doctor named Duncan McMahon with his wife and children, Tom and Elizabeth.

One afternoon in early May Duncan McMahon went to visit a sick person on one of the islands, and before he left home he told his wife that he would be back late in the evening, but he never returned. That night a great storm raged around the Scottish coast—a storm such as Stevenson would depict, tearing boats from their moorings, and throwing pieces of foam into the air.

To Mrs. McMahon in her cottage the noise of the storm brought dread expectation. She did not sleep that night, and when morning came and her husband had not yet returned, her suspense became unbearable.

At last she resolved to go out in quest of her husband, and so taking a pair of oars she pushed out in a boat from the island. Across the quiet waters she sailed, but at the different places where she inquired she could get no information of her husband. She was about to head her boat for home when she saw something black upon the waters. With all speed she rowed towards the object and to her grief found it to be a capsized boat, the one, as nearly as she could tell, that her husband had used. Homeward she rowed her boat, scarcely able to strike the water with her oars. That day went by and many another too, but still Duncan McMahon returned not.

To Tom and Elizabeth, brought up as they were near the sea, the deep blue ocean was their friend and companion. Out upon it they gazed many a time with delight, watching its waves in their ceaseless movement, or as with souls stirred by the spirit of adventure, they sailed over its rough bosom. But for Mrs. Duncan the sea held little joy since the loss of her husband. She was always fretful while Tom and Elizabeth were out on the water. Her health became poorer and poorer until death ended her unhappiness, and her children were left truly alone.

Tom and Elizabeth, now fourteen and twelve, respectively, were obliged to sell their home and remove to a poorer one. Some kind patron bought their property, and the children retired to lodgings on another island. Their new home was little more than a hovel, but it was the best they could afford. Here they passed two years almost unknown to the few scattered neighbors around them. They managed, however, to support themselves by running errands, and sometimes Tom caught fish and sold them in the village on a neighboring island.

It was while on one of these business trips that he discovered near to where he moored his boat, a large silver medal. After examining it closely he remembered that he had seen his father with one very much like this, so he took it home and showed it to his sister. Both came to the conclusion that it was the very medal which their father had received for his services in the English army.

Not long after the finding of the medal Tom went to the village to make some purchases. When he put his hand into his pocket to get his money, he found he had nothing but the medal, and in his confusion he showed it to the storekeeper, telling him that he had mistaken it for a coin. The incident attracted the attention of two or three standing by, but one of the group, a distinguished-looking middle-aged man, seemed more curious than the others and asked to see the medal. Tom looked at the stranger with surprise, and then placed the medal in his hand. After a moment's glance, the stranger's features seemed paralyzed with emotion, and when he at last spoke, it was Tom's turn for astonishment.

"This is mine," the stranger replied, and in that short sentence Tom understood that he had found his father.

Duncan McMahon told his story. The night of his disappearance he had been met by a pirate ship, and its crew dragged him on board, and forced him to undertake a voyage to the Pacific Islands. Duncan was known to one of the pirates, and they coveted his services as a doctor. In return for his work he was to have a share in their booty. In order not to arouse their wrath he complied with their wishes, but refused to accept any of their ill-gotten money. After a year or more spent in the Pacific Islands, they sailed for England, but fearing that the doctor might bring them to justice, and not caring to take his life, for he had been kind to them, they quietly let him off on the island from which they had taken him. Then they sailed away for the English coast.

—*Edmund Bresnahan, '23.*

The Fire

"Listen! There goes the fire bells. It's Box No. 142. Get the book, Dick, and look up where the fire is."

"It's on the corner of Main and Calhoun streets. Let's go over, it's only around the corner."

The two boys were Tom and Dick Strong. They lived together in a small place over a corner drug store. Dick had been hurt over in the shops

and the doctor said that only by a sudden shock could he recover his full senses which had been displaced when the accident occurred.

The boys quickly reached the fire. On arriving, the boy heard the fireman say that every apparatus was out. The firemen were unable to control the blaze. And so everybody stood by to see the one time rooming house fall to the ground, but when every one drew back so no one would get hurt, a small figure appeared at a window on the third floor. Every one's eyes were turned upward as the form fell. A voice beside cried "Mother!" and rushed to the ladder the firemen were getting into position. Before the firemen knew they were pushed aside and the figure of a man was seen going up the ladder. It was a few minutes before Tom knew it was his brother going up the ladder to rescue the figure at the window.

Meanwhile Dick plowed up the ladder. The first story was hot, the second hotter and the third story was hell itself. As the fireman swung the ladder into position before the window, Dick climbed in. The room was in a blaze and Dick could see the parched skin fall off his hands as he reached down and picked up the form of his mother. He did not realize the danger he had gone through until he was caught by a stalwart fireman and let to the ground. He was about to utter a few words when everything went black.

Weeks passed and when he came to, his mother was bending over him, and he heard the doctor say, "We saved you and now we have him where he will get well."

—*John Huguenard, '23.*

Local Papers and "The Echo"

Today marks the appearance of the "George Washington Number" of *The Echo*, a publication issued quarterly by the students of the Central Catholic High School. It maintains the same high standard as the Christmas number and is decidedly attractive. An engraving of George Washington in blue and a border of red and blue with tiny American flags in the corners on a white cover, is suggestive of February 22. The frontis-page gives Washington's letter written in response to the congratulations of leading American Catholics on his election to the presidency. John N. Healy, '22, and Edmund Bresnahan, '23, have both extolled Washington in verse, and Robert Boyle, '23, presents a tribute to "Washington, an Immortal Model."

The staff and contributors of the present issue are as follows:

William Foohey, '22, is editor-in-chief; Joseph Perrey, '23, art editor; advertising managers include Emmet Mills, '22; Eugene Cull, Austin Centlivre, James H. Belot, Robert Passino, Joseph Clifford, Edmund Bresnahan, Eugene Wilkinson, Louis Belot, Charles Graf and Joseph Lassus. Circulation managers are: Julian Koehl, Robert Litot, John Martin, Eugene Pequignot, Albert Schoenle. Thomas McKiernan, '23, is business manager of *The Echo*, and following are the contributors: Joseph Bopp, William Foohey, John Haley, Clarence Fields, Joseph Schneider, Robert Boyle, Edmund Bresnahan, Eugene Cull, Edward Kallmeyer, Joseph Clifford, Maurice Fox, Eugene Luley, Paul McEvoy, Thomas McKiernan, Adolph Schiffli, Albert Schoenle, Joseph Perrey, Alfred Gardner, Eugene Huselman, Richard Orff, Paul Tierney, Fred Steinbecker, John N. Healy.

Publication of *The Echo* is under the direct supervision of Brother Gilbert.

The editorial section opens with a tribute to "Our Flag," by Joseph Clifford. An interesting account is given of the recent Freshman essay contest, and is illustrated with a fine cut of Rev. Thomas M. Conroy, rector of the Cathedral, who inaugurated the contest this year as an annual affair and personally gives the awards. The prize essay on "The Necessity of, and Reasons

for a Central Catholic High School in Fort Wayne," is printed together with a cut of the successful essayist, Richard Orff, '25. An interesting article is presented on "The Cathedral Endowment Fund," and there is also a merited tribute to the work of Brother Florentius, who has just completed a two weeks' lecture course here. *The Echo* publishes a number of pleasing short stories and poems, reviews on Shakespearean characters, editorial comments on passing events, class notes and a sport section that would delight the most critical fan.

Announcement is made that the C. C. H. S. library is being enlarged. The latest contributor is Bishop Herman Jos. Alerding, who has presented over 100 volumes, most of them dealing with timely topics and present-day questions.

A directory appears this month of the C. C. H. S. graduates of Notre Dame, all of whom are members of the "Fort Wayne Notre Dame Club." Ten C. C. H. S. men form the Newman Club at Purdue University. It was organized by Rev. John A. McCarthy, of Lafayette, and formerly of the Cathedral, at which time he was a member of the Central High faculty.

—*The Journal-Gazette.*

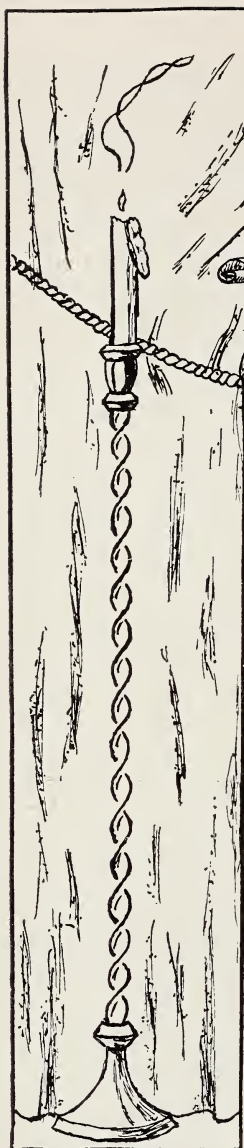
The quarterly issue of *The Echo* made its appearance at the Central Catholic High School today and is known as the "George Washington" number. A great many interesting articles, editorials and verses are included in the new issue and the students are deserving of much credit in the excellent quality of the material contributed.

Announcement is made in the issue that the C. C. H. S. library has been enlarged by a contribution of over 100 volumes by Bishop Herman Jos. Alerding. The prize essay written by Richard Orff, '25, on "The Necessity of and Reasons for a Central Catholic High School in Fort Wayne" is printed, together with a cut of the essayist.

—*The News-Sentinel.*

The quarterly issue of *The Echo*, published by the students of Central Catholic High School, was distributed today. The edition is called "The George Washington Number."

—*The Evening Press.*



EDITORIALS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
WILLIAM FOOHEY, '22

ART EDITORS

JOSEPH PERREY, '23 ARTHUR VOLZ, '24
ROBERT FRANKE, '25 JOSEPH ODDOU, '25

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JOHN MARTIN, '24 EUGENE PEQUIGNOT, '25
ALBERT SCHOENLE, '23

BUSINESS MANAGER
THOMAS MCKIERNAN, '23

CONTRIBUTORS

Edward Kallmyer, '23	Raymond Murphy, '23	Eugene Pequignot, '25
Gerard Libbing, '25	Adolph Schiffl, '23	Geo. Fitzgerald, '23
Fred Steinbacher, '25	William Ryan, '23	Joseph Kinstle, '22
Emmet Mills, '22	Robert Suelzer, '23	Francis Parrot, '25
Joseph Clifford, '23	Frederick Weber, '25	Edwin O'Neill, '23
Eugene Luley, '23	Arthur Zuber, '25	John Huguenard, '23
Paul McEvoy, '23	Robert Eggeman, '25	Kenneth Logan, '22
Thomas McKiernan, '23	Edward Flood, '25	James Kelker, '24
Joseph Schneider, '22	Joseph Bopp, '22	Harold Whitmer, '25
Albert Schoenle, '23	Robert Boyle, '23	Stephan Moran, '25
Donald Vordermark, '24	Edmund Bresnahan, '23	Wayne Bushman, '24
Eugene Husselman, '24	Eugene Cull, '23	Lester Connors, '24
Clarence Fields, '22	William Foohey, '22	Thomas Doyle, '25
Joseph Perrey, '23	Alfred Gardner, '24	Julian Koehl, '23
Richard Orff, '25	John Haley, '22	Robert Litot, '23
	Maurice Fox, '23	

Doing One's Best

While the Junior Elocution contest was a credit to the class as a whole, no interesting observer could but wonder why every boy did not compete. The fellow who knows he can't win but still fights on to a finish is the fellow who gains most. He makes an effort, he overcomes himself, he places himself above the criticising "wits" of the school. He gives evi-

dences that he is going to fight his own battles in life, that he will not be a slave to human respect, that he is not going to bury his one God-given talent for fear of losing it. Of such as these is the best stratum of society formed. The quitter and the "eratic child of genius" find no place in the ranks of the forward-marching citizens of character and principle.

—E. O. N.

The Present Moment

Our life is all a mistake largely because we do not use the opportunity of "the present moment." The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to and the last duty well done. We look back mournfully over the past and ask ourselves what we have accomplished, the amount of good done, and we are surprised at its paucity; we have allowed precious time to dribble through our fingers like sand. We have overlooked the fact that "the opportunity of a lifetime is the lifetime of the opportunity, which is generally brief." It is no use waiting till we have more time, more powers, more money, more advantages, we must use what we possess, give readily what we have got and develop the energy and use of the talents of the present moment.

Food For Thought

To the Catholic mind Easter means something more than new gowns and Spring fashions. Its significance is deeper, broader, grander. It is truly the day which the Lord hath made; the day which signals the triumph of Christ, His victory over death, His final, incontrovertible proof of His divinity. Yet how few there are who recognize in Christ the Divine Son of God. Some may say that this lack of faith is due to prejudice and bigotry. But is it not rather because of ignorance? Are not the words of the Master still strikingly true: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few"?

Never before was there such a need for religious vocations as exists today. New parishes and schools are needed in almost every diocese of our

country, but they cannot be established because of the lack of priests and teachers. What are you doing that this crying need may be filled? What encouragement have you given to the boy or girl who desires to consecrate himself or herself to the special service of Christ?

Many vocations have been lost through the opposition, direct or indirect, of parents. After weeks, perhaps months of prayer and reflection, the young soul feels that God is calling it to the religious life. The subject is broached to father and to mother. At once they are up in arms. They declare that they will never give their consent; that it would break their hearts to lose their child. Or possibly they may merely laugh at the idea, ridicule it and make the child feel that, after all, those desires for a religious life were only pious delusions. In any case the vocation is lost.

What a sad mistake! How few parents seem to realize that in thwarting the designs of God in their children, they are very probably setting traps and pitfalls which may eventually result in eternal ruin! How few understand that through their sacrifice they will bring upon themselves the richest blessings of God, and establish a strong claim to everlasting happiness? The wise parent will always try to bring out that which is best in the child, and will consequently foster a true vocation, for surely nothing better could enter any life than the call to the service of Christ.

As for those who feel the call to the religious life, why should they hesitate?

It matters not whether the call be

to the priesthood, the brotherhood or the sisterhood. If it comes from God nothing should be allowed to interfere with its accomplishment. Without Priests it will be impossible to evangelize even our own country, to say nothing of those millions of souls still shrouded in the darkness of paganism. Without Brothers it will be impossible to afford Catholic education for our young men seeking the advantages of the High School, which will prepare them for entrance into the university. Without Sisters our parochial schools, our hospitals, our institutions of charity cannot be extended and increased.

Christ is risen. For you, yes. But not alone for you. He is risen for all mankind. And what have you done that others may know this truth? Nothing? Then resolve that you will lend the strength of your support to the good cause; that you will be particularly zealous in fostering and encouraging vocations. You may not be able to do much in a direct way, but you can participate in that mighty campaign which has ever been the greatest agent in leading souls to the service of God, the campaign of prayer. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into his harvest."

—J. E. D.

Timely Advice

Be sensible. Be wholesome. Be honest with yourself and you will be honest with others. Make the best of life, smile and keep on smiling, derive such pleasure from life as propriety will allow, study something every day, attend school, indoor or outdoor, somewhere all the time; never become too old. too wealthy, too prominent,

or too anything else to treat others as classmates.

Old chap, the world is your Alma Mater, the best one you will ever have, the only one, in fact, you ever can have, and stake your last copper on the proposition that she is correct, o. k., and a mighty good place for a man with horse sense to make his home, invest his money and make a stir.

—*Balance Sheet.*

Parents Beware!

The worst that can befall a boy is to have the liberty to stay out late at night. This is often a fatal privilege, because it is mostly during the night that all the mischief is planned and executed. The boys who are permitted the freedom of our public streets at all hours of the night are the boys who fill our prisons, and bring sorrow upon their relations and friends! All parents should keep their boys off the streets and at home at night. Parents, look to it. Do not think that because the boys bring their earnings on Saturday night they are free to do as they please and go where they will. By no means. You are always supreme in the home, and God will hold you responsible for the conduct of your children as long as they live under your roof.—*The Messenger of the Most Precious Blood.*

WHAT ABOUT A PAIR

"My favorite dessert," quoth the young man, smacking his lips, "is a date with a peach."

"And yours, my dear?" he went on.

"Mine," she grinned triumphantly, "is a date with a nut."—*The Gold and Blue Annual* (Holy Cross College, New Orleans, La.).



Rev. William Casper Miller

Died March 21, 1922. Age 53. R. I. P.

The news of the death of Father Miller came as a great shock to us all. We feel that in his death, the Central Catholic High School has lost a most sincere friend; and the Diocese of Fort Wayne has lost a noble, self-sacrificing priest, whose lofty ideals and boundless zeal has fired with enthusiasm and inspiration the many whose privilege it was to listen to his words.

The deceased possessed a personality that commanded respect and elicited the admiration of all who knew him. What he has done for us and for the Diocese of Fort Wayne, only the angels can tell.

Listing Father Miller as one of the builders of the Central Catholic High School, the *C. C. H. S. Record* says: Father Miller was teacher of Church History and Philosophy at the school for four years, 1909-1913. . . . A favorite of all whose privilege it was to have him as instructor. During the days when friends of the rising school were few, Father Miller did much to keep the machinery going. By word and example he boosted the school on every occasion."—A. F. M.

JOTTINGS

Quite a number of students have been attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion daily during Lent. Let's see the same during the month of May.

Out of respect to the memory of the Reverend William C. Miller, donor of the oratory medal since the founding of our school, there will be no oratorical contest this year.

One morning not long ago, Special Police Officer John Grey made the rounds of the classes with Brother Gilbert, who humorously introduced the jovial old gentleman to all the boys. Mr. Grey spoke encouragingly to the students of each class but at the same time informed them that if any boys were out of school unnecessarily, he would make it his special duty to know the reason why. Someone thought the officer was joking. Mr. Grey sought a reason. "!?—."

Our Orchestra furnished the music for the big banquet on St. Patrick's day, while our Glee Club rendered "The Irish Jubilee" for the "Green, White and Orange Club." Pat. Donahue and Tom McKiernan tried out at oratory on the same day while we find William Foohey's name on another program for a violin selection. The best of all on the program was no school at C. C. H. S.

Sunday, March 26, the Journal-Gazette ran a half page cut of the student body of the Central Catholic High School. No wonder the Journal files are incomplete for that date.

The last report cards were complete in every detail. A typewriter fills the blanks and hence more room for remarks in the margin. Better work is being done at night but there is still room for improvement

**GEORGE WASHINGTON
HONORED AT C. C. H. S.**

**Patriotic Program Given by Juniors
—Dr. N. C. Ross Addresses
Classmen.**

George Washington's birthday was appropriately observed at the Central Catholic High School, where on the morning of February 22, at 10:30 o'clock, the Junior classmen presented a patriotic program.

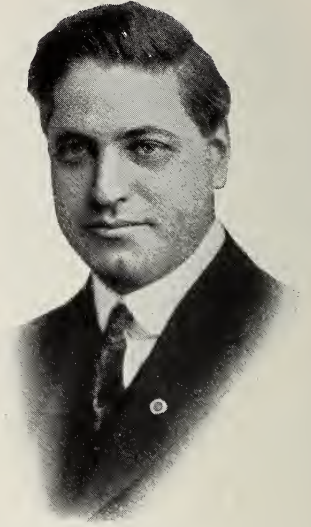
We know of no better way to report this day's celebration than to quote verbatim the report in the *Indiana Catholic*, as written by an experienced journalist, Miss Helen May Irwin, who, for over twenty years, has been taking care of the Catholic news of the city both in the *Journal-Gazette* and the *Indiana Catholic*. Miss Irwin's report read:

The celebration was featured by an address delivered by Dr. N. C. Ross, a member of the State Legislature. He prefaced it with congratulations to faculty and students on the excellence of their high school and the ability shown in the program honoring the Father of Our Country.

Dr. Ross indicated that as the Church honors her saints, we as Americans also should love Washington; that if we love America, we must also love and honor Washington. He maintained that no other American can command such admiration, and repeating the truism "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," indicating that America had to maintain eternal vigilance in order to protect her liberty from false friends within and enemies without.

Emphasizing the duties of citizenship, he showed that the boys of today would be the men of tomorrow upon whom the duties of government would rest. He maintained that it was their duty to take up the fight and for coming generations to preserve the heritage of liberty, which is ours. Expatiating on the importance of law-making Dr. Ross affirmed that lawlessness is incurred by en-

actment of unjust laws, giving concrete examples.



Dr. Nathaniel C. Ross, D. C., M. C.

The program rendered by the Junior classmen was as follows:

- Selection—"The Sheik".....Lange
C. C. H. S. Orchestra.
- Recitation—"Our National Flag".....
Edward Kallmeyer.
- Recitation—"The Battle of Bunker Hill"
Paul McEvoy.
- Eulogy on "George Washington".....
Edmund Bresnahan.
- Poem—"Washington's Birthday".....
Raymond Murphy.
- Selection—"Frankie"Briegel
C. C. H. S. Orchestra.
- Address.....Dr. Nathaniel C. Ross
- "Star Spangled Banner".....Assembly
Orchestral Accompaniment.

—Edwin O'Neill, '23.

Father O'Donnell's Visit

The Very Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross in the United States, whose headquarters are at the University of Notre Dame, visited our classes Wednesday afternoon, March 22nd. This distinguished educator spent the entire afternoon in the school, passing from class to class during each period of recitation,

in order to inspect the work being done. Father O'Donnell left Thursday afternoon for Indianapolis and Evansville, where he will make his annual visitation of the high schools conducted by the Brothers of Holy Cross.
—*Emmet Mills, '22.*

JUNIOR ELOCUTION CONTEST

Thomas McKiernan Awarded Gold Medal Presented by Rev. Thomas M. Conroy.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 15, the annual Junior elocution contest was held in the assembly room. Fathers Dillon, Fallon and Huemmer acted as judges of the contest. All the recitations were well rendered, and after much deliberation Father Dillon, acting chairman, commented on the excellency of the program, congratulated the contestants on their work and extended generous encouragement. As the suspense was growing greater every moment, Father Dillon remarked that but one could be the winner and that the judges after careful deliberation, weighing the merits of the work of each, had decided to give Thomas McKiernan first place. There was no selection for second and third places.

In behalf of the students, Joe Clifford, captain-elect of the football team, responded, following the announcement of the winner, congratulating Thomas McKiernan. He briefly reviewed Tom's work at the C. C. H. S. for the past three years and pointed out that the judges had made a most popular selection. Joe Clifford then led the school in giving the usual "nine rahs" for the victor, the donor of the medal, and the judges, and finished by giving fifteen rahs for Bro.

Daniel through whose untiring efforts the contest was carried out.



THOMAS M'KIERNAN

Thomas McKiernan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. McKiernan, 808 Kinnaird avenue, a member of St. Patrick's church of which the Reverend Father Joseph F. Delaney is the devoted pastor.

The presentation of the "Elocution Medal" again evidences the great interest of Father Conroy in the Central High and the young men attending the school. Last fall the Cathedral rector inaugurated the Essay Contest, awarding three prizes and announced that this contest will be an annual affair exclusively for Freshmen. Appointed by the Right Reverend Bishop to look after the improvements being made on the school building, Father Conroy has spared neither time nor effort to make our school one of the most up-to-date Catholic high schools in the state of Indiana.

The Junior class program was as follows:

Selection.....C. C. H. S. Orchestra
 "The Vagabonds".....Edmund Bresnahan
 "The Death of Toussaint L'Ouverture".....
Patrick Donahue
 "The National Flag".....Edward Kallmyer
 "The Battle of Bunker Hill".....Paul McEvoy
 Selection—"The Irish Jubilee".....Glee Club
 James Belot, Edmund Bresnahan, Patrick Donahue, Paul McEvoy, Thomas McKiernan, Albert Schoenle, Franklin Bishop.
 "Spartacus to the Gladiators".....
Thomas McKiernan
 "The Vindication of Robert Emmet".....
Raymond Murphy
 "McLaine's Child".....Edwin O'Neill
 "Lasca".....Albert Schoenle
 Selection.....C. C. H. S. Orchestra

Wednesday morning vocal selections were given at the Central High by J. W. Guinan, of Detroit, Mich.

Frank H. Gamel

Our boys are very enthusiastic over the announcement of the return of our old friend, Mr. Frank H. Gamel, who will be in Fort Wayne for some time to work in the interest of the campaign conducted here for boys by the Rotary Club. Mr. Gamel is an internationally known authority on boys' work and needs no special introduction in Fort Wayne.

"I am tremendously interested in this romantic business of building boyhood, for the romance of it is in the fact that in this hour, in the cradles of America, with the guardian angels of American motherhood bending in their tender solicitude above, are wrapped up in the forces that, for the next 100 years, shall make or mar the destinies of America—and that means the destinies of the world." said Mr. Gamel during his last address at the C. C. H. S.

The Rotary Club is to be congratulated on its campaign in the interest of boys and above all in its selection

of members for the committee on confidential interviews.

—Kenneth Logan, '22.

HONOR STUDENTS

In order to stimulate our boys to greater efforts in all their classes, we started the *Honor Roll* in our last issue. We first present the names of those students who received the coveted general average of a per centage above 90 in the last bi-monthly examinations, and then we list as deserving of *Honorable Mention* those who received four or more 90's.

HONOR ROLL.

Thomas Doyle, 97.8; James Roy, 97.7; Richard Orff, 96.1; John Petry, 96; William Foohey, 95.9; Francis Parrot, 95.7; Robert Eggeman, 95.1; Harry Jenny, 94.5; Donald Mulhaupt, 94.5; Joseph Perrey, 94; Jennings Streifuss, 93.6; Albert Schoenle, 93; Eugene Pequignot, 93; Joseph Bopp, 92.9; Robert Boyle, 92.8; Joseph Oddou, 92.8; Stephan Franke, 92.3; Michael Kinder, 92.2; Wilfred Pepe, 92.2; George Morris, 92.1; Odillø Jordon, 92; Clarence Kaliker, 90.5; John Parrot, 90.4; Frederick Weber, 90.4; Edwin Schuckle, 90.3; Edward Flood, 90.3.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Joseph Kinstle, Edmund Bresnahan, Maurice Fox, James Kelker, Chester Lilly, Paul Lucas, Robert Morris, Clarence Patten, Carl Schiffli, Joseph Schneider, Lawrence Berghoff, George Cheviron, Clarence Diek, George Flick, Emmett Holsinger, Eugene Husselman, Cletus Lomont, Charles Loney, Paul McEvoy, Raymond Murphy, Frederick Steinbacher, Adolph Schiffli, Melvin Waltz, Arthur Wingerter, Arthur Volz, Donald Vordermark.

If your name is not on either of these lists, make a resolution to do more work at night. *It is the home study that counts.*

Searching, Still Searching

If I talk queer, I pray you, do not chide,

I want the man who wrote "Bartender's Guide."

For genius there he shows, he does, by heck;

Such genius, even Volstead could not wreck.

—J. Schneider, '22.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Since our last issue we have received over two hundred copies of school papers and magazines. We do not feel able to exchange with—much less comment—on all of these. We are giving here a list of those in which we are most deeply interested, and if your publication is on our mailing list you may be sure your paper is highly appreciated by us. While we are not anxious to increase our exchange list yet if you are new in the field or if you have a good magazine we would appreciate a copy. We have a very few spare copies of our special commencement edition of last June that we would gladly exchange with you for your last commencement number. If you have a copy to spare rush it on as our supply is very limited.

The following exchanges are exceptionally good: *The Purdue Exponent*, Lafayette, Ind.; *The Michigan Daily*, Ann Arbor, Mich.; *Varsity Breeze*, St. Louis, Mo.; *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, Notre Dame, Ind.; *The Juggler*, Notre Dame, Ind.; *Western Breeze*, Washington, D. C.; *U-n-I*, Oakland, Calif.; *The Gargoyle*, Ann Arbor, Mich.; *The Aegis*, Houston, Texas; *The V. C. H. S. Owl*, Valley City, N. Dak.; *The Pioneer*, New Orleans, La.; *Interlude*, South Bend, Ind.; *Voice*, Owensboro, Ky.; *The Tattler*, Conneaut, Ohio; *The Mur-Mur*, Oswego, N. Y.; *The Owl*, Toledo, Ohio; *Old Gold and Purple*, New Orleans, La.; *The Comment*, St. Paul, Minn.; *The Colt*, Detroit, Mich.; *The Quill*, New Brighton, N. Y.; *West High*, Cleveland, Ohio; *The Hill Echo*, Dyersburg, Tenn.; *The Forge*, Cincinnati, Ohio; *The Spotlight*, Fort Wayne, Ind.; *Ravelings*, Laketon, Ind.; *The Latineer*, Cleveland, Ohio; *The Cub*, Detroit, Mich.; *The Argus*, Gardner, Mass.; *McKinley Monthly*, Canton, Ohio; *St. Paul's College Record*, Covington, La.; *Stivers-News*, Dayton, Ohio; *The R. C. C. Journal of Chiropractic*, Fort Wayne, Ind.; *Look-A-Head*, Norwalk, Ohio; *The Hutch-in-Sun*, Buffalo, N. Y.; *The Rainbow*, Lima, Ohio; *The Northern Light*, Detroit, Mich.; *The Centralian*, Evansville, Ind.; *The Lebanon Light*, Lebanon, Ohio; *The Michigan Chimes*, Ann Arbor, Mich.; *The M. H. S. Register*, Richmond, Ind.; *The Scholastic Editor*, Madison, Wis.; *St. Edward's Echo*, Austin Tex.; *The Columbaid*, Portland, Ore.; *C. H. S. Echo*, Evansville, Ind.; *Gold and Blue*, Chicago, Ill.; *The Megaphone*, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Echo, Fort Wayne, Ind.—Published quarterly by the students of the Central Catholic High School. A sure-enough magazine. Welcome to our list of exchanges.

—*Western Breeze* (Washington, D. C.)

The Echo is a very neat magazine.

—*The Quill* (New Brighton, N. Y.)

The Echo, Central Catholic H. S., Fort Wayne, Ind.: A large quarterly literary magazine. An all around good paper.

—*Ravelings* (Laketon, Ind.)

Echo, Central Catholic H. S.,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The February issue was very exhilarating. The cover design was so simple in design and yet so rich-looking. The essays, stories, and poems on Washington were very good.

—*The Colt* (Detroit, Mich.)

The Echo, Fort Wayne, Ind.

We are pleased to receive your magazine. Its joke arrangement is very clever.

—*St. Mary's High School Journal*,
(Jackson, Mich.)

The Echo, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Your magazine is complete in all departments. We like it, too.

—*The Lebanon Light* (Lebanon, O.)

The Echo, Central Catholic High,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Your December edition embodied all that goes to make up a perfect periodical. The arrangement of your advertisements shows not only good taste but also good business qualities.

—*The Latineer* (Cleveland, O.)

The Echo—

The story, "Christmas Eve" was excellent. "A Blind" was worthy of *Judge* or some other commercial publication.

—*The Mur-Mur* (Oswego, N. Y.)

The Echo—

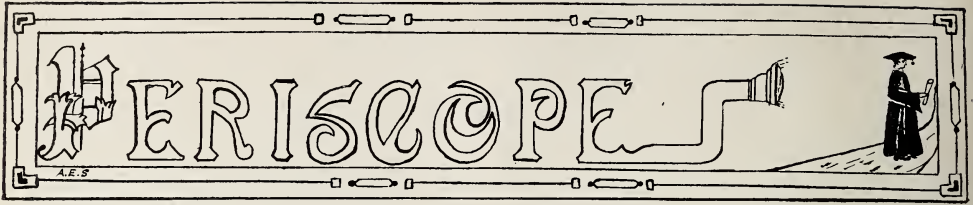
Your February edition is beyond our simple vocabulary. Your articles on the Sanity and Insanity of Hamlet were especially good. Let's have a debate.

—*The Hill Echo* (Dyersburg, Tenn.)

Echo from C. C. H. S., Fort Wayne, Ind.

"A good magazine but they should establish an exchange department," said one. "Also some cartoons would help," replied the other.

—*Tattler* (Conneaut, O.)



Emmett A. Rohyans has a good position with the income tax department of the United States Government at Washington, D. C.

When both members of the Dix-Kelly Electrical Company entered politics, Lawrence W. Kelly of the class of '18 took over the management of the business. One of his first official acts was to change the wording of his ad in *The Echo*.

"Spinographically Speaking" is the heading of a section in the *R. C. C. Journal of Chiropractic*. This section is conducted by G. Mark Kelley, D.C., M.C., who by the way is none other than our old friend Gordon M. Kelley of the good old days. Gordon is assistant clinic instructor as well as spinographic instructor at the Ross College in Fort Wayne.

Vincent P. Reilly and John J. Welch of the class of '18 will be among the graduates of Purdue University this spring.

Donald Weber, '15, is down in Texas making a fortune in the oil business.

Jerome Miller, '13, director of the Superior Typesetting Co., which produces *The Echo*, got his old-timers together and played the Varsity the last basketball game of the season. Jerry didn't notice until after the game that his knee was injured. An examination revealed a torn tendon and a dislocated knee cap, which incapacitated him for several days and kept him limping for weeks.

Martin ("Bruff") Cleary, '21, is sure showing some class in the world of sports. There are many teams that would not deign to allow so young and beautiful a gentleman to umpire the world's championship game but the Original Celtics, looking at Bruff's innocent face, decided he would do his best to referee straight. Bruff has taken complete control of the local baseball park for the summer and promises to show us some real games.

Joseph Finan is going big on the advertising staff of the newly established Fort Wayne branch of the International Harvesting Company.

Florian Ryder, of the class of '18, who takes care of the Christmas Savings Funds at the First National Bank, finds time to lend his voice to the Praises of God in the Cathedral Choir. Harry Weiner, '16, and Gordon Kelly, '18, are also regular in the same choir.

Joseph Ryan, a popular member of the class of '16, is in the produce business at Lima, Ohio.

Joseph Wilkinson, '16, is the Northern Indiana sales representative of the American Cordex Company of New York.

Harry C. Weiner, '16, is on the sales force of the City & Suburban Realty Company. His picture graces the local newspapers from time to time.

John C. Curran, old student, surely likes the briny deep. He is serv-

THE TWO BEST PLACES TO GO



Always a Good Show and Excelling Entertainment
Worth While

Wedding Flowers Funeral Flowers

DOSWELL'S
QUALITY FLOWERS
301 West Main

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Paints and Varnishes
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The Cron Studio

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ing his third enlistment in the navy and is now stationed in the Philippines. He says life is just what a fellow wants to make it.

Ed. Bushman, '19, is a real athlete. He starred on the "Pennsy" Industrial basketball team, and is right there in water polo and swimming as well.

Tom Huguenard has been a conductor on the Pennsylvania for about three years. We regret that promotions are not more frequent for if Tom ever got control of the road, he'd sure reduce the rates.

Steve DeWald, '14, sticks right to the grocery business. He is one of the directors of the Loos-Peregruay chain of stores.

Donald Beck, '16, is in the jewelry business with his brother at the Beck's Calhoun street store.

When it comes to patronizing our advertisers, don't forget that Louis Centlivre, '13, is in the vulcanizing business.

Dan Haley's position at the Dudlo seems to keep him in good trim, for we note that he was one of the big fellows on the "Y" championship swimming team.

Ralph Bloom, '18, after spending two years at Purdue University thought he had enough school work and took up a position with the Saxon Company, but has since changed his mind and is going back to Purdue next session.

Killian Baker, '19, has long been identified with the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company of Fort Wayne.

J. Orlo Kelker, of the class of '16, has a good job at the General Electric as inspector of motors. Orlo is a great sport and was one of the best

supporters of the team this last season.

Hugh Creigh finds it hard to decide what he wants to do. Hugh spends his hours at the Journal-Gazette when he is not engaged in the pursuit of more knowledge at the International Business College.

Joe Mungovan, '21, is with the Lincoln National aBnk. Keep it up, Joe, and you'll be a banker some day.

Raymond Pierre is manager of the Pierre Dry Goods Store and is assistant manager of the Rescue Medicine Company of Fort Wayne. Raymond says: "True-ade is True Aid."

The following article appeared recently in one of the local papers and we take a supreme delight in quoting the same:

Aaron H. Huguenard, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Huguenard, 407 East Wayne street, who will be graduated from the law school at the University of Notre Dame in June, is for the third time chosen for an editorial position on one of the University publications. It has just been announced that he has been selected as one of four editors-in-chief of the Notre Dame Law Reporter." He is also associate editor of Notre Dame's annual, "The Dome," and "The Scholastic," a weekly. The law magazine is published quarterly.

Besides his position as editor, Mr. Huguenard is also president of the Fort Wayne Club at the University, a member of the Lawyer's Club and is prominently active in student affairs in general. Before entering Notre Dame he had graduated from the Central Catholic High School in this city.

Aaron H. Huguenard, '18, was a great *Echo* booster back in '15, '16 and '17, and in his senior year he was heart and soul in the work on the *C. C. H. S. Record*. He has lost none of his interest in our school publication and spares no effort to help us out in any way that he can.

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An Ad in "The Echo" is an Ad in the Home.

Concerning our old friend, Cornelius J. Hayes, of the class of 1919, we found the following article in the columns of the *Indiana Catholic* some time ago:

FORT WAYNE NOTRE

DAME STUDENT HEARD

"Electrical Production," was the subject upon which Cornelius J. Hayes, 809 Eliza street, Fort Wayne, recently addressed the Chamber of Commerce at the University of Notre Dame. Mr. Hayes outlined the progress in electricity within recent years and showed its importance in considering commercial advancement.

Mr. Hayes is a student in foreign commerce at the University, a member of the Fort Wayne and Indiana clubs, and graduates next year. He is also a secretary to Prof. Jose Corona, instructor in Spanish, and is prominent in student activities.

Judging by the following article, Florian Arnold is working every bit as hard at Purdue University as he did when he was with us:

C. C. H. S. GRADUATE IS

HONORED AT PURDUE

Florian Arnold, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Arnold, 2819 South Harison street, a member of the Class of '21 at the Central Catholic High School, Fort Wayne, and now a Freshman at Purdue, is on the honor roll at the University. He is one of ten students out of 500 in the department of practical mechanics whose average was 95 per cent or better. His record at Central High was excellent and his percentages in class work high.

Congratulation, Florian. Keep up the good work.

Apart from the sport page article, the Journal-Gazette carried the following item the morning after the mission game:

BROWNSON HALL FIVE MEETS

CENTRAL CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL

Brownson Hall quintet, interhall champions of Notre Dame University, met the Cen-

tral Catholic High quintet in Fort Wayne Saturday evening in the annual game for the benefit of the Holy Cross missions in Bengal. Although battling valiantly to the finish, the team work and shooting of the visitors surpassed that of the locals and combined in giving the Notre Dame men the victory by a score of 39 to 21.

Brother Allan, C. S. C., prefect of Brownson Hall at the University, accompanied the quintet, Burns, Coffey, Reardon, Murphy and Collins. The following Fort Wayne students attending Notre Dame also accompanied the party: Richard App, Frank Doriot, Robert Gordon, Herman Centlivre, Donald McDonald, Raymond Stephan, George Hamilton and Clifford Ward. The return trip to the University was made on Sunday afternoon.

The Mission Game

The fourth annual mission game for the benefit of the Holy Cross Mission in India was played this year against the Brownson Hall team of Notre Dame, and while the amount realized did not reach the figure of last year, it came close to what was anticipated. The proceeds over the expenses were \$102.00, and a check to cover the amount was sent to Reverend Michael Mathis, C. S., C., editor of *The Bengalese*. Father Mathis will apply our contribution towards the building of the Foreign Mission Seminary at Detroit, and a tablet mentioning the contribution of the Central Catholic High School will be suspended in one of the corridors of the new building.

Thanks are due to the members of the Super Six and the M. I. X. sextettes who proved a big drawing card in the opening game, and who were active in selling tickets; to Mr. Cleary who annually donates a thousand tickets for the game; and to the young ladies of St. Augustine's Academy and the boys of the Cathedral grade school, who were behind the game in the matter of selling tickets.

The boys in school who sold four or more tickets are the following: Gerald Libbing, 10; Robert Gerard, 9; Austin Centlivre, 8; William Foohey, 7; George Gordon, 6; James DeWald, 6; Joseph Clifford, 5; Joseph Perrey, 5; James Belot, 5; James Keller, 5; Vincent Cullen, 5; Robert Passino, 4; Aurelius Fink, 4; Emmett Mills, 4; and Raphael Perrey, 4.

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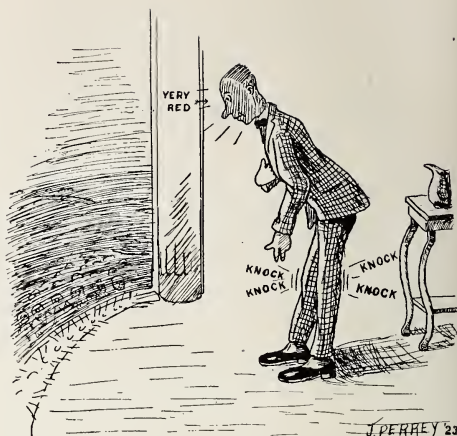
Joseph Luley, '21, is making a great hit at Notre Dame with his cartoons and drawings. He is going big in the Juggler as well as in Journalism.

To Those Who Would Study Journalism

To some people the business of the newspaper man seems a sort of moving picture occupation. They think he spends an indefinite time, perhaps an hour a day, writing the news in the systematic formal language of the press. In an editorial of the *Saturday Evening Post* we find this comment: "The man in public life often mistakes the broad and easy path of propaganda for the hard and narrow one of impartial journalism." It must be realized that while the writing itself is a comparatively easy task, the responsibility of molding the minds of countless readers requires both training and ability. To know how, to know what and to know when to give to the public the world's gossip, the world's trouble and the world's joy is a task for strong men only.

The worth of the journalistic profession lies not in the work itself but in the attendant associations. If any man learns human nature better than another that man is the reporter, and upon this knowledge of your fellow man depends, so I think at least, your success.

I am not claiming any very superior qualities for this profession, but I would say that if a man desires a liberal education and a firm foundation on which to build his future success, he will do well to take a course in journalism, which is practically a Litt. B. course, and supplement this with a year or two spent as a reporter. —Joseph F. Luley, '21.



"Windy" McKiernan, our cheer leader, vocal contortionist, and all-around good fellow, won the berries in the Elocution Contest by his rip-roaring impersonation of "Sparticus to the Gladiators."

MOVIES.

"Four Horsemen".....
.....Koehl, Donahue, Graff and Zuber
"Miracle Man".....Wilkinson
"Three Live Ghosts".....
.....Mills, Clifford and Eckert
"Fads and Fashion".....Dickerson
"The Kid".....Haley

JUDGE: "So your name is Joshua, eh? You're not the Joshua that commanded the sun to stand still, are you?"

JOSHUA: "No, Judge, ah'm de man dat made de moonshine."

—The Comment.

USHER: "Don't you like the show?"

SPECTATOR: "Yes, indeed."

USHER: "Then why are you hissing the actors so?"

SPECTATOR: "Why, man alive, I wasn't hiss-s-ing. I was s-simply s-saying to S-Sammy that the s-singing was s-superb."

—The Forge.

TEACHER: "Only five boys were able to get the same marks."

VOICE IN FRONT: "Some team work."

—The Colt.

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CIGARS**

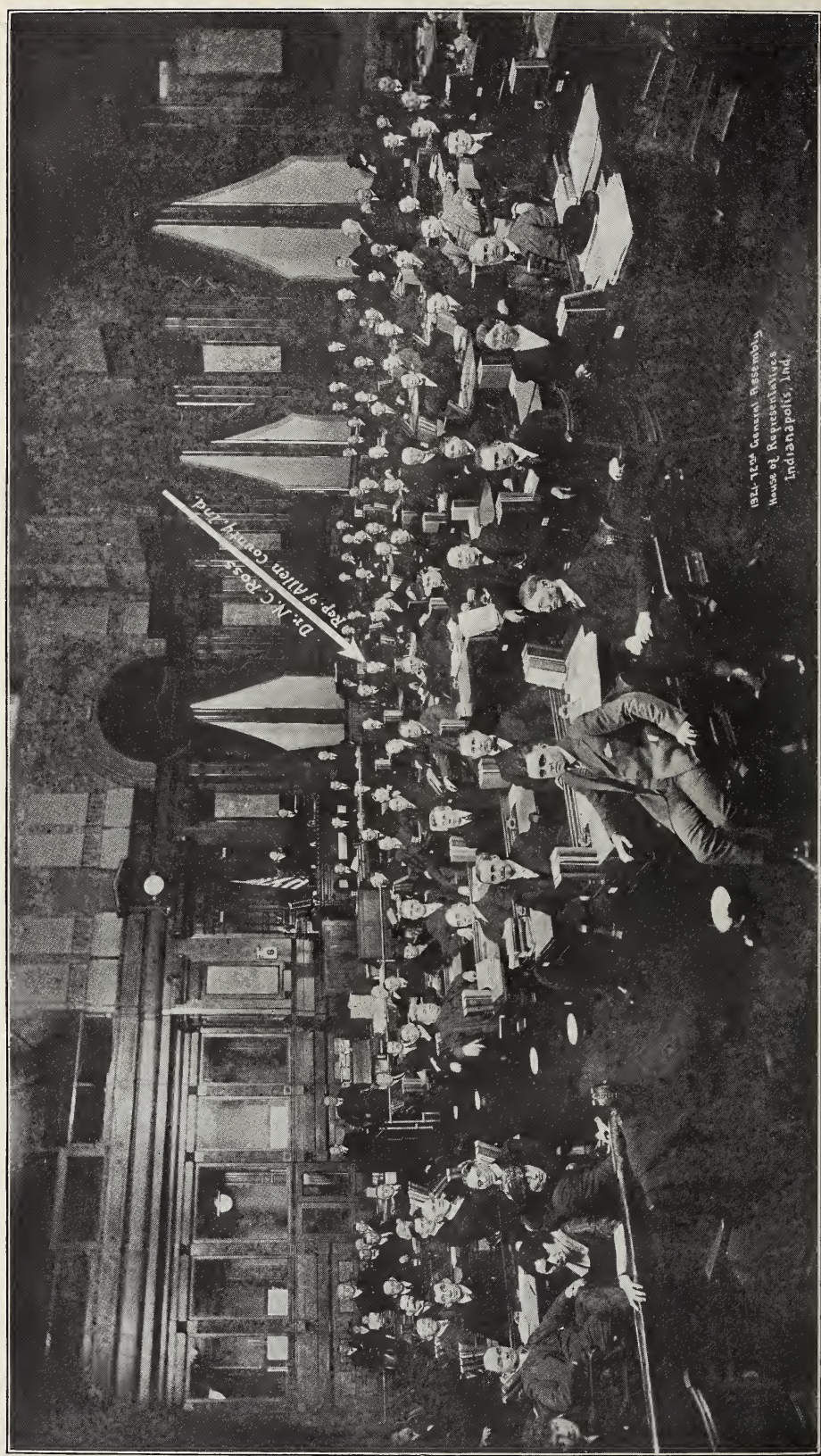
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Teacher's University of Commerce

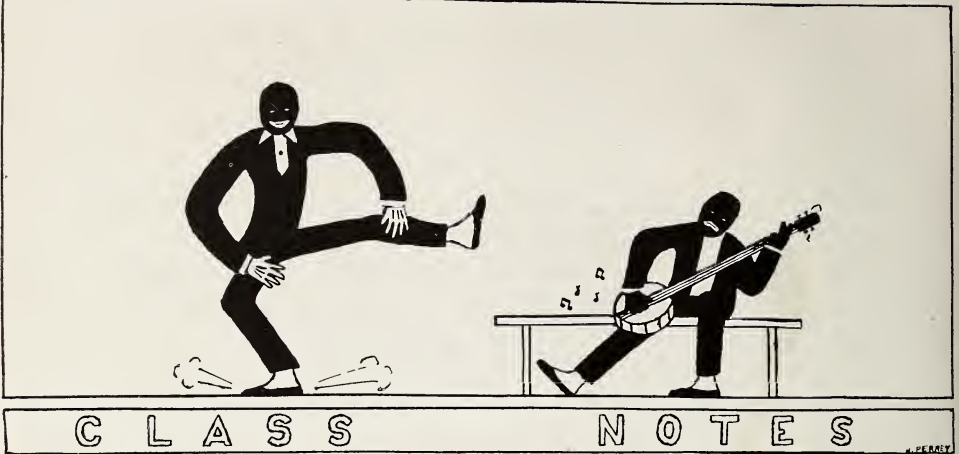
W. J. BOWKER, A. M.
Pres. of the Faculty

A. B. SHERON
Bus. Manager

Utility Building



Advertise in "The Echo" and Get Results.



SOPHOMORES

"Chub" Graf, who holds the exalted office of president of the Class of '24, also holds the honor of having seen the first fly of the season. He made his discovery during a geometry period while trying to find the reason for the difference in his interests in a polygon and a popular person on Broadway. We mention this discovery first, not because it is the most important event since February, but because it kindled a few sparks of life in "Uncle Charley."

During the last few weeks Roussey, our rubber man and social bug, held the spotlight when he recalled some ancient wheezes during the narration period in English class.

Every other Friday at a couple o'clock in the afternoon we hold debates. The most interesting one so far was about the proposed Fort Wayne stockyards. McGrath and Swift, who spend their time many miles away from the east end, were strongly in favor of the stockyards, while Belot and Pauley, who are not so favorably situated, harangued against the question. The affirmatives won. Just recently Mike Hogan and "Honestus" Flick had a great fling on capital punishment. Flick insinuated

that one of his opponents was responsible for the disappearance of his brief, and as a result he was helpless. Hogan waxed wroth when Chairman Roussey got things "bawled up," and sat down in a heap of disgust. Special Orator Parrot came to the rescue and won the debate, although Kelker and Eckert, the negatives, and the class in general thought that the judges were bribed. Other questions that were threshed out were the "Soldier Bonus Bill," "The Ten Year Naval Holiday," and "Co-education."

The class held its own in athletics this year with Bushman, Graf and Kelker members of the Varsity basketball team. The Wolverines, the soph entry in the Junior Basketball League, lifted the championship.

Sorg started the latest fad among us. He got into the habit of wearing stiff collars, no, not celluloid ones, and while a few fell in line, the most of us are still wondering why he considers it necessary to wear the "sand paper" on his neck. At any rate, with the coming of spring, and perhaps as a result of his lead, flannel shirts have been discarded, and now if you see a dressed up dude coming out of C. C. you can bet your last penny he's a soph.

—James Kelker, '24.

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For a Smart Spring Hat, Cap, Shirt or Tie

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2 Stores, Fort Wayne, Indiana
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short months because of its policy—

BIG SELECTION

NEW STYLES

GOOD QUALITY

FAIR PRICES

FISHMAN'S
WOMEN'S APPAREL

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"Only the Mints Can Make Money Without Advertising."

JUNIORS

JUNIORS

Just to let you know who the Juniors are, let me say that the class of '23 is full of pep and first in everything. With Pat. Donohue as president and Joe Clifford as our get-away business manager and captain of the Varsity football team things augers well for next year. The present Glee Club, composed entirely of Juniors, was making a big hit around the "Ides of March."

Our Washington's Birthday program, reported in the entertainment section, was a howling success and



helped us out considerably in the work of the Elocution Contest.

Robert Suelzer, better known as "Bromo," has been out of school for some time as the result of having to undergo an operation at the Lutheran Hospital.

We tried to put on a little drama "In the Good Old Days" but the Latin teacher broke up the first act.

Be sure and lamp the picture of the Ramblers, the Senior League champs of this year. All the boys in the picture are Juniors. A good number of us hold conspicuous places in the school picture as well.

Our spirit is still unbroken though we are loaded down with literature and Cicero. Most of our class heavies have found time to help Coach Flaherty by rendering their service for football practice. Donohue, Centlivre, McKiernan, "Pir," Koehl and Clifford are among the timers to report while the new list consists of Schoenle, McEvoy, Smith, Perrey, Kallmyer, Schiffli and Heekin.

Joe Perrey has some very convincing arguments. The illustration shows Joe after he got four "100's" in the examination trying to convince one of our friends of the advantages of a couple hours home study.

—Albert Schoenle, '23

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SENIORS

According to the Journal-Gazette the number of graduates is uncertain until after the final examinations. We still have our old sixteen.

The Senior transportation facilities are becoming better. Fields and Martin both have new machines formerly owned by Henry Ford.

We have been told on the quiet that one of the big questions at the Mills home is, "What will little Emmett do when he grows up?"

Spring fever doesn't seem to bother the Seniors. Koehl, Mills, Haley, Logan and Dickerson spend more time than ever on their work. Hedekin gets to school on time, and Clyde is here most every day.

One of the real treats of the physics course was a trip through the General Electric shops on Broadway.

This helped considerably to make up for some of the ether fumes of the week previous.

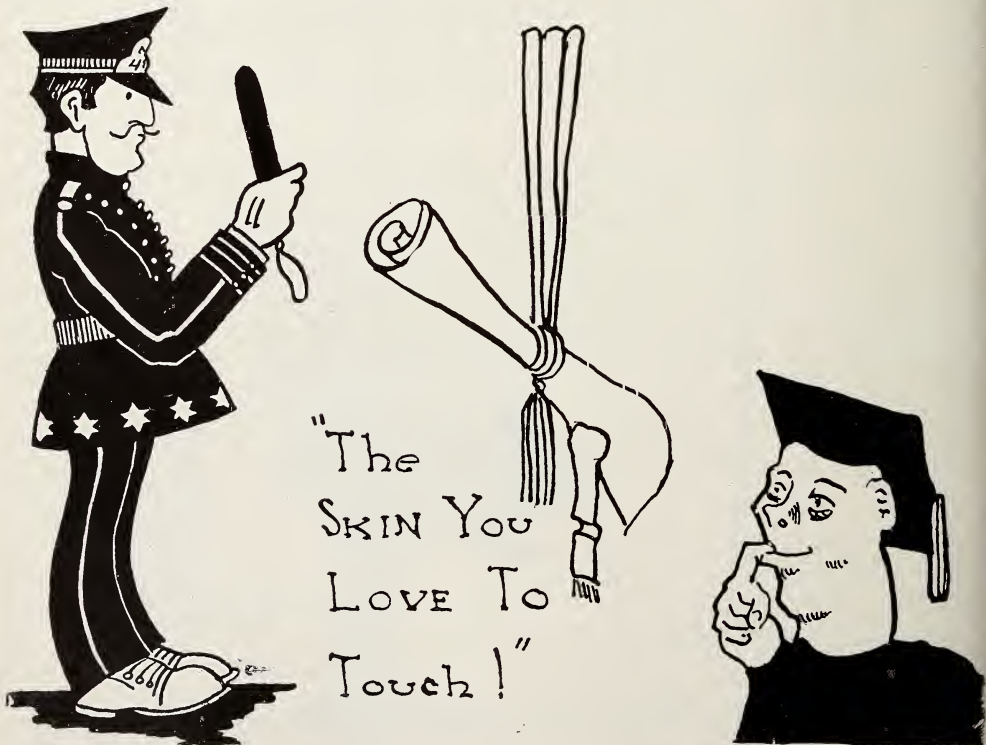
Lucus comes in from the farm every day and manages to be around when Jim Belot needs help in General Math.

Joseph Schneider is a prominent member of the famous Saxophone club which recently attracted considerable attention in the Sunday paper.

Bopp, Foohey, Logan, Lucas, Schiffli and Kinstle seem to like the first class in the afternoon for they usually have their own work and more.

We are all sighing for something, a something that words will not express, so we have asked our artist to give vent to our feeling with the pen and here is the result.

—Joseph Bopp, '22.



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ability who work extraordinarily hard and
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J. L. SHIELDS

News and Sentinel

Six Evenings and Sunday

"More Read It
It's Read More"

READ AND USE THE WANT ADS

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Freshmen

FRESHMEN

As we go to print one of the great topics of conversation is the organization of a Junior League in Baseball. Six teams could be easily picked from over seventy Freshmen. "The Freshmen Independents" represent the class at present, and a league would help find players to strengthen the class team.

In selling tickets for the Bengal Mission game the Freshmen were on top, and intend to keep the top notch for future contests.



One of the big undertakings of the Freshmen was the establishment of a splendid four-page weekly paper, "*The Bourgeois*." To increase the circulation each copy is specially numbered and at Easter time a number will be drawn. The subscriber having the copy corresponding to the number drawn will receive the best baseball that money can buy. It is rumored that the ball will bear "Babe Ruth's Special Signature."

The Freshmen have a combination of the liveliest class officers in school, and the members of the *Bourgeois* staff are overflowing with pep.

The Bourgeois catering to the whims of the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, bid fair to become the school weekly, and nearly every boy in C. C. H. S. comes across with his three cents for one or five for two copies each week.

The Freshman artist has his eyes open for specials and caught Ferguson one pleasant winter evening in a typical attire and presented his as follows: "The hundred and sixty-five pound Romeo of the Sophomore class is said to be killing them right and left with the 'goosy' on his hair. For a knockdown please cultivate his acquaintance."

In the Freshman names is names contest of last issue, Campbell won with the appellations: Alexander Morton Theodore Andrew Bolman Campbell.

Harold Whitmer, '25.

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Athletics

When the basketball season closed March 6th, it was the most successful that a C. C. H. S. had ever had. This was due mainly to the untiring efforts and interests of Mr. Frank Flaherty, better known to the fellows as "Big Frank," who took the basketball team in hand, and after a few days of practice had drilled the members so well that they were able to make the Alumni bow to a 67 to 9 score. Through his continuous driving the team developed into a strong offensive and defensive combination in which the school took great pride. The record of fourteen victories and six defeats, three only by high school teams, against the strongest quintets in this section, shows the caliber of the squad. For some unknown reason, however, it was evident as the season progressed that the team played best away from home, only one game having been lost on foreign courts.

Julian Koehl, captain of the squad, played center again this year, and as in the two previous seasons, he was the highest scorer on the team. He played a slashing game, and was extremely hard to stop. His services will be greatly missed next year.

Coach Flaherty was exceedingly fortunate in having three good forwards in Haley, Norbert Koehl, and Bushman. Haley and Bushman were the fastest players to perform on our court this season, and they seemed inexhaustible. "Pink" Koehl was the coolest man on the squad, and he had the knack of being in the right place at the right time. His three baskets against Fort Wayne High brought the championship to us.

The work of our guards, Centlivre, Graf, Hanson, and Kelker, was regarded by many to be the outstanding feature of the team's play throughout the season. "Uncle Charles" Graf at back guard was a mountain on defense, and his ability to pick shots out of the higher atmosphere saved many points against us. His free throws were the deciding points in several games. He was the

second highest scorer on the team, a rare thing for a back guard. Centlivre got the call for floor guard, and he proved a constant worry to opposing forwards. Hanson and Kelker were always reliable when called upon.

Captain Koehl, Haley, and Hanson are Seniors, but with the five remaining members of the team available for next year, followers of the team have reason to predict even greater things next season.

We can't pass without a word of appreciation for William Foohey and Emmett Mills, who took care of the gate and who seemed to possess magnetic properties. They saw to it that the season, successful from a sport view point, was also satisfactory financially.

GAMES

ANGOLA HIGH, FEBRUARY 3.

Angola evened the two-game series by taking the one played on our court, 23 to 19. The boys from the northern part of the state displayed some fine shooting during the first half and ran up a 20 to 8 lead. As on so many other occasions this year, the Centrals came back with a rush in the second period and scored eleven points to their opponents' three, only to fall short of victory by a margin of two baskets. Graf with one field goal and five free throws was our high scorer.

FORT WAYNE HIGH, FEBRUARY 7.

Our defeat by Angola was soon forgotten when Coach Flaherty's men took the first game from Fort Wayne High, 14 to 13, in the series for the city championship. The Centrals were slight favorites, but the Blue and White soon made it evident to the seven hundred fans that they were out to win, and in the first half ran up a 10 to 6 lead, eight of their points having been made by Captain Hosey.

The second period seemed endless to C. C. supporters. Early in the half Central tied

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As hard as its stonewall defense.
As big as the hearts of its brothers.
Cleans up things as completely as C. C. H. S. teams
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the score at 10 all, and after several minutes of intense battling, Graf made two points on a double foul. The joy of the Central enthusiasts was short-lived, however, when Captain Hosey came back with a field goal. Then Bushman broke loose and tossed in an overhead shot that won the game. Fort Wayne scored on a free throw.

Although the last three minutes of the game were scoreless, they were the most exciting of the evening. Both teams resorted to long shots, but they rolled tantalizingly off the rim of the basket.

Graf, Centlivre, and Bushman were our luminaries, while Hosey of Fort Wayne lived up to his reputation and scored eleven of his team's thirteen points.

C. C. H. S.

FORT WAYNE

N. Koehl	F.....	Norris
Bushman	F.....	Hosey
J. Koehl	C.....	Shafer
Centlivre	G.....	Wilkins
Graf	G.....	Miller

Field Goals—Bushman, 2; Haley, 1; J. Koehl, 1; Centlivre, 1; Hosey, 3; Norris, 1. Free Throws—Graf, 4; Hosey, 5. Substitutions—Haley for N. Koehl; Knatz for Norris; Norris for Shafer; Elliot for Miller. Referee—Geller.

MONROE HIGH, FEBRUARY 10.

When Monroe High came here this year we expected to avenge our defeat of last year, but the Adams County champions showed even greater versatility than they did last season, and they went home with a 37 to 13 victory. The Centrals by their work in the first ten minutes of the contest seemed destined to win, but the hard game with Fort Wayne High a few nights earlier probably left them in a weakened condition, and the Monroe lads had everything their own way in the second half.

FORT WAYNE HIGH, FEBRUARY 15.

In a game which was so exciting that the spectators did not fully realize that the contest was over until several moments after the gun had sounded, the C. C. H. S. defeated Fort Wayne High for the second time this year, by a score of 18 to 16, at St. Paul's Hall, thereby regaining the city championship which was lost last year.

Graf started the scoring by making two free throws, and N. Koehl connected for a field goal before Fort Wayne High got started. Then Hosey counted on two free throws and a fielder. Meanwhile Graf scored on four free throws. With the score 8 to 4 against them, the Blue and White started a rally in the last three minutes of the first period, and the Fort Wayne captain registered two field goals and two free throws. Centlivre pierced the rim with a long shot, and the half ended 10 all.

Graf gave his teammates the lead in the second half on a free throw, until the fielder of Beneshough put his team in front for the first time during the game. "Pink" Koehl came back with another counter, but almost immediately Hosey tied the score on a free throw. But Koehl II. was equal to the oc-

casion, and sent his mates to the front with another field goal, and a minute later his brother, Captain Koehl, dropped in another for our final score. Beneshough added two points and Hosey one, and that ended the scoring, with two breathless minutes left.

The Journal-Gazette summarized the games in the following excerpt: "Willie" Hosey and his four cohorts were not enough to bring victory to the public school team. Hosey worked consistently from the first whistle to the final gun. He played offensive and was in every play at the defense, yet he lacked the aid of a well-oiled machine woven about him to penetrate the strong defensive attack made by the Catholic boys, who played hand-in-hand and in harmony on every movement.

"The Central cagers worked in harmony every minute of the game, and failed to produce an outstanding star during the play. The team was well-balanced and all worked hand-in-hand throughout, and deserved to win."

C. C. H. S.

F. W. H. S.

N. Koehl	F.....	Norris
Bushman	F.....	Hosey
J. Koehl	C.....	Beneshough
Centlivre	G.....	Elliot
Bushman	G.....	Miller

Field Goals—N. Koehl, 3; J. Koehl, 1; Centlivre, 1; Hosey, 3; Beneshough, 2. Free Throws—Graf, 8 out of 11; Hosey, 6 out of 11. Referee—Cleary. Umpire, Geller.

CENTRAL HIGH OF TOLEDO, FEB. 18.

Without the services of Captain Koehl, who sustained a fractured thumb in the Monroe game, there was some doubt about the outcome of the game at Toledo, but everything panned out gloriously, and Flaherty's boys came back with a 15 to 11 victory. Graf worked at center, and Haley played floor guard. Bushman and "Pink" Koehl won the victory for us while Hanson, Graf and Centlivre kept the Toledo Centrals away from the basket. Bushman scored three from the field, and N. Koehl four.

BROWNSON HALL, FEBRUARY 25.

In tackling the Brownson Hall quintet, champions of the Interhall League at Notre Dame, the Central youngsters went out of their class, and were defeated, 39 to 21, in a very interesting game, although the outcome was not in doubt after the second half got under way. The visitors had in their line-up several all-state men, and their weight and experience proved too much for the Centrals, whose passing and floorwork, however, was the best we have seen this season.

The varsity jumped into a four-point lead at the beginning, but the college lads soon pushed to the front, and led 17 to 11 at the end of the first half. Burns and Coffey, each with six baskets, were the high scorers of the evening, while the floor work of Haley was the outstanding feature of the Central's play.

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C. C. H. S.		BROWNSON HALL	
N. Koehl	F.	Burns
Bushman	F.	Coffey
Graf	C.	Reardon
Haley	G.	Collins
Centlivre	G.	Murphy

Field Goals—Bushman, 2; Haley, 2; N. Koehl, 1; J. Koehl, 1; Graf, 1; Burns, 6; Coffey, 6; Reardon, 2; McKenna, 2; Murphy, 1; Collins, 1. Free Throws—N. Koehl, 4; Graf, 1; Burns, 1. Substitutions—J. Koehl for Haley; Hanson for Centlivre; McKenna for Coffey.

ST. ROSE HIGH, LIMA, MARCH 3.

On March 3rd the varsity left for a two days' trip into Ohio, meeting St. Rose High that night, and the St. John's H. S. of Delphos the following day. The St. Rose game, proclaimed by huge posters to be "The Premier Cage Classic of the Year," was a fast and interesting contest, although the very slippery floor made it somewhat of a skating match. The Centrals won, 28 to 17, before a crowd of 1,000 spectators. In the first few seconds of play Graf made a long field goal, followed soon after by a free throw, and Flaherty's boys were off.

Captain Koehl celebrated his return to the line-up by making five goals from the field. Bushman made three, Graf two, and N. Koehl one.

ST. JOHN'S HIGH, DELPHOS, MARCH 4.

Before another crowd estimated at 1,000 people, the Centrals defeated the St. John's quintet of Delphos by a score of 31 to 18. The Delphos contest was the one for which Coach Flaherty had pointed his boys, since the Buckeyes had won twenty games in as many starts. The game was hard-fought but with the offensive and defensive cogs of our machine running very smoothly, there was little trouble in handing the Buckeyes their first defeat of the season. Captain Koehl shook the net six times, Bushman four, and "Pinky" Koehl three.

'13 VARSITY, MARCH 6.

The Varsity of '13, the first quintet to represent the school, intends to defeat our team next year, and then retire from basketball after ten years of activity in the ranks of the Alumni. Their showing this year was the best yet, and it was only after a very hard battle that the younger lads won, 23 to 18.

The game was the most enjoyable hour of basketball our court had seen this season, Jerry Miller, Louie Centlivre, and Steve DeWald capering around with as much vim as any other players on the floor, and only on a few occasions was time taken out. The first half ended 11 to 7, and in the second period the younger generation was fought to a stand-still.

C. C. H. S.		'13 VARSITY.	
Haley	F.	L. Centlivre
W. Bushman	F.	E. Bushman
J. Koehl	C.	J. Miller
A. Centlivre	G.	S. DeWald
Graf	G.	C. McDonald

Field Goals—W. Bushman, 3; Graf, 3; N. Koehl, 2; J. Koehl, 1; Haley, 1; A. Centlivre, 1; E. Bushman, 5; L. Centlivre, 2; J. Miller, 1. Free Throws—Graf, 1; Miller, 2.

—Mills-Foohey-McKiernan.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

The Junior League was the largest and the most successful in the history of the school, and the schedule was completed without a hitch. All the teams performed creditably, although it was the first year of basketball for many of the players, and a one hundred per cent improvement was apparent as the season progressed.

The Diamonds won the second half of the schedule, thereby earning the right to meet the Wolverines, victors in the first series, for the championship. The game was hotly contested with the lead changing hands on many occasions. At the end of the regular period the score was tied, and in the five minute overtime period the Wolverines scored two free throws which won the game for them, 17 to 15.

The standing of the teams at the close of the season was:

FIRST HALF.		Won	Lost
Wolverines	4	1
Tornadoes	3	2
Tigers	3	2
Emeralds	3	2
Pirates	2	3
Diamonds	0	5

SECOND HALF		Won	Lost
Diamonds	4	1
Pirates	3	2
Emeralds	2	3
Tornadoes	2	3
Tigers	2	3
Wolverines	2	3

Wolverines: G. Becker, McGrath, Hogan, Storey, Vordermark, Holsinger, Kaliker and Schuckel.

Tornadoes: Smith, Weber, Eggeman, W. McCarthy, Burke, Dolan, Roy and Crouse.

Tigers: Adamski, Dierkes, Baltes, Huth, Harber, Kearns, and Jerome Foohey.

Emeralds: Gallagher, Lynch, Becker, Tierney, McLaughlin, and Cullen.

Pirates: Doyle, Steinbacher, Whitmer, Gerard, McCormick, T. McCarthy.

Diamonds: DeWald, Petry, Perrey, Jenny, Strebig, Patten, Striefus.

GAMES, SECOND SERIES.

Pirates, 10; Tigers, 9.
 Diamonds, 15; Wolverines, 10.
 Wolverines, 12; Tigers, 8.
 Tornadoes, 11; Pirates, 5.
 Diamonds, 18; Emeralds, 10.
 Pirates, 17; Diamonds, 10.
 Tigers, 7; Tornadoes, 4.
 Wolverines, 17; Emeralds, 8.
 Emeralds, 18; Pirates, 7.
 Diamonds, 12; Tigers, 7.
 Tornadoes, 14; Wolverines, 9.
 Diamonds, 17; Tornadoes, 12.
 Pirates, 14; Wolverines, 13.

—Fred Steinbacher, '25.

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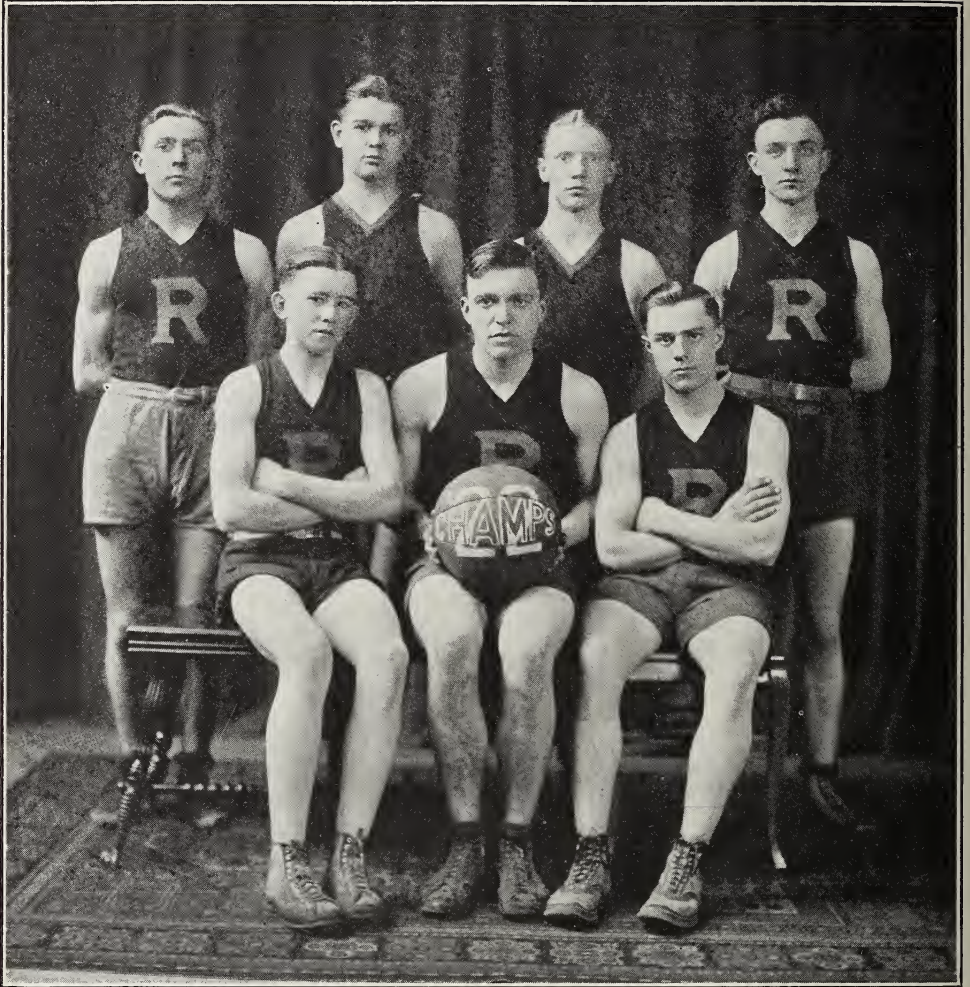
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RAMBLERS CHAMPIONS OF THE SENIOR LEAGUE.

The Senior League basketball games of the school were successfully brought to a close with the Ramblers as the winners. The Ramblers journeyed through both halves of the series with a clean record. In the second half the Freshmen Indians were the closest rivals of the winners. Neither teams had lost a game when the fatal clash arrived and the Ramblers proved themselves the better team and defeated the Indians in an overtime game by a score of 14 to 10. The Senior Blues, who took the place of the Sophomore Chicks in the second half, copped third place in the series.

Teams	FIRST HALF		Won	Lost	Pct.
	Class				
Ramblers	Juniors	4	0		.1000
Shamrocks	Sophomores	3	1		.750
Indians	Freshmen	2	2		.500
Fighting Irish.....	Juniors	1	3		.250
Chicks	Sophomores	0	4		.000

SECOND HALF

Teams	Class	Won	Lost	Pct.
Ramblers	Juniors	4	0	.1000
Indians	Freshmen	3	1	.750
Senior Blues.....	Seniors	2	2	.500
Fighting Irish.....	Juniors	1	3	.250
Shamrocks	Sophomores	0	4	.000

Ramblers: Suelzer, Luley, Bresnahan, Perrey, Fitzgerald, Ryan, Hedekin.

Indians: Shea, Foohey, Streifuss, Berghoff, Maley, Zuber, McCarthy.

Senior Blues: Schneider, Foohey, Schiffli, Hedekin, Kinstle.

Fighting Irish: McCarthy, Murphy, McKiernan, Donahue, Smith, Kinder, Huguénard.

Shamrocks: Loney, Pauley, Deik, Huselman, Parrot, Kelker.

Chicks: Eckert, Roussey, Sorg, Ferguson, Belot.

—Eugene Luley, '23.

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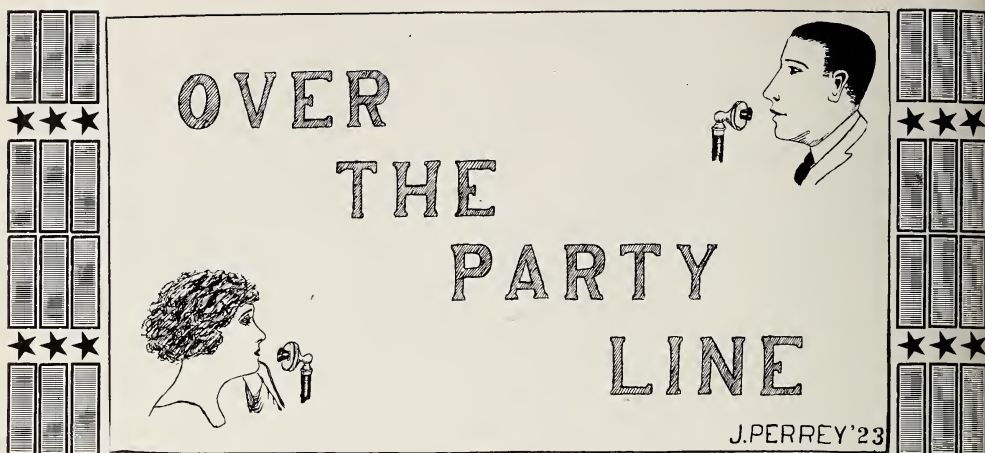
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This nice weather reminds us of our last year's picnic. How about one this year?

Wilkinson wants to be a policeman so he can ride on the street cars and go to the movies without purchasing a ticket.

Arcola Smith is no relation to Floyd across the street. So don't think he is a partner even if he does eat and sleep over there.

What makes the Seniors wonder who will eat?

Cull suggests that we ought to feed carbon to the big four since carbon is a great reducing agent.

The next time Jack Dempsey comes to town we would suggest that Whitaker make a date with him.

Loos made a new resolution. He says he is going to attend twice in a while from now on.

McEvoy is using a new brand of hair oil. He says she likes the new ointment better.

Edward Flood wants to know if a Campbell with a case of Berghoff can sit in a Morris chair that could Waltz on the Harbor at the mouth of the river Jordan during the Flood, and if so would Parrot sing at the same time?

The Juniors are talking about a visit to Boyle's and Fitzgerald's farms again this year. If talk means anything they plan on having two swell picnics.

If you want anything spread rapidly don't tell the world, just whisper it to McKiernan.

If Fields experiments with his ford as he was instructed to do, it's good-bye ford and a wreath for Clarence.

Foohy has been devoting his time to music so as to compete with Schneider in all lines.

It is a pity Clifford did not stick with the Senior class two years ago. He could torment Koehl more conveniently. On the other hand, Koehl says he is thankful for small favors.

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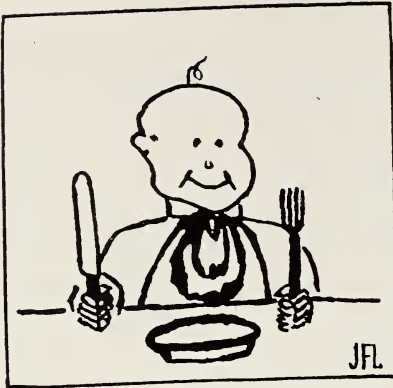
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We hate to mention it, but why don't we hear something from the Juniors about our Senior banquet?

Heard over the Party Line: "I just love to dance with Schneider."

"Yes, that is a good way to keep him from playing the saxophone."

Logan finds time to get his general mathematics since he got soaked a dozen times for not getting the work. 'Tis strange how quick some folks do get next to things.

Huguenard, our chemist, tried to get a free hour by filling the room with the fumes of artificial ancient eggs. It failed. The teacher closed the windows and doors and went on with the class. Huguenard is on the road to recovery.

"Jimmie Belot will soon be a finished dancer," said Mr. G. Trier not long ago. According to the papers Jimmie was nearly finished—for sure.

Doyle and Roy like the school atmosphere so well that they work in the study-hall from 3:15 until dark. Would that some others would inhale the same atmosphere.

The prefect said unto a Freshman who was just exactly twenty minutes late, "How comest thou to be so late this morning?"

Unto the prefect the thoughtful boy responded: "I washed my ears this morning."

Carl Schiffli is very much interested in Virgil since he found so many references to Summit in the book.

John Hedekin has decided to become an orator. He never misses a chance to speak in the class so that he can speak to the class.

Alfred Junk, the big noise in the orchestra last year, could not bear to be away from C. C., so he returned last month to complete his search for knowledge. He had no difficulty in getting back his position at the traps, and since his arrival there has been a notable improvement in the orchestra.

Famous Expressions

"Think you're smart, don't you?"—Ryan.

"Let's go to the Cafeteria."—Schneider.

"Look out, here he comes."—McEvoy.

"Ask the Dodgers."—Kinstle.

"Class meeting tonight."—Koehl.

"I'm telling you."—Mills.

"Cut it out."—Bopp.

"How do you like this one?"—Perrey.

"Hey, is it 3 o'clock yet?"—Martin.

"Who said so?"—Dickerson.

—I. Sayim, '22.

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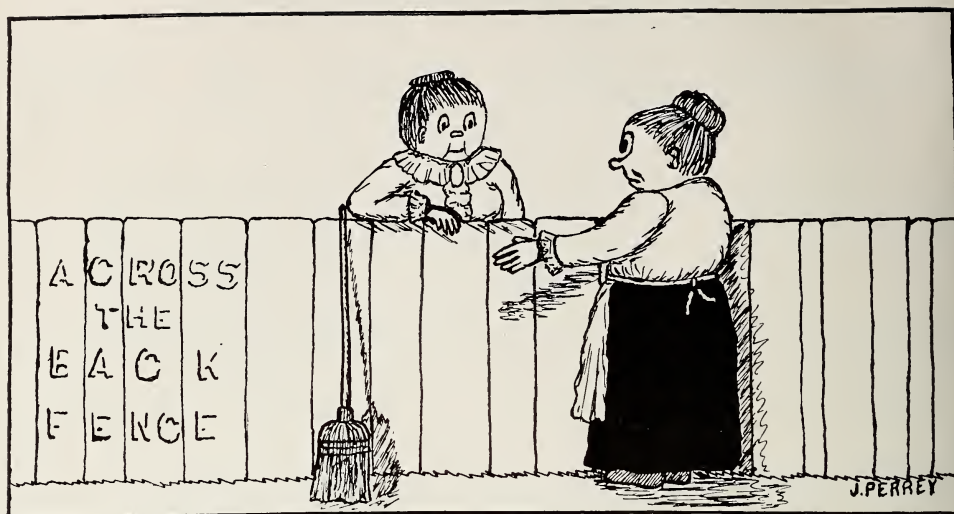
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—*The Mur-Mur.*

ROOSTER: "My ambition is to become like yonder weather cock."

DUCK: "That's a vane thing to a spire."

—*The Quill.*

Just before the blow-out:

"Does Miss Gun powder?"

"I don't know, but Dinah might."

—*Tattler (Conneaut, O.)*

MISS PECK: "Any questions to be asked in Cicero today?"

EVA BARSKY: "Was Mutt Cicero's father?"

—*Tattler.*

PHILLIP FIELDS: "If Mr. Lewis doesn't take back what he said this morning, I am going to leave school."

HELEN BOOTH: "What did he say?"

PHILLIP FIELD: "He told me to leave school."

—*High School Voice.*

BRYNE (after dropping some money): "I'm still minus a penny."

BRIEHL (generously): "Never mind, if you don't find it before night, I'll lend you a match."

—*The Latineer.*

"I thought you took this English last semester?"

"I did, but they encored me."

—*The V. C. H. S. Owl.*

MARY: "There is something eating on my mind."

CHARLES: "Never mind, my dear, it will starve."

—*South Bend Interlude.*

PROFESSOR: "What is an oyster?"

STUDENT: "An oyster is a fish built like a nut."

—*The Aegis.*

"Mr. Snider, can't you give us more heat in this class room?"

"I don't know, this is a hard room to heat."

"It ought not to be, there is plenty of hot air going around all the time."

—*The Aegis.*

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'21—"Why the dress-suit here in post-office?"

'23—"This is my graduation day and I am waiting for my diploma from the correspondence school."

—*South Bend Interlude.*

STATES: "The Lord knows how Harry made that dollar."

ASA: "No wonder, he looks so worried!"

—*The Hill Echo.*

"So your husband took you to a basketball game?"

"Yes, and I wish I could make him talk to the cook the way he talked to the referee."

—*Morton High School Register.*

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Good morning, sir, will you take a chair?"

THE CALLER: "No thanks; I've come to take the piano."

—*The Western Breeze.*

OLD DARKY (to shiftless son): "I heard tell you is married. Is you?"

SON (ingratiatingly): "I ain't saying I ain't."

OLD DARKY (severely): "I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask ain't you is?"

—*The Rainbow.*

Mr. Albrecht, the professor (extracting tack from where it penetrated): "Boys, this has gone too far."

—*U-n-I.*

TEACHER: "How does it happen all you fellows got the same answers to these problems?"

BASEBALL PLAYER: "Team work, sir."

—*The Woodward Tattler.*

MILDRED (sipping tea): "Isn't this tea delicious?"

ART (absently): "I love to take tea with a little lemon."

—*The Owl (Toledo).*

TEACHER: "And did you get your memory work?"

PUPIL: "I did; but I left it home."

—*P. H. S. Gleaner.*

CHARLES: "I had my picture taken today."

RALPH: "Who on earth would steal a thing like that?"

—*The Spotlight.*

SHAFFER: "Dad, do those glasses you wear make things look larger than they really are?"

DAD: "Why yes, son, almost twice as large."

SHAFFER: "Just a minute, I got my grade card today."

—*Look-A-Head.*

PROFESSOR: "Why is Latin like a mummy?"

DISGUSTED WALTER: "Because it's dead and they don't bury it."

—*Look-A-Head.*

GET THIS WIT

She—"How do I look tonight?"

He—"O, fair to Middleton."

Note by the Editors: (15 miles at \$0.0200 a mile) Get us?

—*The Badger.*

There's a story in the paper of a woman that used a telephone for the first time in 85 years.

She must be on a party line.

—*Juggler.*

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FREQUENTLY

"I shot a poem into the air,
It was reprinted everywhere
From Bangor to the Rocky Range
And always credited to *Exchange*."

—*The Northern Light*.

Perhaps these jokes are old
And should be on the shelf,
But if you can do better,
Put in a line yourself.

—*The Hutch-In-Sun*.

Little pads of rubber,
Little drops of paint,
Make a bad report card
Look like what it ain't.

—*Old Gold and Purple*.

FIRST TRAMP: "You'll find it pays
to be polite."

SECOND TRAMP: "Not always, I
guess. The other day I was actin'
deaf and dumb when a man giv' me a
dime. I says, 'Thank you, sir,' and he
had me arrested."

—*The Pioneer*.

WHITE: "Did you favor the honor
system at the recent election?"

GREEN: "I sure did. Why I voted
for it five times." —*West High*.

TEACHER: "Johnny, what figure
of speech is this, 'I love my teacher'—"

JOHNNY: "Sarcasm."

—*The Centralian*.

SULLEN PATRON: "I can't find any
oysters in this oyster stew."

INDIGNANT WAITER: "But, sir,
you could hardly expect so much. You
don't find a cottage in cottage cheese
and you don't find a cat in the catsup
or a horse in the horseradish bottle,
do you?"

—*Ravelings*.

Irate Auto Owner—"Chauffeur,
how could you be so careless as to get
this big splinter in our first tire?"

Chauffeur—"Couldn't help it, sir.
The fellow had a wooden leg."

—*Purple Cow*.

"Why do they call it the silver
moon?"

"Because it comes out in quarters
and halves."—*The Comment* (St.
Paul, Minn.).

"What is the Latin race?"

"It is a race between a Latin pony
and the teacher's goat."—*Widow*.

"Waiter, this coffee is nothing but
mud."

"Yes, sir; it was ground this morn-

A negro was trying to saddle a
mule.

"Does he ever kick you?" asked a
bystander.

"No, sar, boss, he don't never kick
me, but he frequently kicks where ah
jes' been."—*The Gleaner*.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

The teacher had been explaining
fractions to her class. When she had
discussed the subject at length, wish-
ing to see how much light had been
spread, she enquired:

"Now, Bobby, which would you
rather have, one apple or two
halves?"

The little chap promptly re-
sponded:

"Two halves."

"Oh, Bobby," exclaimed the teach-
er, a little disappointed, "why would
you prefer two halves?"

"Because then I could see if it was
bad inside."

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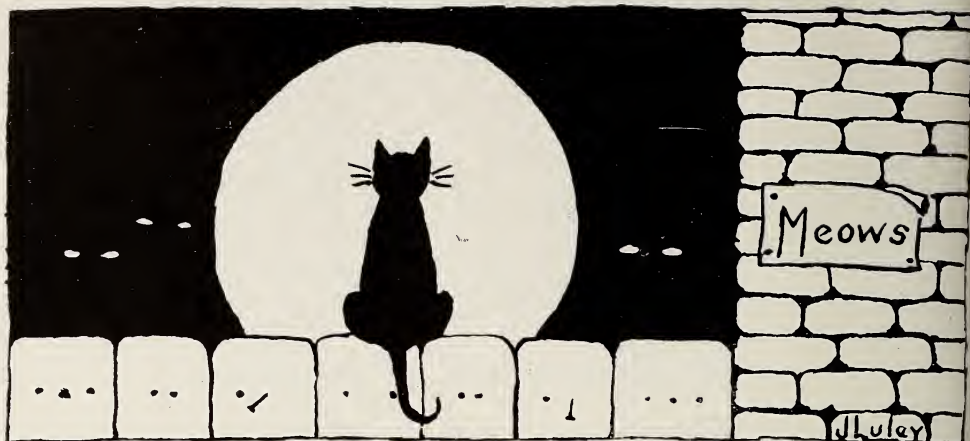
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BILL: "Only four of us are going to be graduated this year. What are the rest of you fellows sticking around for?"

OTHER SENIORS: "We just want to be here when you get your diploma."

SCHNEIDER: "Why don't they put the Senior pictures in our room?"

LITTLE EMMET: "To show the Juniors that *some* day they will be graduated."

YOUNG LADY: "What was the name of that young fellow you introduced me to the other night?"

MC EVOY: "His name's McKiernan."

YOUNG LADY: "That's it. I think he's the cutest little fellow when he's cheering."

BURGLAR (to husband): "In three seconds you'll be a corpse."

WIFE: "Wait a minute, I want to see if his insurance is paid."

If you think our jokes are dry
And should be on the shelf,
Just take these words into your heart
Hand in a few yourself.

—West High (Cleveland, O.).

PEQUIGNOT: "If you want to make some money give away all your Victrolas."

PACKARD SALESMAN: "Why such a proposition?"

PEQUIGNOT: "Why then the people would buy the records."

FITZGERALD: "Where's Bopp?"

HEDEKIN: "Behind Mills."

FITZGERALD: "Oh, I see."

The popular ejaculation of the Junior room has changed from "Oh! Irene!" to "Oh! May!"

JENNY: "Mother, a little boy made an awful mistake in school today and everybody laughed but me."

MOTHER: "But I don't understand how you restrained yourself?"

JENNY: "Well, because I was the little boy."

RYAN: "You might be bright, but you don't hurt my eyes."

BRESNAHAN: "Back to the farm."

"I dreamed I died last night."

"What woke you up?"

"The heat."—Virginia Reel.

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THE readiest bit of repartee that I recall in respect to my short-coming in the matter of hair was that of a Philadelphia barber.

"Now," said he, running his hand over the back of my head after he had attended to my other needs, "how do you want your hair fixed?"

"In silence and without humor," said I. "I am approaching my fiftieth year in this world, and since thirty I have been as you see me now. In the course of those twenty intervening years I have heard about every joke on the subject of baldness that the human mind has been able to conceive at least fifty thousand times."

"I guess that's right," said he. "You are pretty bald, ain't you?"

"I am, and I am not at all ashamed of it," I returned. "My baldness has been honestly acquired. I have not lost my hair in dissipation or by foolish speculation, but entirely through generosity of spirit. I have given my hair to my children."

"Gee!" he ejaculated with fervor. "You must have a devil of a large family!"

So you graduated from a barber college? What was your college yell?

"Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face raw, raw raw!"

—*Stivers News.*

TEACHER (explaining conditional sentence): "If it rains tomorrow, I will leave town."

O'SHEA: "Good."

CHORUS: "I hope it pours."

Ryan: "There's a man who shaves several times a day."

Cull: "You don't mean it. I should think there's nothing left of his face."

Ryan: "It doesn't hurt his face at all. He's a barber."

"Say, dad; wouldn't you be glad if I saved you a dollar?"

"Why yes, Oliver," replied the delighted father.

"Well, I saved it for you all right. You said that if I brought a good report home from school you would give me a dollar; but I didn't."

—*St. Mary's High School Journal* (Jackson, Mich.)



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 A peanut stand?
 A ginger snap?
 A sardine box?
 A sausage roll?
 A day pass by?
 A hair dye?
 A horse fly?
 A brick walk?
 A snake dance?
 A night fall?
 A mill run?
 A rolling pin?
 A bed tick?
 A watch spring?
 A clock run?
 An ink stand?
 A chicken dressing?

Do ships have eyes when they go
 out to sea?

Are there springs in the ocean's
 bed?

Does a river lose its head?

Is the newspaper white when red?

Is a baker broke when he is making
 dough?

Is an undertaker's business dead?

If you ate a square meal would the
 corners hurt?

Can you dig with the ace of spades?

If a grass widower married a grass
 widow, would their children be grass
 hoppers?

What sort of vegetable is a police-
 man beats?

—E. X.

Irate Passenger—"Why don't you
 put your feet where they belong?"

Tough Guy—"If I did you could
 not sit down for a week."—Jester.



"I surely knocked 'em cold in my
 exam."

Yeah, whatja get?"

"Zero."—Scalper.

Musical Hits

"I Ain't Nobody's Darling."—
 Sweetness.

"Tuck Me to Sleep."—Pud.

"She May Be Black, But I Love
 Her Still."—Irish.

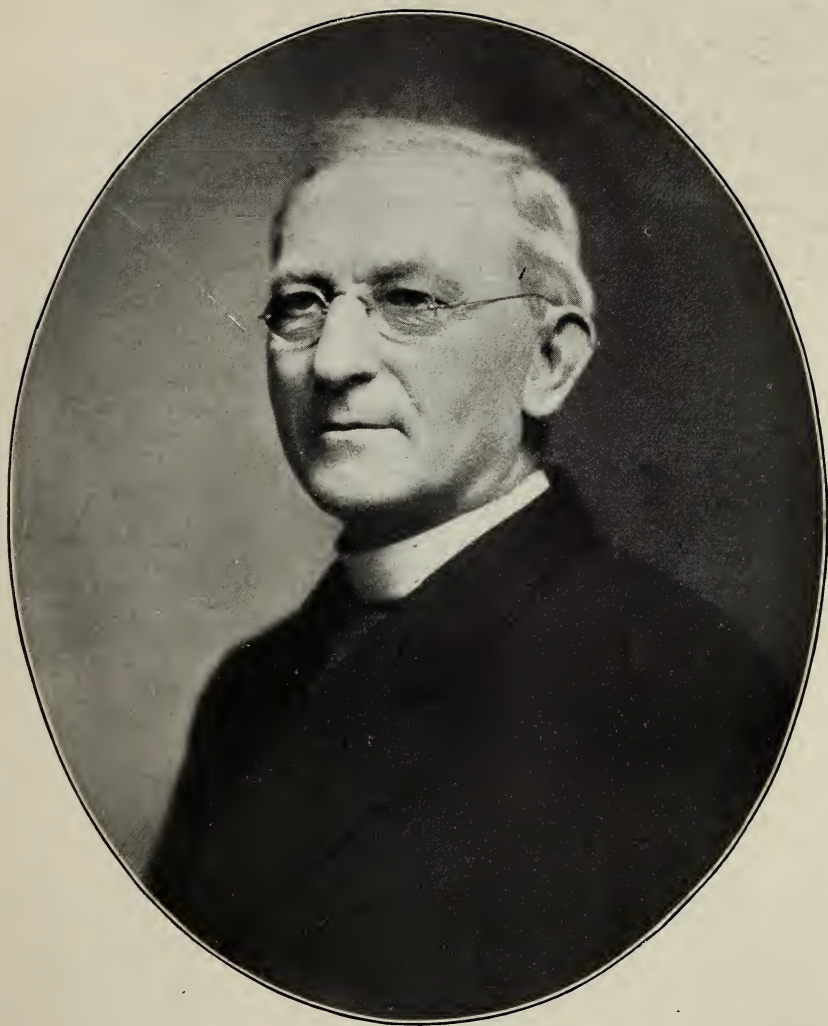
"Nobody Loves a Fat Man."—Tiny.

"Battle Cry of Freedom."—Junior
 Class.

"I'm Not Good Looking, But I Got
 Big Feet."—Legs.

"Just Before the Battle, Mother."
 —Ethics Class.

"Your speech is your trademark.
 Are you proud of it?"—The North-
 ern Light (Detroit).



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CLARENCE FIELDS

JOSEPH FITZGERALD

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JOHN HALEY

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JOSEPH PETER BOPP

"Bapp"

Perhaps some of you have seen a small boy with the airs of a professor reaching school at seven or seven-thirty in the morning—well, that was our "Little Joe." Joe was an ideal student always pulling and plugging to get ahead of his class, to boost his school and to support all the athletic events. His hobby is gas engines, so we presume that he expects to be an engineer some day, although he has never committed himself to say what he is going to be. We are sure of one thing, however, and that is that whatever he takes up, with his persevering disposition he will overcome any difficulties that may arise, and make a success of whatever he attempts. Although he may seem rather hard to get acquainted with, yet after you have once known him, you can fully appreciate his sterling character and admirable qualities. "If silence were golden, 'Little Joe' would be a millionaire."

*"There's so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us
It hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."*

WALTER CONSTANTINE DICKERSON

"Dick".

Walter Constantine Joseph Dickerson, better known as "Dick" or "Ivory," has a hobby of working. He is a basketball player of no mean ability, although he never found time to play on any other than class teams. He is treasurer of the Senior Class and finds time sufficient to keep his accounts straight. "Dick" has had a drug store job for the last five years, and can hardly leave his job long enough to get a higher education. He has decided, however, to study chemical engineering. He says he wants to put everything he learns to practical use and will become famous some day no doubt. "Dick" received his early education in the grade schools of Dixon, Illinois, and St. Paul's parochial school, Fort Wayne.

*"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."*



CLARENCE EUGENE FIELDS

"Sin"

Clarence James Joseph Eugene is the favorite of our class. Besides his long list of names we have tacked on "Sin," "Sand Bags," "Sin Bad" and several others. Clarence was a member of the Orchestra and Mandolin Club, but quit the former after a few weeks because the other fellows could not keep time with him. Clarence is inclined to journalism and hence started three different school papers, the "G. O. P.," "The Grag-godocio" and the "S. S. S.," all of which he abandoned to give his whole time to the council publication of the Imperial Order of Owls. His hobbies are ping pong and chess, and his plan for the immediate future is to go to college, and for the distant future a beautiful wife, an ample income and a large family.

*"There is for me somewhere a worthy place,
Where I may work in harvest fields of earth,
And reap the grain that golden grows apace—
Angels will take the sheaves and know their
worth."*

JOSEPH CORNELIUS FITZGERALD

"J. C."

Joseph C. Fitzgerald was born July 23, 1905, and since that day has never been known to frown. He has attended school at St. Paul's, Marion; St. Mary's, Tipton; Jasper College, Jasper, and now leaves C. C. H. S., to take up his studies at Purdue University, in the hope of becoming an engineer. Joe has very little faith in humanity, for he is the only Senior who goes on record as never meeting his best friend. He is a member of St. Mary's parish, and lives at the best corner of the Randall and Maysville cross-roads. Joe is the only Senior who can boast of being a classmate of every student in school, as he is the only one who has had a class with each class this year.

*"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."*





WILLIAM LOGAN FOOHEY

"Bill"

"Bill" is a native of Fort Wayne, and came to the C. C. H. S. from the Cathedral Boys' School in the days when the Brothers taught the eighth been most remarkable, for he took the medal for highest average in his class every year and he holds two religion medals also. He has played the violin in the orchestra for five years, and has dabbled in class basketball as well. For three years he has been a diligent *Echo* worker and is Editor-in-Chief of the 1921-1922 publication. He has always been an athletic booster, and has served as student-manager of the Varsity team. His intention is to tackle Notre Dame next year. His closest friend is "Snibo"; his hobbies, music and basketball; his pet expression, "absolutely"; and his disposition, pleasant.

*Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."*

JOHN NORMAN HALEY

"Bill"

Bill's activities include Varsity football for three years, Varsity basketball in his Senior year, position on several class teams, etc. He is a member of the Letter Club, Athletic Association, Glee Club, and has taken an active part in school activities of all kinds. His hobby is athletics and his ambition is to be a journalist, for which profession he hopes to prepare himself at Notre Dame. He thinks the C. C. H. S. is the best school in the land, and is ever ready to boost its fellows and its teachers. "Bill" is a prolific verse writer, and a shark at oral English. "If you don't quit in forty minutes, I'll call a cop."

*"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."*

CLYDE HAROLD HANSON

"Kate"

"Kate" Hanson came to the C. C. H. S. the second week of September from the Fort Wayne High School. His hobbies are football and basketball and he gained a berth on both teams. He is an active member of the Triangle A. C., and was awarded a silver loving cup as champ in tennis. "Kate's" mind is unsettled but he thinks he would like to become a doctor. He plans to go to college but his mind is not made up to which. His only regret is that he hadn't been at the C. C. H. S. four years instead of only one. He works in the circulation department of the Journal-Gazette. "Go to it Kate." He lives at 427 Wallace street. He has attended the Hanna and Fort Wayne High School. His favorite expression is "Let's go riding."

*"Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied
That "Maybe it couldn't" but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried."*

JOHN BERNARD HEDEKIN

"Red"

John Hedekin, otherwise known as "Red," blew into the school with a gang of eighth graders five years ago. "Red" is a great lover of basketball, having played as star forward on his various class teams for the past five years. "Who's got the Latin?" is his daily question. In the sciences he is a shark, and spends much of his time experimenting with dangerous explosives. John is secretary to the Imperial Order of Owls. By a popular vote taken a short time ago, "Red" won the beauty contest by receiving three-fifths of all the votes. Our beautiful boy has great hopes for the future. He plans on a college course and aims to become a soldier of fortune.

*"For tho' from out the bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."*





JOSEPH FREDERICK KINSTLE

"Joe"

Joseph Kinstle, better known as plain "Joe," came back to the old Central Catholic High last fall to finish his Senior year. Joe belongs to the Cathedral parish and was a student in the Cathedral for his grade work. He entered the high school but after one year here he left for St. John's College, Toledo, Ohio, where he spent two years, and got mixed up in Greek which he had to continue when he got back here. His ambition is to get the rat that ate his lunch, and his hobby is translating Greek. He has an ear for music and gets out of Math once a week to take his music lesson. When he wants to strengthen his arguments he simply says: "Ask the Dodgers."

*"Best pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flowers, its bloom is shed,
Or like a snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melt forever."*

JULIAN JOHN KOEHL

"Pud"

'Tis rumored that many years ago Julian was a member of the stout class and went by the name of "Pudding." This we have shortened until today it is just common "Pud." He hails from St. Peter's parish, hence the name "St. Peter's Pride." From his entrance three years ago he has been the mainstay in basketball and football. For the past two years he was captain of the basketball team and last year led the football squad. "Pud" seems to possess poetic fancies, and hence an idealist and a lover of "a thing of beauty and joy forever." His Saturdays he spends at Allgeier's wrestling groceries, keeping in trim for the Freshman football team of his favorite college next fall. He was class president and has the record of securing the greatest number of *Echo* subscribers for the past year. Luck to you, "Pud."

*"All the Latin I can construe
is Amo, I love."*

WILLIAM KENNETH LOGAN

"Ken"

William Kenneth Thomas Foohey Logan, nephew and at the same time cousin of William Logan Foohey, is a member of St. Patrick's parish, and an ancient as far as the school goes. Along with Haley and Hanson he joined our class last September. His ambitions for the immediate future are to see as much of the world as he can during vacation and then to take up a college course in Science. Being an admirer of the stars and yet harboring a desire to be an authority on moon, he has a hard job deciding whether he wants to take up astronomy or analytical chemistry.

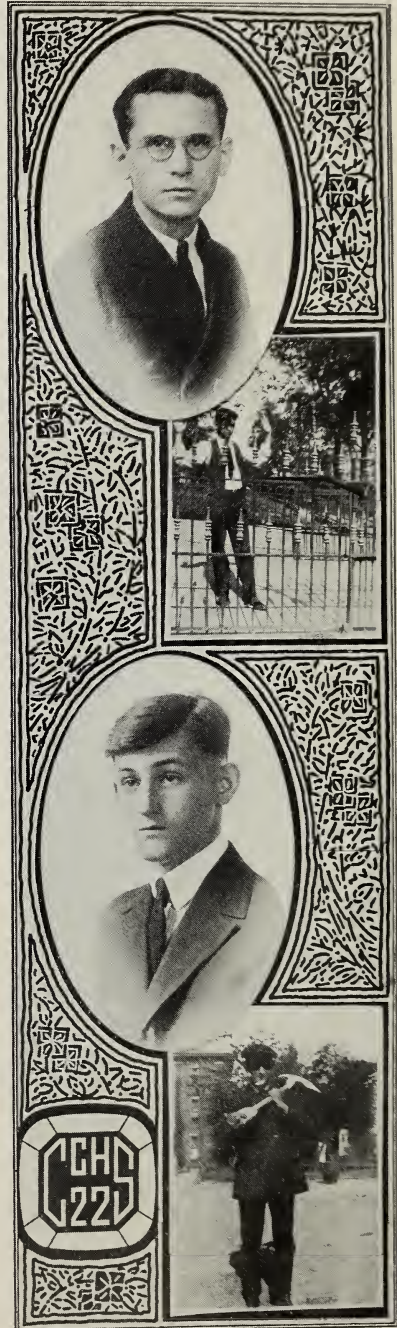
*"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"*

PAUL ANDERSON LUCAS

"Luke"

Enough said. Just look at the happy youth and you well know why the Senior room is so bright. "Luke" comes in from Governor McCray's farm every morning and is one of the first to arrive at the school. Although he has never taken an active part in athletics he is an ardent supporter of the Varsity at all times. He hasn't given out his plans for the future, yet from the way he attacks his lessons we feel sure of his success. He came to us in the Sophomore year, and is a product of the Dominican Sisters of St. Henry's Academy, Vernon, Michigan. His favorite study is Science and from the marks he gets, this shining star of the class may be a scientist before we know it.

*"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."*





JOHN EMMETT MILLS

"Em"

Emmett's first year was comparatively quiet. All the honors he succeeded in annexing was the distinction of being the largest Freshman ever seen. His Sophomore year increased his renown a little. He made the class basketball team, where despite his size, he made a splendid showing. As a Junior he played on the Varsity in the position of right guard, and the only terms that will describe his work are mountainous and prodigious. This past year Emmet has been too busy to take part in athletics, but he was a big factor in making the *Echo* a success as far as advertising goes. As a tennis player he has few rivals of his size. Emmett was originally a member of the Irish gang, but later removed to St. Paul's parish. Always arrayed "even as the lilies" he is a great kiddier of the fair ones, for everybody loves this fat man. Emmett is a member of the Glee Club, the Km's, and the Big Four. He has ambitions to become a salesman, and judging from his size and line of Blarney, we predict that he will be a huge success. "Em," we tender you the best wishes of the class.

"The ability to smile at all times, in all places, is the jewel of success."

HOWARD THOMAS MARTIN

"Howie"

Howard Thomas Paul Martin, otherwise "Howie," may be seen every day rushing into school about sixteen seconds before the bell rings, and leaving again at 3:00 p. m. His smiling face tells one immediately that he is an Irishman, even if one did not know that he hails from St. Patrick's. "Howie" has one great ambition—to "get wise," and he shows it by traveling from desk to desk to compare notes, during study period and free time. He has worn a perpetual smile since Wednesday, April 19, 1904, and by the looks of things the smile is good for at least a hundred years more. His plans for the future are to get a good job—be wealthy—marry and be happy.

"Summer is coming, summer is coming.

I know it, I know it, I know it;

Light again, leaf again, life again, love again—

Yes, my wild little poet!"

CARL JOHN SCHIFFLI

"Chuck"

Carl J. first saw the light of day November 21, 1902. His school career was a varied one, as he has attended schools in Waterloo and Ashley, Indiana; Cleveland, Ohio; and finally spent the last two years with us here at old C. C. H. S. Like Joe Kinstle, Carl is a Jesuit product and hence a consistent student. His activities in athletics makes his name prominent among us. He has ambitions to become mayor of Summit and wants to own a farm and raise the biggest corn in DeKalb County. A thorough student himself it was not uncommon when a few members of his class would assemble early and would be without a prefect, to hear him say: "Come on, boys, let's get to work." If the first warning had no effect, all fooling would stop at the words: "If this don't stop somebody is going to get hurt."

*How jocund did he drive his team afield?
How bowed the woods beneath his sturdy stroke?"*

JOSEPH FRANCIS SCHNEIDER

"Snibo"

Joe, who got his first glimpse of the world in Lafayette, Ind., came to Fort Wayne when he was about ten. He came to the C. C. H. S. preps from the Precious Blood seventh grade and ever since his entrance he has been a leader among students. In his Freshman year, besides taking up cartooning and glasses, he marched off with the Latin medal. He has been an Echo worker and also collaborated on the "Soph Daily Squeak" and the "Junior Jazzy Journal." He has startled the school the last two years by his clarinet and saxophone playing in the school orchestra. His hobbies are music and athletics and whenever you see a crowd debating or practicing, it is safe to bet that "Snibo" is in the middle of it. He plans on attending Notre Dame next year and we wish him all kind of success.

*"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."*





"Called *Home* before graduation"
ROBERT CRANSTON, R. I. P.

CLASS HISTORY

As Freshman

We haven't much to tell you. September 3 saw twenty-six of us start the trail to knowledge. We landed in the study hall and there met a bunch of Sophomore auctioneers selling off old books. We took all the "bargains" we could find and then went to the stationery store and allowed Brother William to give us credit on some new books. Before the day was over we found out our teachers: Brother Owen, English and Science; Brother William, Algebra; Brother Daniel, Latin; Brother Exupere, History. Two days later we elected class officers, and these have had an easy time since. After Christmas our good con-

duct placed us in the nice room that the Seniors had up till this time occupied, and Brother Owen came to preside during the study period.

There are a few specialists in our class. Schneider got glasses to make his cartoons look better (to himself). Fields is chiefly interested in finance. Gladieux, Eggeman, Clifford, McCarthy and Mills are never without lofty thoughts. Foohey, Roth, Schneider, Bopp and Eggeman are bidding for the class medal. Dickerson and Belot occasionally distribute the humor. Smith has a fresh stock of Decatur news each Monday morning. Cranston is Bloomingdale's representative.

We did not make much of a reputation in athletics, but Belot and English intend to bring us on top next year.—*Echo Annual*, June, 1919.



Central Catholic High School

State of Indiana

CERTIFICATE OF EQUIVALENCY

This Certifies that *The Central Catholic High School, located at Fort Wayne, Indiana* is authorized through its chief executive officer *Victor La Fontaine* to issue to the graduates of its Academic Department, certificates which shall entitle them to the rights and privileges of the graduates of a *Commonwealth* High School in the State of Indiana as determined by the statutes of Indiana and the rules of the State Board of Education.

Department of Public Instruction,
Indianapolis, Indiana, June 16th 1914

To the State Board of Education.

Charles A. Jackson President
John W. Parsons Secretary



REV. A. E. LAFONTAINE
Superintendent



BROTHER DANIEL, C. S. C.
Principal

As Sophomores

School started with a whirl this year. In the Sophomore solar system there are twenty-three planets. But we miss a few: Ralph Girard, Frank English, Charlie Dinnen, and Emmett Kelly.

On September 8, we held elections for class officers. John Hedekin was elected president; Joe Schneider, secretary, and Bernard Kinstle, treasurer. We couldn't afford to have the other members lose their old jobs. Still, Fields doesn't play his "kazoo" so much any more. Ask him why. Clifford is still the class "Fat Man," though Deininger and Mills are close seconds. Johnny Miller is class advocate for the Wets. Bishop, Girard and a few others still trip the "light fantastic."

We have organized a strong football team, but outside of that our class activities are few.

Hedekin began his presidential career by calling a meeting the day after his election. But when 3:30 came we forgot all about the meeting, and were just scrambling out of the door when Brother William arrived and held a meeting of his own. We discussed various propositions in geometry. The meeting adjourned at 4:15 p. m.—Christmas, 1919.

As Sophomores

The Sophomores have formed a basketball team which is one of the best Junior fives in the city. Their new shirts of maroon with the class monogram in purple and gold they consider the best in the school. All the members of the team are enthusiastic over their success and are trying hard to make their five one to be

reckoned with, especially as they now claim the 120-pound championship of Fort Wayne. There has been some talk of a movement to depose "Red" Hedekin from his throne, and to elect a new ruler. Fields and Dickerson have been mentioned as candidates. Gerard, who is fast becoming known in athletics, would, we think, fill the position very well. He was indeed offered the position of captain on the basketball team, but very graciously refused the proffered dignity.

Mills has returned to help swell our ranks after being several weeks on the sick list. He assures us that he lost twenty-four pounds; we think that if he lost twenty-four more he would be able to squeeze through the door without any assistance, and perhaps leave room for Bopp to enter with him.

Lucas, our new classmate, has come to take Eggeman's place and he does it very well.

Jim Belot has for some time deigned to pay us his weekly visit. The authorities, however, are on his trail just now, and it looks as if he will become a regular member of our class from now on.—February, 1920.

As Sophomores

The Sophomore basketball team ended its season coming out with the 120-125 pound championship of Fort Wayne. The team had its picture taken recently. Captain McCarthy, Hedekin and Clifford occupy the front row and Dickerson, Jauch and Mills, especially the last named, help to fill up the rest of the picture. We did not know till we got the photographs how really handsome and muscular we look.

After our short Easter vacation we

Sophomore Basketball Team, 1920



Standing: J. Hedekin, J. Jauch, C. Gerard, J. Clifford.

Sitting: E. Mills, E. McCarthy, W. Dickerson.

returned to find some of our classmates missing. Clifford was laid up for a few days, and "Bill" Foohey hasn't been able to return yet. Still as long as "Bunnie" Kinstle remains with us we won't give way to despair. Besides, we have Ivory, Creampuffs, Smart Alex, Virginia, Lenine, Trotsky Bolsheviki, Grizz, Baby Elephant, Sinbad, our kazoo musician, and other notable personages to keep us company. We don't as a rule approve such nicknames, but just now they call to mind the following brief story:

On one of his numerous adventures, Sinbad the Sailor, playing his kazoo to charm the hours away, went riding on his favorite Baby Elephant through the dominions of Lenine Trotsky Bolsheviki. Though he was the king of the long-haired tribe of wild men, he received Sinbad very hospitably and introduced him to his beautiful Queen Virginia, who had hair longer than Lenine himself. She invited him to sit at a delicious banquet set out on an ivory table. They had a toothsome meal on a little fat bunnie, and then creampuffs were served for desert. But while Sinbad was making love to Virginia (Lenine was looking the other way) little Smart Alex, the queen's page, stole the puffs. Lenine noted how inflated Alex's abdomen had become, and after missing the desert at once guessed the cause. He instantly ordered Little Boy Bopp to lead in his dancing bear Grizzly, and fed Alex to it for breakfast. Sinbad was so affected by this that he quite lost his appetite. Later on he found some consolation in the touching harmonies which he so well knew how to draw from his kazoo.—May, 1920.

As Juniors

As usual, school started the day after Labor Day. We spent the morning cheating the Sophomores on second-hand books and getting cheated by the Seniors.

Most of our former Sophomore celebrities are back with us but we miss Jauch, Deininger, Gerard, and Belot. Fitzgerald and Schiffli are the only newcomers.

A few days after school opened we organized for elections, and Clifford after a successful campaign became president and Kinstle, secretary-treasurer. A short time ago Clifford resigned the presidential chair and since then the president's duties have fallen on Kinstle, who is now overburdened with the three offices. At the first class meeting called we decided to get monograms in the shape of octagons just to remind us that we took geometry last year.

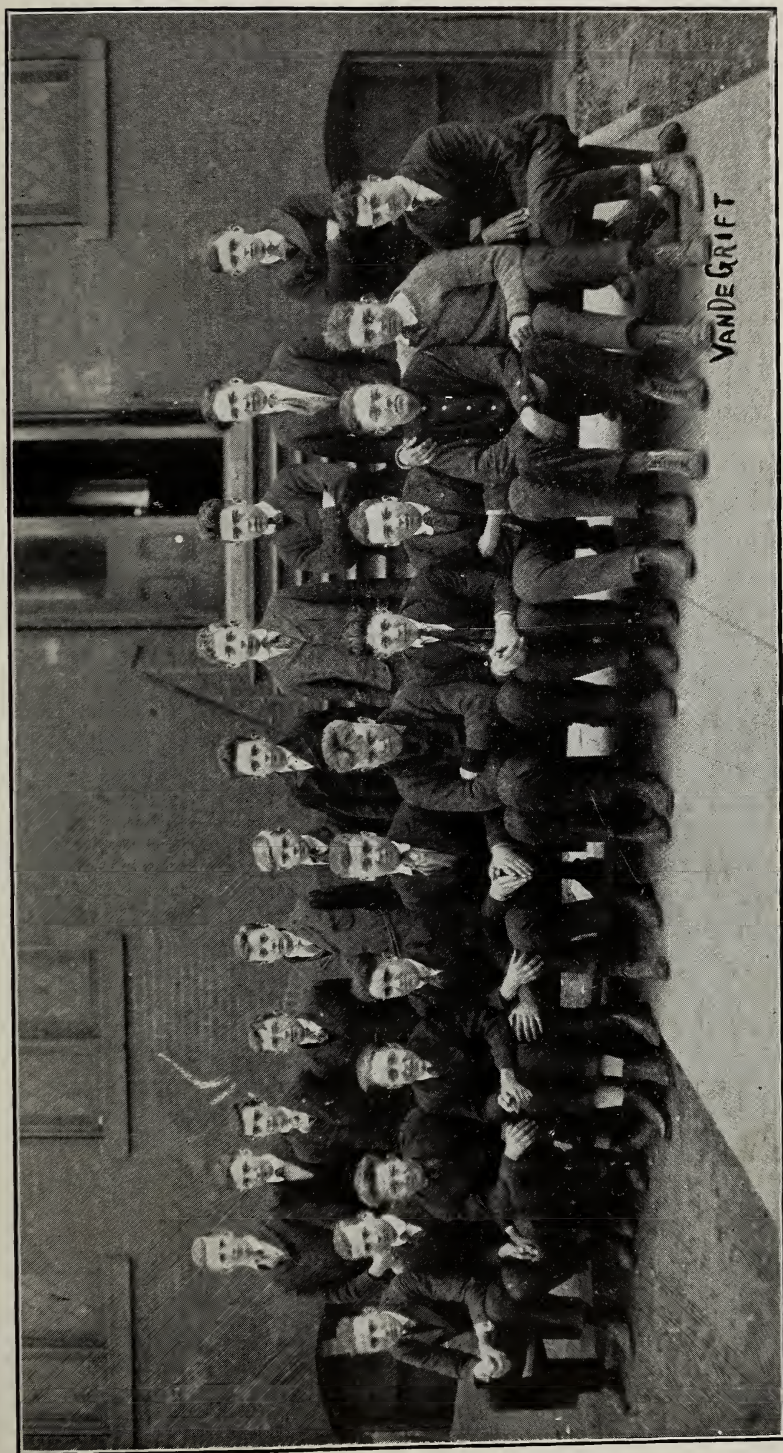
We have been dispossessed of the room that we have occupied the last two years. It has been given to the Seniors and we have been put in the former Senior room.

The old "*Sophomore Daily Squeak*" was reorganized and published under the new name of the "*Junior's Jazzy Journal*," which was later replaced by the "*Junior World*."

Some look down on us because we are the smallest class in the school, but we believe in quality, not quantity.—December, 1920.

As Juniors

Monday, January 3rd, found us back in our places after two weeks' Christmas vacation. After some advice had been given to us, we all took



Graduates as the Class was 2 years ago

a resolution to settle down to hard work.

Our class takes great interest in Chemistry experiments on Friday afternoons, but some of our more delicate members, like Dickerson and Mills, find it hard to stand the different gases. Cicero has a strong hold on us, as we are infected by his first two orations, and we are wondering that if the writing of them affected him as much as the translation did us how he ever survived to write more than two. We are sorry he did.

Our room has been flooded with class papers, since Fields' greatest ambition is to be a noted editor. We have our doubts as to whether or not he will succeed, as he has already tried to publish four papers, each one of which was a failure. We wish to correct the statement made in the last number of the *Echo* that the "*Junior's Jazzy Journal*" had given way to the "*Junior World*." The *Junior World* never was published but the *Jazzy Journal* makes its appearance each Wednesday with its regular news features.

Some of our members are becoming famous. Schiffli has developed a mania for Spanish; Koehl and Mills for Commercial Arithmetic, while Dickerson stars in all classes. Mills as the new class president adds much weight to his arguments. Foohey's monthly oration is, "Friends, Juniors, Classmates, pay me your coin."—February, 1921.

As Juniors

As the Seniors insist on patronizing a "hot-dog" stand instead of going to the Summit City for the annual "feed," we'll fulfill their wishes and take them to the dogs. Should any difficulties arise before or after the above mentioned "swell" affair, we'll

just turn the matter over to Fields and Foohey and let them scrap it out as they are doing about their rival newspapers.

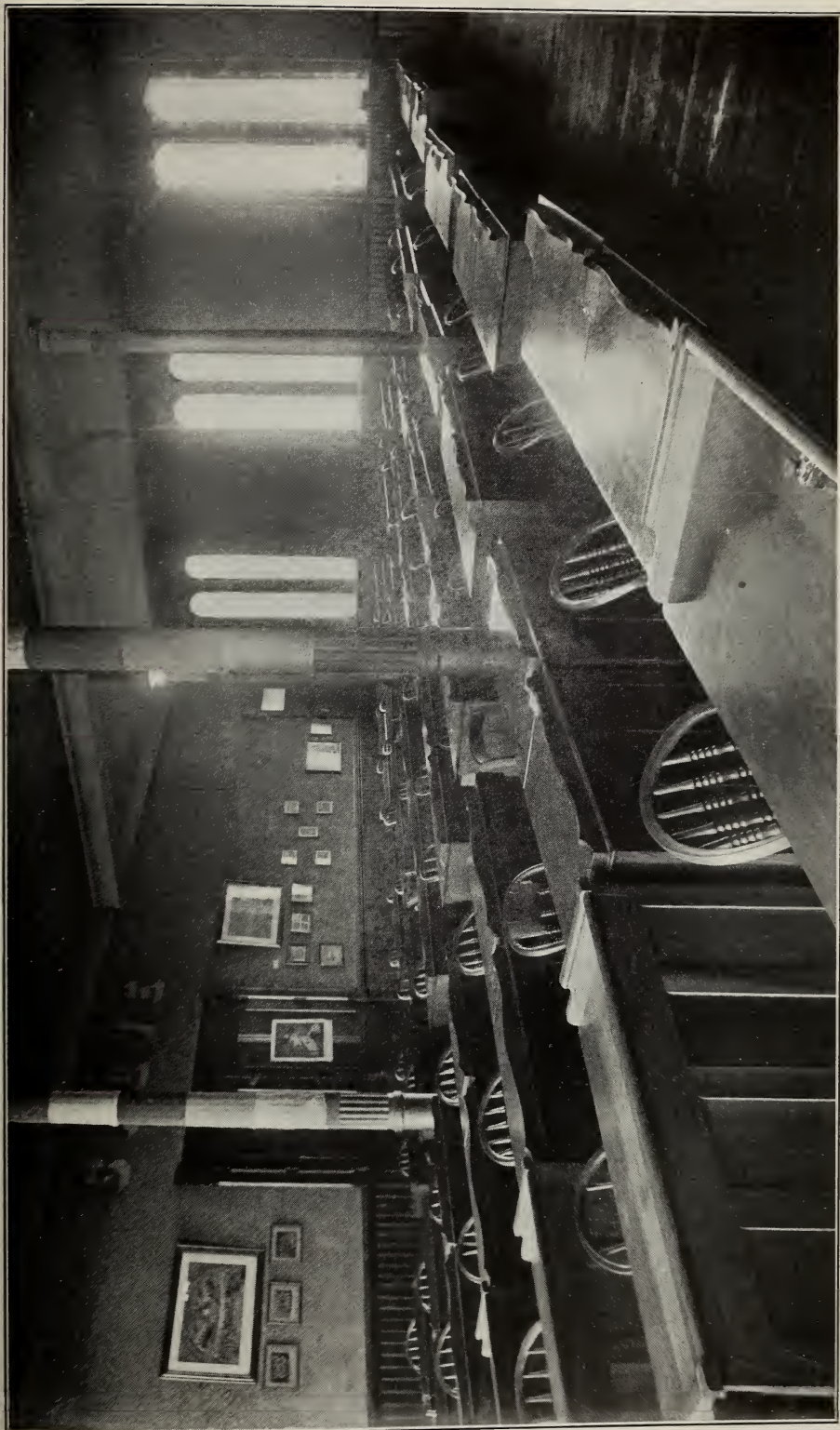
Hedekin says he is going to be a good little boy, and is going to keep up his record and pass in everything excepting Chemistry and his three language classes. John was always a bright chap and this makes Bopp so jealous that he is now using oil on his hair to outshine John's brightness, but it will take pretty tall stepping to do so.

Dickerson, first known as Harry and later as Charles, takes good care of his ivory except when he worries over names. We expect him to be calling himself Reginald or possibly Percy or Archibald soon. Koehl might take time out of his reading of schedules and box scores to suggest a few more names if he were but asked.

The Royal Order of Ally Skamooch has been successfully united with the Ancient Order of the Bloody Dagger and everything will run peaceably until the officers are to be elected. Mills and Schneider are campaigning and Mills seems to be making the bigger hit of the two.

Martin's Ford seems to be trying to put the south-bound street cars out of business at noons of late. But this is but one of the new changes. Schiffler and Fitzgerald are trying to run the rest of us out of class by wanting all the work for themselves. Roth and Elliott are with us every day. Kinstle moved to town, and seems to be quite settled. Mills spends much of his time trying to convince Lucas that barbers' prices are coming down.

Again we beg to repeat that we'll meet the Seniors at the weiner stand.—May, 1921.



STUDY HALL

As Seniors

When we came back to school this year we found all our old friends here again; I mean all those who finished the Junior work with us last June. Besides our old gang, several new men have joined our class. Joseph Kinstle, who spent the past two years in the preparatory department at St. John's University, Toledo, Ohio, returned to finish with the good bunch he started out with four years ago. Clyde Hanson, a former pupil of the public high school, joined us this year. John Haley and Kenneth Logan deserted the quantity class of last year to be with the quality class of '22. Thus we are starting this year with a larger class than we started with last year, and judging by the interest in the work, everybody is very anxious not only to get a sheepskin but everything else that the school can give by way of honors at the end of the year. We feel happy to say that we think the Senior class is doing everything it can to make the year a success in every way possible.

When we held class elections, Julian Koehl was elected class president; William Foohey was made secretary, and for the fourth consecutive year we placed our funds in the hands of Bernard Kinstle. For a time we thought that Bernard—more popularly known as "Bun"—was about to desert us, but the wind has blown over and "Bun" will stick with us to the end.

We occupy the room we had last year but it is not in the same condition. The new windows, new blackboards, and new furniture along with the freshly painted walls and the new ornaments thereon, help to make the room a very agreeable place in which to study.

When it comes to athletics, we hold the honor of contributing the captain of the football team. Julian Koehl, John Haley, Clyde Hanson and Bernard Kinstle were on the football team, and some of our men are trying out for the basketball team. We are right there when it comes to backing the team.

Our president, Julian Koehl, leads the class and the school in getting *Echo* subscriptions. Clyde Hanson made a good showing in the same work. Several of our good talkers also helped to get the ads. Emmet Mills deserves special credit in this line of work.—December, 1921.

As Seniors

We were all anxious to return after our adventurous vacation, and every one except Paul Lucas showed up for class on January 3rd. Oh, yes, I almost forgot that Dickerson did not get back until the fifth, and during his absence we had peace and quiet. The room was so monotonously still during the study period that some of our night hawks used to go to sleep.

While the new year was still young the most important members of the class seemed to be the half-brothers (?) Bopp and J. C. Fitzgerald. They were visited by fifteen other Seniors every morning immediately after Latin class. When their supply run short J. C. sought refuge in the big study hall and has been there ever since.

On the Varsity basketball team we have three men; rather two men and the "little fellow." They are Handsome Hanson, Goodlooking Koehl and Sweetness Haley. Haley had so many nicknames that we decided to run them into a title for "Norm," and this



Students of The Central Catholic High School, Fort Wayne, Ind. March 1922.

Whipple & Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

is the result: "Delicious Sweetness, the Nymph."

Clarence Fields is the school chess champion, although Red Hedekin is running him a close second. "Ain't it so, Red?"

Joe Schneider, our saxophone juggler, and Little Emmet Mills, our happy-go-lucky, have been blackballed by the "Pretty Boys' Club" which was recently founded by "Handsome" and "Goodlooking."

Joe Kinstle has suggested the installing of a punch clock. Of course he agreed with Logan that the new clock should be used at quitting time only. Logan got so tired staying after school to make up the Ethics period that when he feels he will be late for that particular class he stays home rather than be embarrassed by arriving after the prayer has been said. "Thus Ethics doth make prompt boys of us all."

At last it dawned on us why Martin got out at three o'clock to work at the Press. Would he stay fifteen minutes longer he might not get out till five o'clock. 'Tis strange how some teachers like to work long hours.

Dickerson's famous "Awfulthin" watch was confiscated by the book-keeping teacher but it was returned when it was found to be too big to be put into a coat pocket and too small to serve as a watch fob for a man of the proportions of our beloved professor.

During the dull hours, Foohey and Schiffli usually enliven the place by their periodic scraps, while Valentine keeps us busy most of our spare time. Spare time is, however, almost a minus quantity since we lost "Bun" Kinstle and started our famous class

of General Mathematics.—February, 1922.

As Seniors

According to the Journal-Gazette the number of graduates is uncertain until after the final examinations. We still have our old sixteen.

The Senior transportation facilities are becoming better. Fields and Martin both have new machines formerly owned by Henry Ford.

We have been told on the quiet that one of the big questions at the Mills home is, "What will little Emmett do when he grows up?"

Spring fever doesn't seem to bother the Seniors. Koehl, Mills, Haley, Logan and Dickerson spend more time than ever on their work, Hedekin gets to school on time, and Clyde is here most every day.

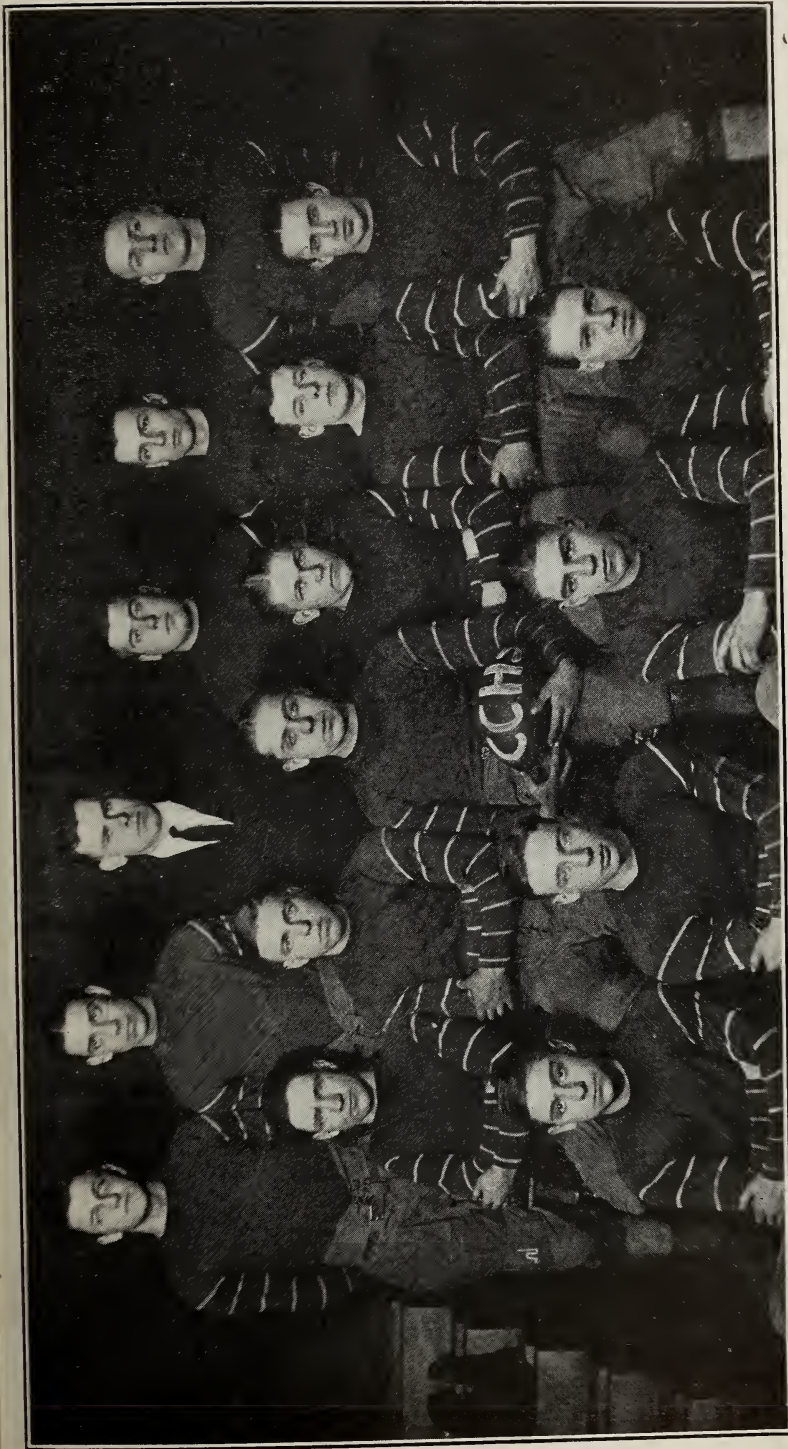
One of the real treats of the Physics course was a trip through the General Electric shops on Broadway. This helped considerably to make up for some of the ether fumes of the week previous.

Lucas comes in from the farm every day and manages to be around when Jim Belot needs help in General Math.

Joseph Schneider is a prominent member of the famous Saxophone club which recently attracted considerable attention in the Sunday paper.

Bopp, Foohey, Logan, Lucas, Schiffli and Kinstle seem to like the first class in the afternoon for they usually have their own work and more.

We are all sighing for something, a something that words will not express, so we have asked our artist to give vent to our feeling with the pen and here is the result.—Easter, 1922.



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Bottom Row: N. Koehl, P. Donahue, W. Bushman, D. Eckert
 Middle Row: A. Mulligan, R. Suelzer, J. Koehl (captain), C. Hanson, A. Centlivre, J. Haley
 Top Row: T. McKiernan, R. Rinehart, Coach Flaherty, J. Clifford (captain-elect), B. Kinste and O. Hickman
—Photo by VanDeGrift

Professional Training Best in Catholic Colleges and Schools

The Journal of the American Medical Association for 1921 gives tabulated statistics of the state medical board examinations for the year 1920, and furnishes interesting and gratifying information regarding American Catholic Medical schools. The table gives for each of six Catholic Medical Schools the number of graduates who passed and the number who failed in each state, as well as the totals and percentages, and the proportion of failures among all persons examined. It is fair to consider this in comparing the records of the colleges. There were only 35 failures from Catholic Medical Schools in the United States, and 23 were in New York, a state which rejected more than a fourth of all the candidates it examined. On the other hand, in Massachusetts and Connecticut, which apparently were almost as exacting as New York, only one of 17 applicants from Catholic schools failed. The record of the six schools in all the jurisdictions except New York, shows only 4.7 per cent of failures. The rejections in this one state bring the figure up to 10.3 per cent, but even this is well below the 15.3 per cent which is the proportion of failures of all persons examined in the United States. *All the Catholic Schools are rated in Class A.* In Nebraska all but seven of the applicants were graduates of the Creighton College of Medicine.

These tables show quite conclusively that our Catholic Medical schools are on a par with, if not superior to, the secular schools and that the Catholic educational system is amply justified by its results in this important professional branch of

learning. The figures for the schools of Law would show similar results. Recently figures were published showing the superiority of the schools of Journalism conducted by two of our Catholic colleges. These things being so, it is difficult to understand why our Catholic young men should feel any hesitation in making their professional studies under Catholic auspices.

Some Statistics

There are 20,000 students in sixteen Catholic universities in the United States; 15,000 men are in attendance at 113 colleges; women numbering more than 5,600 are being educated in 52 colleges. The Catholic High Schools of the country total 1,552, serving the needs of almost 130,000 pupils.

There are over 300 Religious Novitiates and Normal Training Schools fitting 10,500 teachers for the requirements of higher education, as well as in the class rooms in our 6,500 parochial schools.

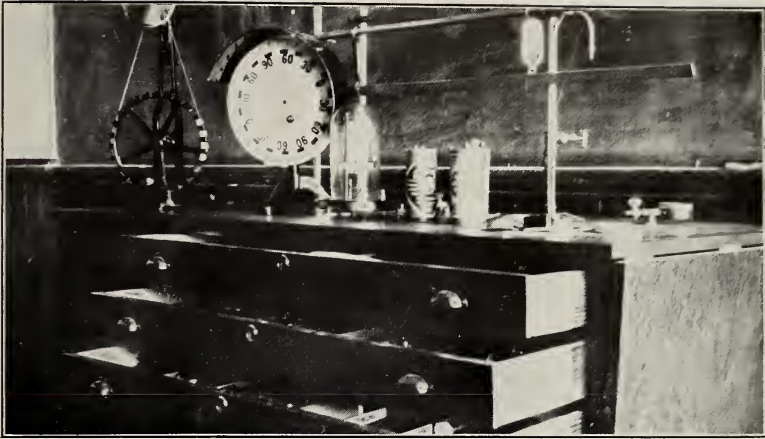
Mr. High School Student: Have You a Definite Goal or Purpose In Life?

Are you planning your future along definite lines? Is the education which you are now obtaining and planning to obtain, leading directly to the goal which you have set yourself to reach?

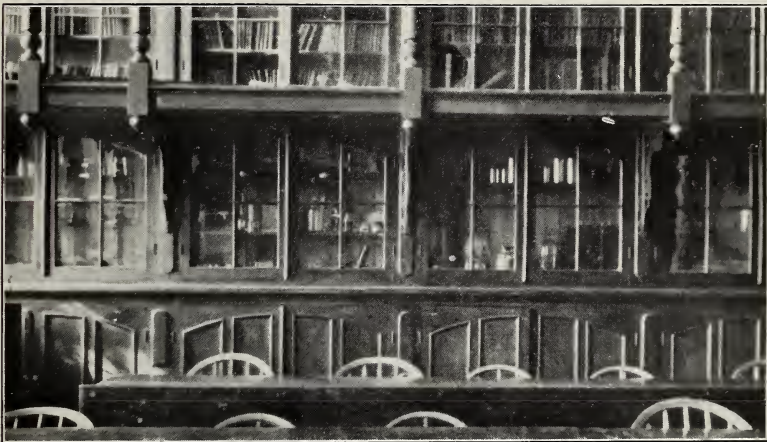
A well known authority in the business world recently said:

"A basic reason why great numbers of men fail to secure good positions at the present, or any other time, is because they lack a goal or purpose in life. They are unable to offer a definite, specific, clear-cut proposition to employers."

Include in Your Plan of Life an Education in a Catholic College.



Physic Lab.



Junior Room



Stage

Few Catholics Know Number and Standing of Our Colleges

"We plead with very particular emphasis in favor of Catholic youths, boys and girls, who, emerging from the grade of grammar school, are to be sent to a high school or a college. There is on the part of some parents the illusion that the religious instruction given in lower schools is adequate to all requirements, that children armed with it may in safety be exposed to the secularism of higher schools. The contrary is the obvious truth. In the grade or grammar school, pupils are yet immature in mind and are, to a great degree, incapable of the deeper and more thorough instruction in religion which they should be possessed of. As they leave the lower schools, they are of the age when their mental faculties lead them to think and reason, as heretofore they could not have done. This is the time when they take to themselves the more serious studies in worldly branches of learning—the time, consequently, when religion should be presented to them in its deeper and broader aspects—and it is at this most critical period of their intellectual development that they are withdrawn from the guidance of the Church and placed within an atmosphere not merely negative in its influence, but frequently tainted with direct and positive anti-religious and anti-Catholic teaching. It is the time when those themes of study are made their daily occupation, which lend to the teacher the opportunity of easier divagation from the principles of sound Catholic thought and conduct. I might go further and remark upon other perils of non-Catholic schools—so-called co-education, wild fads proposed as substitutes for religion in

the domain of morals—from which tender consciences outside the Catholic Church shrink in fear, which Catholic parents should never allow to cross the pathways of a child and youth."—*Archbishop Ireland.*

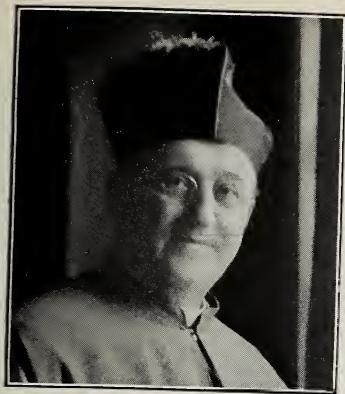
Would that these earnest words of the late Archbishop of St. Paul could be brought to the attention of Catholic parents who today are sending their children to institutions where their faith and morals are endangered.

In all fairness, however, we must not lay all the blame on Catholic parents who do not send their boys and girls to Catholic high schools, colleges and universities. It is surprising how little is known about our Catholic institutions for higher education, even amongst the clergy and laymen who visit occasionally at our institutions. To the vast majority of our Catholic people, our colleges and universities are practically unknown.

To compete successfully with State and sectarian institutions that give the utmost publicity to their work and spend vast sums of money annually in advertising, it is necessary for our Catholic institutions to make use of some means of reaching Catholic youths and inducing them to complete their education under Catholic influence.—*Our Sunday Visitor.*

The Church and Education

From the first century after Christ down to this day the Catholic Church has been at the forefront as an educator. While the average Protestant has been taught that the very opposite is true, facts are in favor of our contention. The leading universities of Europe today are those which go back beyond the Reformation, and were of Catholic origin. These include Ox-



Rt. Rev. Mgr.
J. H. Oechtering, V. G.

Our Pastors



Rev. Joseph F. Delaney

ST. MARY'S PARISH

1. Fitzgerald

ST. PAUL'S PARISH

1. Dickerson
2. Mills



Rev. H. F. Joseph Kroll

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH

1. Haley
2. Martin
3. Logan

ST. PETER'S PARISH

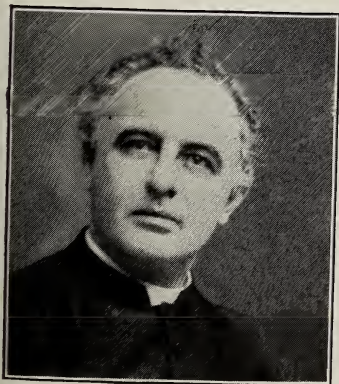
1. Koehl
2. Schiffli

Rev. Charles H. Thiele

Rev. Thomas M. Conroy

CATHEDRAL PARISH

1. Bopp
2. Fields
3. Foohey
4. Hedekin
5. Kinstle
6. Lucas
7. Schneider



ford and Cambridge in England, Bologna and Ferrara in Italy, Paris and the Sarbonne in France, Salamanca in Spain, Prague in Austria, Copenhagen in Denmark, Cracow in Poland, Louvain and Liege in Belgium, Geneva in Switzerland, Cologne and Erfurt in Germany, Glasgow in Scotland, etc., etc. Read education's history and you will find the names of universities founded in Europe before and since the Reformation. You will observe that prior to the sixteenth century they numbered 70, all of Catholic origin, while 46 others have been established by the Catholic Church since the Reformation—in all 116. This is nearly four times the total founded by Protestants throughout Europe—a total of 31.

In our own country the Catholic Church has more higher schools of learning than all the other denominations combined. Read what these men have to say about the Catholic Church as an educator through the centuries.

GLADSTONE—"The Catholic Church has marched for more than fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization; and has harnessed to her chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world."

REV. CANNON FARRAR—"Her ten thousand monasteries kept alive and transmitted that torch of learning which otherwise would have been extinguished long before. The humanizing machinery of schools and universities, the civilized propaganda of missionary zeal, were they not due to her? And more than this, her very existence was a living education."

ARTHUR LEACH—"There is not the smallest doubt that the provisions for secondary education was far greater in proportion to population during the

Middle Ages than it has ever been since. Education was, if not a first charge on the endowments of the Church, at all events, a well recognized part of the duties for the performance of which the endowments were given. . . . Every collegiate church kept a secondary school, and every cathedral church maintained, in early days, a small university. As a consequence, secondary schools were found in almost every place in which they were required."

College Graduates Chance of Success Shown by Statistics

Catholic College Week—April 30 to May 6—was celebrated by 150,000 students in Catholic colleges and secondary schools throughout the United States, according to the National Catholic Welfare Council. According to statistics compiled by the department, college graduates, making up only 1 per cent of the national population, comprise more than 50 per cent of those who achieve leadership in the various walks of life. From a mass of data it was computed that with an elementary education the chances for success are one in 41,250; with a high school education, one in 1,608, and with a college education one in 173.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The climate of India is hard for the European to endure; whether the season be dry or rainy, the heat is always oppressive, so that it is a question of being boiled or roasted. Then, too, deadly serpents constitute a continual menace to life, so that aside from spiritual difficulties, India is one of the severest fields in the apostolate.



RAMBLERS, CHAMPIONS OF THE SENIOR LEAGUE
Ryan, Suelzer, Luley, Fitzgerald, Bresnahan, Hedekin, Perrey

HUGUENARD IS ON PROGRAM

Fort Wayne Boy Is Chosen Orator at Notre Dame.

Plans made for the commencement exercises in June at Notre Dame University have resulted in the selection of Aaron H. Huguenard, of this city, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius C. Huguenard, 407 East Wayne street as one of the bachelor orators. Besides being a member of the Senior Law Class, Huguenard also belongs to the editorial staffs of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* and the *Notre*

Dame Law Reporter. He is an associate editor of the Notre Dame annual, *The Dome*, and is president of the Fort Wayne Club at the University. He is a graduate of the Central Catholic High School here.

Other bachelor orators are James Hogan, of Kewanee, Ill., and Worth Clark, of Pocatello, Idaho. Hogan this year won the Breen gold medal for oratory, an award which is presented annually by William P. Breen, of this city. The valedictory address will be delivered by Joseph Rhomberg, of Dubuque, Ia., president of the Notre Dame Senior class. The class poet is Carl Arndt, of Hollywood, Cal.—*The News-Sentinel*.



RAINBO SYNCOPATORS

Paul Berning, Banjoist

Gay Bowers, Saxophone Artist

Harry Swift, Pianist

Joseph Schneider, Clarionetist

Jack Fox, Traps

SECOND ANNUAL VAUDEVILLE, MAY 17-18

Capacity audiences at Library Hall Wednesday and Thursday evenings greeted the high school juniors and seniors in their second annual program. The specialties were highly entertaining and each number found favor with the audience. A newspaper comedy, "The Editor-in-Chief," was the all-star number of the bill. Edmund Bresnahan impersonated the editor-in-chief of the "Yorkville Scream" and the scene presented was that of the editorial department of the paper. Patrick Donahue appeared as society editor, much excited over the approaching marriage of a society girl of Yorkville and a mil-

lionaire from Chicago. Eugene Cull, political editor, announced to his chief, bribes and frauds in the fifth ward. Frank Bishop as sports editor, wrote an article on Jack Bottles, pugilist, impersonated by Edwin O'Neill, that led to complications. Robert Rinehart, editorial writer, was kept busy meeting the demands of his chief, who frequently changed his attitude concerning local events. Eugene Luley, as cutter, also proof-reader in the official family, fell into disfavor and left for New York. James Belot made an excellent foreman of the pressroom, and Edwin McCarthy, politician, became recon-

ted in envelopes by the audience were answered and objects described, though the reader was blindfolded.

Hanson, Clifford and Haley in "This Is Our Stop" impersonated two tramps and a supposed friend, whom they robbed during a touching story of their need of assistance.

Kramer and Frank Mungovan as blackface comedians in "Hands Up," furnished many new stories and jokes to the entertainment of the audience.

McKiernan, McAvoy, Smith, Belot, Donahue, Bishop, McCarthy and Bresnahan formed a double quartet and as "Eight Wonders of the



JOE AND EDDIE

ciled with the staff of the "Scream" when political advertising was assured. Edward Kallmeyer played the role of the office boy, Harrison, a favorite with all unless something went wrong, when he was responsible.

One of the features of the 12-act vaudeville was the Rainbo Syncopators, composed of Paul Berning, banjoist; Gay Bowers, saxophone artist; Harry Swift, pianist; Joseph Schneider, clarionetist, and Jack Fox, traps. The musicians were heard during the intermission.

Raymond Young in "The Blue Laws," gave a clever monologue on the "evils of tobacco."

Paul Berning and Kenneth Logan had a most interesting number in "Mind Reading and Mental Telepathy." Numerous questions submit-



BELOT AND DONAHUE

in

"The City Girl" and "The Country Rube"



JOSEPH SCHNEIDER AND HARRY SWIFT

World" rendered several popular numbers.

Joseph Schneider and Harry Swift, melody artists, gave a number of selections on saxophone and piano that were highly enjoyable.

Donahue and Belot in "The City Girl" and the "Country Rube," appeared in a number that was of a professional order, the funmakers giving one of the best sketches on the bill.

A song and dance specialty, "She's

Mine," by T. Mungovan and T. McKiernan, was very good.

A little bit of everything by Wm. Foohey, John Hedekin, Joseph Bopp and Edwin O'Neill featured Thursday night's performance. The Glee Club, composed of juniors and seniors, closed the program with the C. C. H. S. Victory Song.

The work of the orchestra was highly effective and several selections were rendered. The vaudeville program was under the direction of Kenneth Logan and Paul Berning.



Scene from Juniors' Play "The Editor-in-Chief"

SENIOR CLASSMEN HONORED BY JUNIORS

Annual Banquet Held at Anthony Hotel, Followed By a Social Reunion

Complimentary to the senior classmen, the junior class gave its annual banquet Tuesday evening, May 23, at 7 o'clock, in the ball room of the Anthony hotel.

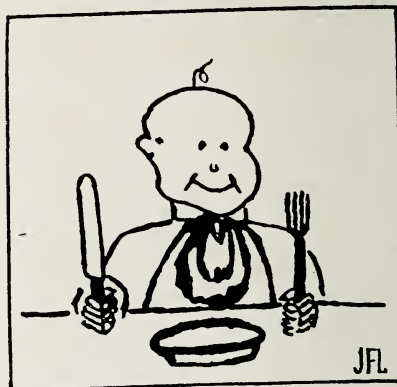
Patrick Donahue, president of the junior class; Thomas McKiernan, secretary; Austin Centlivre, treasurer, and James Belot formed the committee on arrangements.

Covers were laid for fifty persons, sixteen seniors, thirty-four juniors and the guest of honor, the Reverend A. E. LaFontaine, our beloved superintendent of schools, who addressed the assembly. Julian Koehl, senior class president, presided as toastmaster, and in behalf of the seniors tendered a vote of thanks to the juniors. Patrick Donahue responded. Thomas McKiernan responded to the toast,

"Life's Problem;" Joseph Clifford, "Education," and William Foohey, "Gratitude."

This is the last formal social function until the Senior Dance which will be held at the Elks' Hall, Tuesday, June 13. The commencement exercises proper will be held Friday evening, June 16. As we go to press the commencement program is not yet complete but will be announced later through the local newspapers.

DID WE GET IT?



WE'LL SAY WE DID

A TALE OF 500 B. C.

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?"

"A short, funny tale."

"Quite right. Now write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word."

Johnny hesitated a moment, and then wrote, "A rabbit has four legs and an anecdote."

"What a boy you are for asking questions," said the exasperated father. "I'd like to know what would have happened if I'd have asked as many questions when I was a boy."

"Perhaps," suggested the young

hopeful, "you would have been able to answer a few of mine."

"Run everybody," cried one of the keepers of the zoo. "The leopard's loose and he has already had one victim. Hurry; here he comes."

Unfortunately one of the runners tripped and fell. She was a girl about twenty years old. The leopard gave one sound of triumph and was just about to spring on the unfortunate girl, when—"Hell" said a voice from the bushes nearby, "After we prepared such a wonderful scene the leading man is late."



"Shall I go over the top?" asked the talkative barber, ready to act.

"Yes, as soon as your gas attack is over," answered the weary customer.

The Professor was talking about the Grand Canyon today. He said that "it took millions of years for that great abyss to be carved out."

"Well, well," said Elmer 'le verne,' "I never knew it was a government job."—*The Juggler*.

Professor—"Archimedes, you say, discovered specific gravity on getting into his bath; why had that principle never before occurred to him?"

Student—"Probably this was the first time he ever took a bath."—*The Gold and Blue Annual* (New Orleans).

A DIET LIST

The rivers eat away
the bank;

The tides devour
the sand;

The sun drinks up
the mists;

The ocean eats the
land;

Taxes eat up prop-
erty;

And price eats out
the soul;

But moths the diet
record hold,

Because they eat
a hole.



It Is Not Easy

To apologize.
 To begin over.
 To be unselfish.
 To take advice.
 To admit error.
 To face a sneer.
 To be charitable.
 To keep on trying.
 To be considerate.
 To avoid mistakes.
 To endure success.
 To keep out of the rut.
 To think and then act.
 To forgive and forget.
 To make the best of little.
 To subdue an unruly temper.
 To maintain a high standard.
 To shoulder a deserved blame.
 To recognize the silver lining.

But it always pays.

—*Ohio Educational Monthly.*

Philosophy for Students

So study
 That when you get
 A in an exam.....
 Your teacher
 Will not think
 That you've been.....
 Sharking

A South Dakota pupil, being asked to compose a sentence making use of the verb "set," evolved the following gem: "I set on a pin and hatched a yell."

A student coming to a hard question on his examination paper, wrote for his answer: "God only knows—I don't."

The paper came back with the following correction in the professor's handwriting: "God gets the credit—you don't."—*Garbutt College Grist.*



"READ 'EM AND
 WEEP"

How much did Philadelphia Pa.?

How much does Cleveland, O.?

How many eggs could New Orleans,
 La.?

Whose grass did Joplin, Mo.?

What was it made Chicago Ill.?

'Twas Washington, D. C.

She would Tacoma, Wash., in spite
 Of a Baltimore, M. D.

You call Minneapolis, Minn.

Why not Annapolis, Ann?

If you can't tell the reason why,
 I bet Topeka Kan.

Who was it lent Nashville, Tenn.?

When he was nearly broke;

Could Noah build a Little Rock, Ark.?

If he had no Guthrie, Ok.

Would Denver, Colo., cop because
 Ottumwa, Ia. dore?

For though my Portland, Me did love
 I threw my Portland, Ore.

—*Cub.*

The Optimist

Examination.
 Anticipation.
 Some blufferation.
 No preparation.
 All puffication.
 Realization.

The Pessimist

Examination.
 Much preparation.
 Nervous prostration.
 Humiliation.

The Flunker

F—ierce lessons.
 L—ate hours.
 U—nexpected company.
 N—ot prepared.
 K—icked out.

—Reporter.

**Horses**

Sales—"Want to buy this horse?"

Man—"What's the matter with him?"

Sales—"Nothing."

Man—"What do you want to sell him for?"

Sales—"Nothing."

Man—"I'll take him."

—Juggler.

"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud flats of the river.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queek! Bringa da shove! Bringa da peek! Giovanna stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to his knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No, no! He no canna walk! He wronga end up."

Cull—Why are telephone girls called "operators?"

Ryan—Because they usually "cut" you off in the midst of conversation.

Street Car Conductor—How old are you, little girl?

Little Girl—I'm paying full fare, as it isn't necessary for you to ask impertinent questions.

ENGLISH TEACHER: "Clifford, what did you write on?"

CLIFFORD: "On paper."

ENGLISH TEACHER: "Six hundred words on sensebility."

PROFESSOR: "What are you going to be when you graduate, Charles?"

CREEDON: "An old man."

—The Cub.

Revised

"Don't you like Charlie any more. You used to think he was the whole cheese."

"I still think he is—a big cheese."

A Baker's Dozen

NAME.	SHAME.
Julian	"Pud"
Austin	"Soup"
Thomas	"Windy"
George	"Specks"
Edwin	"Griz"
Clyde	"Kate"
Robert	"Bromo"
Edward	"Jake"
Emmett	"Cupid"
Walter	"Ivory"
Louis	"Luke"
William	"Bud"
Eugene	"Alery"

—Nick Names, '22.



Hamlet—Why is a washerwoman like Saturday?

Polonius—Because she brings in the clothes (close) of the week.

"I have a book with only a few notes in it and it is worth five hundred dollars?"

"What is the name of it?"
"Pocketbook."



"Aye, there's the rub."

Ashes

Just a puff,
That's enough.
Habit grows,
All else slows.
Yellow stain,
Listless brain.
No success,
Friends grow less.
Coffin nails.
Face pales.
Weak and thin,
All is dim.

Laid to rest,
Reason guessed.

—Ex.

Nut Shells

Big boy
Has toy
Much joy.

Floyd's Buffet,
Country jay,
Won't pay.

Bar room,
Pint of moon,
Broken broom.

Maids, one,
Maid's won,
Made one.

Big male,
Drank ale,
In jail.

John N.,
At ten;
What then?

Little Mills
Takes pink pills
For his ills.

Moonshine,
In line,
Pays fine.

Jim Belot
Good fellow
Not yellow.



Housekeeper—I ordered a dozen eggs today, Mr. Tate, and you only sent me eleven.

Grocer—Well, ma'am you see the twelfth egg was bad, and I didn't think you'd want it.

Little Pierce Phelundy

Little Pierce Phelundy,
Who enrolled on Monday,
Borrowed books on Tuesday,
Amused himself on Wednesday,
Was examined on Thursday,
Learned he failed on Friday,
Quit on Saturday,
And that was the end of Pierce
Phelundy.—Owl.

Serious Thoughts

The English teacher told the class to write a theme on "What I would do if I had a million dollars." At the end of the period, William Ryan had not written a word.

"William, where is your theme?" asked the teacher.

"There," he answered, "That's what I would do if I had a million dollars.—nothing."

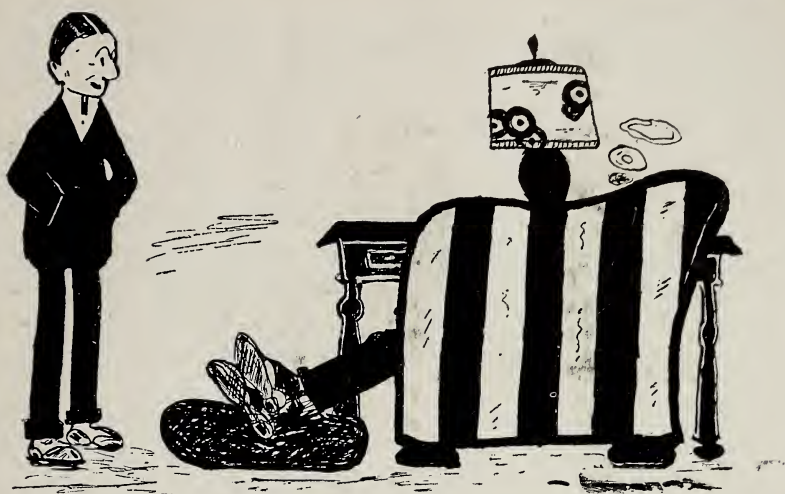
How Study



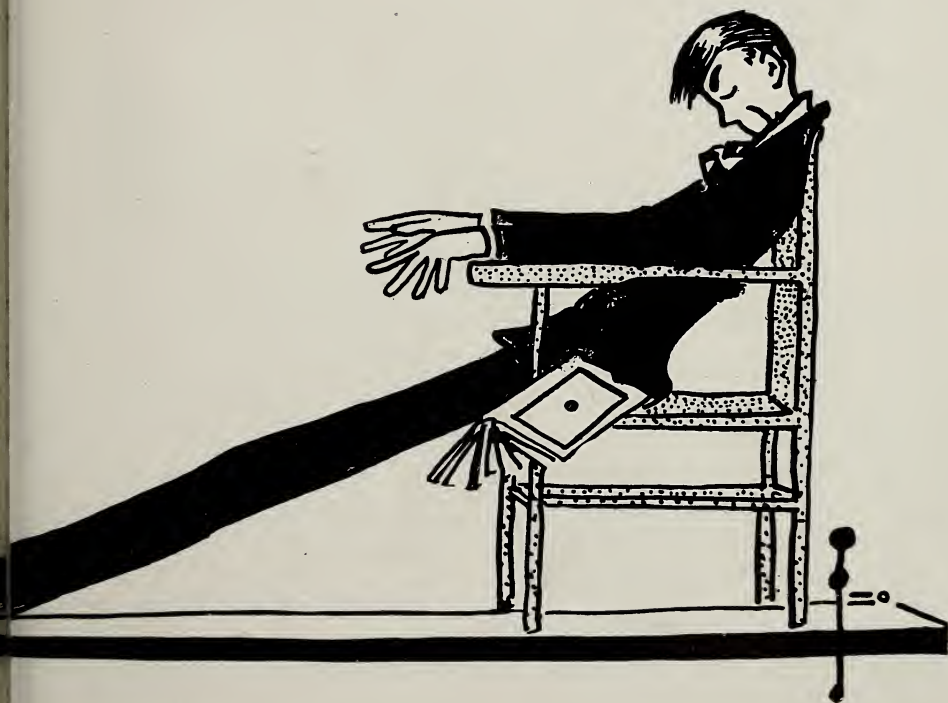
Friend Calls---



First Lesson---



Father Advises---



Next Day.

All Together Boost C. C. H. S.

We can razz it, we can jazz it;
 We can roast it, we can toast it;
 But let's boost the C. C. H. S. another
 way.

Let us laud it and applaud it,
 Let's commend it and defend it.
 Till all our city knows the things we
 have to say.

We can make it or forsake it;
 We can rake it, we can break it;
 For we're the ones that give the
 school its rep.

Why not sing and shout its praises,
 Mention all its happy phases,
 Show the world the synonym for Cen-
 tral High is PEP.

Boost it here, and boost it there;
 Let the cry ring thru the air,
 "Central, you're the school for which
 we sigh,"

For when all is said and done,
 Junior hearts you've surely won,
 Three cheers for dear old Central
 Catholic High.

—Owl.

Education Personified

Education am I. By me the printer
 sets his type. The printed page is the
 husk but I am the kernel.

By me men have studied the celes-
 tial world and have foretold eclipses
 of the sun and moon and calculated
 days, months, and years for all na-
 tions.

By me men have dug deep into the
 earth and extracted metal from the
 solid rock. By me they have sailed in
 air ships and have sailed upon and
 under the sea. By me men make war.
 By me men make peace.

I have traveled over oceans and
 continents and have helped to make
 cities, states, nations, principalities,
 and powers.

I am the guiding star of civiliza-
 tion and the hope of the world.

I helped Noah build the ark and
 Ham build a city. I helped Moses to
 lead the people through the wilder-
 ness to the promised land.

I was born a long time ago and am
 very old, but age has not impaired but
 increased my vigor. I shall only die
 with the death of the world.

A Thought to Remember

If you can't be a pine on the top of
 the hill

Be a scrub in the valley—but be
 The best little scrub at the side of the
 rill.

Be a bush, if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the
 grass,

Some highway to happier make.
 If you can't be a muskie, then just be
 a bass;

But be the liveliest bass in the lake.

We can't all be captains, we've got to
 be crew,

There's something for all of us
 here.

There's big work to do and there's
 lesser to do,

And the task we must do is the
 near.

If you can't be a highway, then just
 be a trail.

If you can't be the sun, be a star.
 It isn't by size that you win or you
 fail.

Be the best of whatever you are.

—Henry Rainville.

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Boys and Girls

RULES OF LIFE.

The vault in the dilapidated little graveyard opposite New Orleans, where the body of John McDonogh, known to American history as an eccentric philanthropist, was first laid, was kept in order for years after the removal of McDonogh's remains. A faithful negro, who had been one of McDonogh's slaves for years, attended to this. Chisled in the stone of the vault are the following rules, which McDonogh formulated, when he was but twenty-four years of age, for the guidance of his life:

"Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence.

"Time is gold; throw not one minute of it away, but place each one to account.

"Do unto all men as you would be done by.

"Never bid another do what you can do yourself.

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

"Never think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.

"Never covet what is not your own.

"Never give out that which does not first come in.

"Never spend but to produce.

"Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.

"Study in the course of your life to do the greatest possible amount of good.

"Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality.

"Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence.

"Pursue strictly the above rules, and Divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your

heart's content; but first of all remember that the first and great study of your life should be to tend by all means in your power to the honor and glory of the Divine Creator.

"The conclusion at which I have arrived is that without temperance there is no health, without virtue no order, without religion no happiness, and the sum of our being is to live wisely, soberly, and righteously."

The Real Man

I take no thought of my neighbor's birth,

Or the way he makes his prayer;
I grant him a White Man's place on earth,

If his game is on the square.
If he plays straight, I'll call him mate,
If he cheats I'll drop him flat.

All rank but this, is a worn-out lie,
For each clean man is as good as I,
And a king is no more than that.

—*The Mariner.*

Decide and Do!

The easiest thing in a world of things
Is to sit and wait until somebody brings
Complete instruction on what to do,
And how to do it, and when, to you.

It's easy then, to go straight ahead
And follow the facts just as "somebody
said."

If they come out wrong and your work's in
vain,
Why, that's for somebody else to explain!

Yes, it's easy to sidestep and pass the buck,
But the fellow who does it is out of luck;
Since the big success always seeks the man
Who can plan his work and work his plan.
The power of the man whom his world con-
sults

Is based upon this: that he gets results:
If you'd follow his footsteps, you—yes,
YOU!—

Must learn to DECIDE and decide to DO.



Lincoln Was Right - -

Lincoln founded his career upon the ideal of service. He won an undying station in the hearts of his countrymen.

Lincoln's service ambitions have been taken as the ideals of The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company. They have aided the growth of The Lincoln Life to the high station of ranking as twenty-seventh among the three hundred largest life insurance companies in America.

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A Dissertation on Hats

Webster has defined a hat to be "a covering for the head; especially one with a crown and a brim made of various material, and worn by men and women for protecting the head from the weather, or for ornament." Accepting this as a working definition of a hat, I shall proceed to trace for you the origin and use of this most prominent part of our present day attire. If my statistics are correct, and I have every reason to think that they are correct, the hat originated with our common father, Adam, shortly after his fall. We are told by the old chronicler—who received his information directly from his ancestors, who lived both before and during the life of Adam—that Adam went out at break of day in order to kill a kid for the morning repast. The weather was warm and the sharp rays of the fiery sun were shining in his beard-covered face, and thus his task was not an easy one. Passing through brambles, briars, and thistles, Adam had great difficulty in slaying and dressing the kid. He returned to his cottage all sun-beaten and tired. His loving wife, Eve, seeing her dearest in this suffering condition, tried to render all the services she could to her loved one. She knew she could do so by giving him something to shade his sun-stricken face. She thought of the bass wood leaf, and what a pleasant hat it would make. She hurried to procure the desired foliage. With a grape vine for a ribbon, she tied the large leaf upon Adam's head. Adam looked so well in his new head dress that it was a suggestion for her to do likewise. A few moments later, Eve was wearing

a catalpa leaf decorated with corn silk and ribbon grass.

We must needs pass over man interesting stories of hats recorded by the old chronicler in those rare manuscripts which I have mentioned above in order to get to the story of Samson.

Samson, in his combat with a lion, was so obliging as to give the lion a mouthful of human head-grown hair. Dalila, his sweetheart, found him bald and said: "Samson, my loved one, how comest thou to be barefooted on the top of thy head? Now thou must put on a hat or a helmet." Samson, exasperated at this personal remark, and wishing to answer in the German dialect—for the language of the Philistines would not convey the full force of his reply—used the words of Eric of Leodeceadearia, and said: "To hel—mit the helmit; I'll var de 'at."

The evolution of the hat might well be compared to the steps of a fishladder. Each step can hold the head of the water for but a short time. From the elaborate head-gear that men are now wearing it seems highly probable that a great change is close at hand. The men will soon be as effeminate as women are, or else they will go to the opposite extreme and begin to go around with their bone-cases uncovered as Adam did before his fall.

A PRETTY young lady went into a music shop the other day, tripped up to a counter where a new clerk was busy and sweetly asked:

"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

"No," said he. "It must have been the man at the other counter. I've only been here a day."

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Don't Mind the Togs .

"I'd like to shoot that old man."

"Whom do you mean, Charlie?"

"Helen's father. She's going to have a party tonight, and her dad won't let me come. He has no use for me."

"What does Helen think?"

"She's wild about it. She wants me to be there, and I'm going. Are you?"

"Sure, I'm going—but if the old man doesn't want you, you had better be careful."

"Leave it to me, Jack. Look here. I'm going to wear these fancy togs, and this wig."

"What! You're not going to dress like a lady?"

"You bet. There's more than one way of getting around fogies, you know."

Jack laughed and helped his friend don the gay gown.

"That wig fits you great. Have you got any of that red stuff for your cheeks and lips? You have eyebrows enough!"

"Yes. I've got the 'red' all right."

It took Charlie about an hour to get himself in trim and Jack thought he was one of the prettiest "kids" he had ever seen.

"Does Helen know that you're coming dressed like that?"

"No. That's the best part of it. She will not expect me, and it will be one on her and the old crank, too. Gee! It makes me feel good to get one over on the old codger."

"Are you ready to go, Jack?"

"Yes. I'm just putting on the finishing touches. There is the car for us. Let's go."

Jack took his would-be sweetheart by the arm and entered the cab.

Within a few minutes they were driven up to the door and could hear the music and singing in Helen's home. Charlie began to get uneasy. He had not thought of the possibility of his wig coming off, of having his lips on sideways, of his dress coming unhooked and the like, but now all of these things bothered him. They entered the ballroom. Jack was kept busy introducing his silent companion. Time wore on a little and Charlie had seen nothing of Helen. In answer to Jack's question, her mother told him that she had not come down from her room yet and that she was going up to her within a few moments.

"Where do you think she is, Charlie?"

"She's dolling up yet, Jack; you know she has a lot of pretty things to put on and that takes time. Look how long I was getting ready."

"Mr. Jones."

"Jack, Mrs. McClue is calling you. Look how pale she is, something is wrong."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Come here a moment, will you, please?"

Jack left his partner and spoke a few words with Helen's mother.

"What, she's not in her room?"

"No. Did you see anything of Charles Devers today?"

"Yes. I was talking to him this afternoon. He told me that Mr. McClure would not let him come to the house any more, and that he hoped Helen would have a good time that evening."

"He's a fine young man, Jack, but you know my husband is somewhat strange at times."

Jack returned to the crowd and

HEED THE CALL

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Our teaching brotherhoods need young men and boys who are willing to consecrate their lives to God in the apostolate of education and to bring to the work of that apostolate all the powers of the body, the strength of their mind and the affections of their hearts?

Are you willing to consecrate your young life to the service of God?

If the sacrifice seems too great

Remember

That no sacrifice is too great when the making of it insures the growth of our church, the good of our country, the saving of souls and the glory of God.

Remember also the promise of Christ:

"And every one that hath left the house, or brothers, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for My Name, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting."
(Matt. xix: 29.)

Boys and Young Men

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gave a sign to Charlie to try to get a chance to speak to him alone. Within a few minutes he had told him the whole affair. Charlie left Jack and secretly left the house.

"Why didn't I tell Helen I was coming?"

Hastily Charlie made his way homeward. He wanted to get out of his gay togs. He felt guilty in them. Why had he put them on at all? Why was he afraid of old man McClure? Many such thoughts flashed through Charlie's mind. Suddenly he came upon a young lady walking leisurely down the avenue. She was beautifully dressed and carried a rose in her hand, pulling from it a leaf now and then and humming softly.

Charlie recognized who it was and joined in the tune.

"Don't mind the togs, Helen, but this is Charlie."

Cured By Fright

"You won't be gone long, will you, dear? I'm not very sick, the doctor said it was only nervousness brought on by living way out here, and being alone most of the time. Why do you want to get the doctor extra tonight? When you're here I feel good."

It was a poor, sick young wife who thus addressed her husband as he left their cottage. All day long snow had fallen and as night drew on a terrific gale arose. Jack Berry was a wood-cutter and his home was situated in a desolate place in the mountains. Both he and his wife knew how perilous it was to go for the doctor, especially at night, but Jack had worked all day and had come home after dark, expecting to find his wife in better spirits. Several times during

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the day he had thought of her and worried. During the spring and summer days she had been very well and had often come out into the forest to spend several hours with him. But now winter had come on and she was forced to stay in doors, and for some months had been suffering from a nervous breakdown. Jack had bought the tract of land and was making money on it. Several times he would have sold the place and moved into town, but his wife thought he would be better off there, and that she would become accustomed to living there.

"She seemed quite well this morning," he told himself; "but that peculiar look on her face frightens me."

"No, I'll not be gone long, and remember dear, two whistles means that it's me that is coming, and don't be afraid."

Jack stooped down to kiss his wife, and as he did so he felt how cold her forehead was.

"I'll be back as soon as the doctor can make it."

Saying this he wrapped his heavy coat about him, turning the collar high about his head, and with a heavy heart faced the storm.

"God have mercy upon my wife," Jack prayed. "Spare her to me."

Onward he went as fast as he could through the blinding snow. Every step took him farther from his sick wife. "Will the doctor be in? Will she die before I get back? These and other thoughts crowded in upon him. Jean, his young wife, was a good Catholic and had accepted her sickness with resignation. She did not, at present, think her case was very serious, but the day had dragged on wearily and she had grown very im-

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patient waiting for her husband to return. And now that he had arrived and had become so alarmed, she for the first time began to worry.

"How long the time seems since Jack left. Oh, if he were here with me I'm sure I would feel much better."

Two hours had passed. Suddenly she heard a heavy thump against the door.

"What was that?"

Jean shuddered.

"It can not be Jack for he did not whistle."

Again she heard the sound, and with it a groan. She could not imagine what it was. Through the strain her nerves tightened and she felt herself fearless and strong. As the knob of the door was grasped and slightly turned, Jean sprang from her bed, and taking the gun stood ready for the intruder. For a moment there was a calm—then a third groan and a low thud. She stepped forward, seized the knob and flung the door wide open. A terrific drift of snow blew in and the biting wind cut her severely. There in a heap lay a man. As he was partly covered with snow, Jean could not recognize who he was.

"The poor fellow," she said, "how can I get him in."

She stooped down and as she did so, the man turned over, raising his head so she could see him.

"Jack," she screamed. "Jack, are you dead?"

Strong from the tension of her nerves, she pulled him into the house and shut the door. It was her husband. The long walk and the gale had overcome him. When he recovered partly he said, "I couldn't get the doctor for you."

"I wish he was here for you, dear."

Robert Hugh Benson, the Poet

Robert Hugh Benson is well known as a preacher and a novelist, but he is too little known as a poet. I shall endeavor to show the spirit of his poetry by showing the spirit of a few of his best poems. His "Lines Written Before August, 1903" shows his noble soul longing for the sign that will brand him as a true Catholic, wholly submissive to the Authority of Peter. The lines, "I can not live another hour; Jesu, be Thou my life! I have no power to strive; be Thou my Power in every strife," show the poet's hope and longing.

The two poems, "A Halt" and "Patience," could easily be called twin sisters. The same spirit pervades both. "At Prayer Meeting" and "At High Mass" are contrast sonnets. The latter is one of the richest sonnets that has ever been produced in modern times. In sublimity it is worthy of Milton, in spirit worthy of the Christ.

In the contrast sonnets under the title, "Plead Thou My Cause," with subtitle "Attrition" and "Contrition" we get the key to what Louis H. Witmore calls the Benson Carthusian spirit. This spirit is confirmed by other poems, notably "The Invitation," "The Teresian Contemplative," "O Deus Ego Amo Te," "In the Month of May," "After a Retreat," and "In the Garden of a Religious House." The key to his popularity with the reading public is found in the poems called "Fulfilment," "Wedding Hymn," "Savonarola Moriturus," and "Christmas Carol." The man of superior faith is found in poems like "Lauda Sion Salvatorem," "Christian Evidences," and "Ave Verum Corpus Natum."

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All In a Week

The year had gloomily begun
 For Willie Winters, a poor man's
Sun.

He was beset by bill and dun
 And he had but very little
Mon.

"This cash," he said, "will not pay
 my dues,
 I've nothing here but ones and
Tues."

A bright thought struck him and
 he said,
 "The rich Miss Goldbrick will I
Wed."

But when he paid his court to her,
 She lisped but firmly said, "No
Thur."

"Alas!" he cried, "then I must die!"
 I'm done! I'll drown, I'll burn, I'll
Fri."

They found his gloves, his coat,
 his hat,
 A coroner upon him
Sat.

Thump—Thump—Thump

Three young men were sitting
 about a card table in a fashionable
 New York club. Their idle talk had
 drifted to the subject of robbers and
 robberies.

"This talk reminds me of an experience I once had," said Hal.

"Like to hear about it," from Nick.

"Here too," put in Bob.

"Well, it's a pretty long story but I'll try and make it short.

"It was in the year 1915, if I remember correctly. The time when robberies were many and robbers were bold. It was on a cold winters night, January 17, to be more exact. I had worked hard all day and was dead tired. I retired early and was not long in getting to sleep.

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About two o'clock I was awakened by a noise in the cellar. Setting up in bed I heard plainly a thump, thump, thump on the cellar stairs. Surely some one was walking down the cellar stairs.

I dressed hurriedly and went down stairs. The front and back doors were locked. I was sure that the fellow had gotten in the side door. Picking up a club I went outside and around to the side door to await his exit.

I waited for a long time, but as no one came I went back into the house determined to go down cellar. When I opened the cellar door, the light, streaming from the kitchen, revealed a large rat bouncing a carrot down the stairs.

C. C. H. S. Issues Easter Publication

With the feast of the resurrection the Easter number of the Central Catholic High School, "The Echo," greets its readers and is decidedly attractive. On this occasion it is "Father's and Mother's" edition, being dedicated to the parents of the students. This idea finds expression on the artistic grey and white cover in its illustration. The frontispiece of the book presents the student body of the C. C. H. S. grouped in front of their building.

Current events at the high school are recorded and sound views are presented on the editorial page. Names of students who have made the honor roll are presented with those who have won four or more 90's to their credit. A well written and expressive tribute is paid to the memory of Reverend William C. Miller, one of the first members of the faculty, teaching church history and philoso-

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phy for four years.

Other contributors are Thomas McKiernan, George Fitzgerald, Frank Parrot, Eugene Cull, Edwin O'Niell, John Huguenard and several who have signed their contributions with initials only.

Seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen have class departments and there is a section of athletics. Activities alumni members are recorded in the "Periscope" section and "Over the Party Line," indicates that the C. C. H. S. has some promising reporters, while "Across the Back Fence" introduces a number of humorists.—*Journal-Gazette.*

Can You Beat It?

Where could a man buy a cap for his knee or a key to the lock of his hair?

What jewels are found in the crown of your hair?

Who crosses the bridge of your nose?

If you were to shingle the roof of your mouth, could you use the nails on the end of your fingers?

Could the crook in your elbow be sent to jail?

Could you sharpen your shoulder blade?

Could you sit in the shade of the palm of your hand?

Could you beat on the drum of your ear?

Could your eyes be called an academy because there are pupils in them?

—I. B. Askinem.

Irish Question Settled

Kansas City, April 5—After arguing the Irish question with two Swedes, a German and a Jew, and later displaying much fistic prowess,

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Harry Kelley and Frank Murphy, Irishmen, "mixed" it far a while between themselves.

When the two gents' names were called in the municipal court only Murphy appeared. He was swathed in bandages.

"Where's your opponent?" questioned Judge Fleming.

"He's not able to be here, Y'ur Honor."

"You don't mean to tell me that four men licked two Irishmen?" exclaimed Judge Fleming.

"No, Y'ur Honor, it wuz a hot battle," continued Murphy. "Soon all of thot crew was on the ground, exceptin' Kelley and myself. Then we went on with the fight, and Kelley lost!"

"Discharged!" ruled the court.

Newspapers and the Children

The newspaper of today is not fit reading for children. For older and matured minds, it may be a necessity, possibly a harmless one, but the impressionable minds of our children can gain nothing but injury from it. We have selected, at random, a copy of one of the most popular New York Sunday papers. On one page we find printed accounts of two murders, one suicide, twelve robberies, three assaults, four divorces and three salacious stories of marital infidelity. The perusal of such viciousness should not be permitted to readers of tender years. It may be "news," but there are more important things in life than an intimate knowledge of what is happening around us. Such recording of vice and crime, such an expose of the doings of the unfortunates living on the seamy side of life, are not necessary or advantageous bits of



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information for childish minds. Newspaper stories, alluringly illustrated, are a real menace to the young.

Parents should be scrupulously exact in exercising the strictest surveillance over the reading of their children. Papers and books, magazines and novels, there are a-plenty. Many of them are positively indecent; many are gravely harmful; few, if any, are beneficial to the child's mind or morals. And yet, the homes of many of our good, Catholic people are littered with this printed truck. We trust that the religious book and newspaper are not conspicuous by their absence. Children must read, just as they must eat, but poison is not food, either for the body or the mind.

—*Indiana Catholic.*

What We Don't Know

The more thou knowest, and the better thou understandest, the more severe will be thy condemnation, unless thy life be proportionately more holy. Be not therefore excelled, for any uncommon skill in any part or science; but let the superior knowledge that is given thee, make thee more fearful and more watchful over thyself. Though thou knowest many things, having perfect understanding of them, consider how many more things there are of which thou knowest nothing at all.

—*Thomas a' Kempis.*

A Talk to Boys

Boys, you certainly wish to be considered gentlemen and nice fellows when you grow up. To succeed in this you must begin at once to be polite and gentlemanly. Good manners are acquired by practice. But whom

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should you practice on? There are your mother and your sisters. Show yourselves to them as perfect little gentlemen at all times. Your mother certainly deserves your love and respect and you are therefore in duty bound to be polite to her. But what about your sisters? The test of a true gentleman is his behavior at home. The boy that is courteous to his sisters and polite to his mother, is the boy who will be a gentleman when he grows up. Of course boys never really intend to be rude at home; they only forget to be polite. But such forgetting quickly grows into a habit and will, by and by, make them rude to everybody. Therefore, boys, if you wish to be gentlemen, practice it at home. Don't mind the silly sneer of rude boys who laugh at you and call you sissy when you are nice to your sisters. They only want you to be like them and grow up as they will, without a bit of the gentleman about them. There are many ways in which you may act the gentleman with your sisters. Don't answer your sister in a rude manner as if she were not worth while talking to when she asks you a question. Answer her as well and as kindly as you know how. Don't annoy your sisters by teasing or making fun of them in a way that hurts their feelings. Assist them whenever you can and by no means ever allow them to do anything that is boys' work.

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